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# FOLK - LORE

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*A QUARTERLY REVIEW*

OF

MYTH, TRADITION, INSTITUTION, & CUSTOM.

[*Incorporating* THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL REVIEW *and*  
THE FOLK-LORE JOURNAL.]

VOL. I.—1890.



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## CONTENTS.

---

### I.—(MARCH 1890.)

	PAGE
Editorial - - - - -	I
Annual Presidential Address for the Session 1889-90. ANDREW	
LANG - - - - -	4
Discussion - - - - -	15
Magic Songs of the Finns, I. Hon. J. ABERCROMBY -	17
Legends from Torres Straits, I. Prof. A. C. HADDON -	47
Greek Trade Routes to Britain. Prof. W. RIDGEWAY -	82
Recent Research on Folk-Tales. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND -	108
Recent Research on Teutonic Mythology. F. YORK POWELL	118

### II.—(JUNE 1890.)

Some Popular Superstitions of the Ancients. J. G. FRAZER -	145
Legends from Torres Straits, II. Prof. A. C. HADDON -	172
A Highland Folk-Tale and its Foundation in Usage. G. L.	
GOMME - - - - -	197
Peeping Tom and Lady Godiva. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND -	207
"How They Met Themselves." JAMES DARMESTETER et	
AUGUSTE BARTH - - - - -	227
Report : Celtic Myth and Saga. ALFRED NUTT -	234
Report : Italian Folk-Songs. Miss R. H. BUSK -	261

### III.—(SEPTEMBER 1890.)

English and Scotch Fairy Tales. Collected by ANDREW LANG	289
The Collection of English Folk-Lore. Miss C. BURNE -	313
Magic Songs of the Finns, II. Hon. J. ABERCROMBY -	331
The Riddles of Solomon in Rabbinic Literature. S. SCHECHTER	348
Notes on Chinese Folk-Lore. J. H. STEWART LOCKHART -	359
Report on the Campbell MSS. at Edinburgh. ALFRED NUTT	369
Recent Research in Comparative Religion. JOSEPH JACOBS -	384
Report of the Annual Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society -	397

## IV.—(DECEMBER 1890.)

Marriage Customs of the Mordvins.	Hon. J. ABERCROMBY	-	417
Marriage among the Early Slavs.	Prof. P. KOWALEWSKY	-	463
The Marriage Ceremonies of the Manchus.	J. H. STEWART		
LOCKHART	-	-	481
The Story of "The Frog Prince".	W. A. CLOUSTON	-	493
Folk-Lore Congress, 1891	-	-	507

---

Notes and News	-	-	127, 268, 407, 513
REVIEW : <i>Les Contes Moralises de Nicole Bozon.</i>	JOSEPH		
JACOBS	-	-	270

## CORRESPONDENCE :

What's in a Name?	E. CLODD.	Fascination and Hypno-	
tism,	A. NUTT	-	272
"How They Met Themselves,"	C. G. LELAND.	"Fascina-	
tion" and Hypnotism,	HAVELOCK ELLIS.	A Tale of	
Campbell and its Foundation in Usage,	JOSEPH JACOBS	-	403
Zanzibar Parallel to Jacques de Vitry,	ISABELLA BARCLAY.		
Tales and Legends of the Highlands,	J. MACDONALD	-	515
Miscellanea	-	-	130, 275, 409, 518
Folk-Lore Bibliography	-	-	137, 281, 410, 525
Indexes	-	-	531

## SUPPLEMENTS :

---

Tabulation of Folk-Tales	-	-	123-154
Index to Archæological Journals	-	-	81-88

---

# Folk=Lore.

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VOL. I.]

MARCH, 1890.

[No. I.

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## EDITORIAL.

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SINCE Mr. Thoms invented the term in 1846, Folk-lore has undergone a continual widening of its meaning and its reference. It was confined at first to the unconsidered trifles of popular thought and usage that go to make up the bulk of such books as Brand's (or rather Bourn's) *Popular Antiquities*. But it was soon found that these were only to be explained, if explained at all, by comparison with the larger and more definite products of the popular mind—the folk-tale, the folk-song, and the folk-institution—which in their turn formed the raw material, the protoplasm as it were, out of which Literature itself and the Institutions of the State were evolved. In short, Folk-lore has now been extended to include the whole vast background of popular thought, feeling, and usage, out of which and in contrast to which have been developed all the individual products of human activity which go to make up what is called History.

As the meaning of the term Folk-lore has expanded, so the relations of the science that studies its manifestations have extended, till it has been correlated with all the groups of organised studies that deal with the Past of Man. Folk-lore, in its investigations into popular belief, gives aid to, and receives help from, the cognate studies of Comparative Mythology and Comparative Religion. Folk-lore, in investigating popular usages, often finds traces of past

## IV.—(DECEMBER 1890.)

Marriage Customs of the Mordvins.	Hon. J. ABERCROMBY	-	417
Marriage among the Early Slavs.	Prof. P. KOWALEWSKY	-	463
The Marriage Ceremonies of the Manchus.	J. H. STEWART		
LOCKHART	-	-	481
The Story of "The Frog Prince".	W. A. CLOUSTON	-	493
Folk-Lore Congress, 1891	-	-	507

---

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REVIEW: <i>Les Contes Moralisés de Nicole Bozon.</i>	JOSEPH		
JACOBS	-	-	270

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tism,	A. NUTT	-	272
"How They Met Themselves,"	C. G. LELAND.	"Fascina-	
tion" and Hypnotism,	HAVELOCK ELLIS.	A Tale of	
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JACOBS	-	270

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tion" and Hypnotism, HAVELOCK ELLIS. A Tale of		
Campbell and its Foundation in Usage, JOSEPH JACOBS	-	403
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institutions which are being studied by the new and vigorous science of Institutional Archæology. And in studying the literature of the people—the ballad, the fairy-tale, the proverb, the chap-book—Folk-lore has often to resort for elucidation to the products of individual artistic creation which go to form Literature properly so-called, especially in that mediæval phase of it that is known as Romance. And finally, as it has been found by practice that much of Folk-lore that eludes explanation from the thoughts and customs of civilised peoples finds ready elucidation from savage practice and belief, Folk-lore has here points of contact with Ethnography and Anthropology.

It has been thought fit that the enlarged scope and outlook that Folk-lore has reached in the present state of the science should find full recognition in the official organ of the Folk-Lore Society, henceforth to be called by the name of the science. FOLK-LORE will accordingly welcome contributions dealing with the above-named cognate sciences so far as they throw light on popular usage and belief. It will record from time to time, in special reports, recent research in these studies that may tend to throw light on the obscurer problems of Folk-lore. One of these studies is so intimately connected with it that no research in Institutional Archæology can be considered as altogether alien to Folk-lore. FOLK-LORE will, therefore, in this direction take over the functions performed almost exclusively in this country by the *Archæological Review*, and will welcome any contribution throwing light on the origin or development of institutions other than those brought into existence by the direct action of the State. And in all these studies an attempt will be made to give exact and prompt bibliographical information of noteworthy contributions in books or articles published at home and abroad. Readers of FOLK-LORE are requested to aid it in this attempt by forwarding to its Editor references to any of this kind that they think likely to escape notice.

The instalment in the present number, with the unavoidable deficiencies of a first attempt, will at least indicate the ideal at which we aim.

While paying attention to these cognate studies, FOLK-LORE will continue the work so efficiently carried on by its predecessors, the *Folk-Lore Record* and the *Folk-Lore Journal*, of recording, classifying, and discussing the facts of Folk-lore properly so called. In doing this, the aid of members of the Folk-lore Society and of others interested in the subject is cordially invited. Such aid can consist of forwarding to this Journal any instances of popular "superstition", legend, or practice, that still linger in the British Islands or in the outlying parts of the British Empire. In particular, there is reason to hope that a number of genuine English "fairy tales" akin to, but not identical with, "Grimm's Goblins", still linger among old nurses and elderly peasants. It is eminently desirable that these should be saved from oblivion while there is yet time. Correspondence on points relating to the methods of Folk-lore, the best means of obtaining facts and of dealing with them when obtained, is also cordially invited.

Lastly, while addressed primarily to the members of the Folk-lore Society and folk-lorists in general, this Journal also hopes to meet with sympathetic readers among all those who are interested in the lives of the people. For when it is asked, who are the Folk whose Lore we study, the answer must be that they are those who have borne and who bear the burden of the world's work. Indeed, the Humanity in whose name we are called upon to exercise our highest strivings is nothing other than the Folk whose feelings and inmost thoughts find their sole expression in the utterance and usages which Folk-lore collects, classifies, and reverently examines.

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# ADDRESS TO THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

SESSION 1889-90.

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**L**ADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Before making the usual remarks on the position and prospects of Folk-lore, I ought, I think, to read you a letter just received from the Secretary of the French Society akin to our own, M. Paul Sébillot.

*“ Ministère des Travaux Publics, Cabinet du Ministre.*

*“ Paris, le 19 Nov. 1889.*

“ **MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT**,—Au nom de la Société des Traditions populaires, je viens adresser à Folk-lore Society, à l’occasion de son meeting annuel, tous nos vœux pour la continuation de sa prospérité.

“ Votre Société, dont beaucoup de membres font en même temps partie de la nôtre, apprendra sans doute avec plaisir que le nombre de nos Sociétaires dépasse trois cents, et qu’ainsi son existence est assurée. L’hiver prochain, nous allons pouvoir tenir des Assemblées périodiques, dans lesquelles seront discutés les problèmes qui intéressent le Folk-lore, et à côté de notre *Revue*, et sans en diminuer l’importance, nous allons fonder la Bibliothèque de Ma Mère l’Oye.

“ Dans l’avant-dernier numéro de la *Revue*, vous avez pu voir qu’à notre tour nous abordons la ‘tabulation’ des Contes et des Légendes. *La Revue des Traditions populaires* est ouverte à ceux des membres de Folk-lore Society qui désireraient discuter cette importante question. A la fin du Congrès des Traditions populaires tenu à Paris, les deux vœux suivants ont été adoptés, sur la proposition de M. Henri Cordier :—

“ ‘ 1°. Adopter d’une façon générale la classification de Folk-lore Society, en donnant moins d’importance au *sommaire* et en subdivisant l’*index alphabétique* des incidents en : personnages, animaux, lieux, incidents des objets, etc.; au point de vue pratique rédiger les tables par fiches en prenant, par exemple, pour modèle la *Bibliotheca belgica*, de Van der Hagen, afin que des échanges puissent être faits entre les différentes sociétés folk-loriques.

“ ‘ 2°. Le Congrès des Traditions populaires, réuni pour la première

fois à Paris, se réunira comme le Congrès des Orientalistes d'une façon périodique ; la prochaine session se tiendra à Londres dans deux ans, et M. Ch. T. Leland, président de Gypsy-lore Society, sera chargé de l'organiser.'

"J'aurai au reste l'honneur de transmettre à Folk-lore Society l'analyse sommaire du Congrès qui est publié par les soins de l'Administration, et les Mémoires in extenso qui seront imprimés à part.

"Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Président, l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus distingués

" PAUL SÉBILLOT,

*" Secrétaire général de la Société des Traditions populaires,  
Secrétaire général du Congrès."*

You will authorise me, I trust, to express to Monsieur Sébillot our sense of his courteous communication, and our hope that the French Society may go on "from strength to strength advancing". Though she came rather late into the field of scientific folk-lore, it is to France that we owe our most familiar and dearest fairy-tales, those of Perrault and Madame d'Aulnay. If the French collected their *volkslieder* and their *märchen* later than did Germany, Denmark, and England, at least they collected them with assiduity and success, and have criticised them with learning and acuteness. It is not needful to do more than mention M. Sébillot himself, M. Cosquin, my own esteemed adversary in theory, M. Henri Gaidoz, to whose energy and erudition our science is such a debtor, M. Carnoy, M. Loys Brueyre, M. Eugène Rolland, and M. Gaston Paris, whose learning is so vast and so genial, with all the many living French authors who, not only at home but in Africa and Asia, widen the boundaries of our knowledge.

M. Sébillot speaks particularly of folk-tales, and their classification. From the Journal of the Society, and its reports, you know how that labour of the Danaids is speeding. For one, I look almost in despair at the vast mass of material, at the myriad tales told in every language known of mortals. "There is a deep, and who shall drain it?" says Sophocles; and who, indeed, shall drain and dredge what the Hindoos call the Ocean of the Stream of Stories?

Who shall classify all its very queer fish, and who shall decide the course of their evolution and differentiation? I would not be discouraging to labourers in this field, and yet, when I look at the tables and analyses, it is rather despair than hope that animates me. Among these innumerable forms and shapes of fancy I seem to see that the elements are comparatively few, that the myriads of forms are the result of a few elements in infinite combinations. Is it impossible to exhaust these elements? I occasionally dream, most of us who dabble in the matter do, of some new analysis, some swift and royal road to truth.

It appears that we do not yet know how far to discern between recently borrowed stories, when we meet them among alien peoples, Red, Black, or Yellow, and stories which are older than the recent visits from Europeans. How are we ever to get over this initial difficulty? Our only certainties we win, when a nation has a literature. The nursery tales in Egyptian MSS. are, at all events, not of later date in Egypt than the age of those MSS. themselves. More we cannot say. We cannot maintain that they came from India, of which we know nothing at the time of the second Rameses, nor that they were indigenous to Egyptian soil, nor that they floated, like the golden and fragrant hair of the wife of Bitiou, down the Nile from Central Africa. We merely note that, even fifteen hundred years before our era, the elements of tales current in our nurseries had already been interwoven with the official mythology and the popular religion of Egypt. Now we may affirm that *imported* tales would not instantly and hastily be blended with the stories of native and local gods. Beyond that, all is conjecture. If we could read the MSS. of the old Aztecs, and if in them we found nursery tales like ours, we could then be sure that they were not derived from the Spanish conquerors nor from later European visitors. But we cannot read the Aztec MSS. The nearest we get to indubitably old American *märchen* is the scanty collection of Huarochiri tales, printed by the Hakluyt Society. In

these the elements of familiar European stories are interwoven (as in Egypt) with the legends of native and local gods, heroes, and sacred animals. To some of us this will be proof that they had existed in Southern America before Pizarro came. Others may sceptically allege, either that the Huarochiri borrowed their myths from the conquerors and inserted them in their native divine legends, or that the Spanish collector, like the Ettrick Shepherd's grandmother, was "aiblins an awfu' leear". My own sympathies are not with the sceptics.

Cases like this are very rare: the oldest voyagers seldom thought of collecting *märchen*; it is quite by chance that we learn from Herodotus how the Scythians had the tale of the fortunate youngest son. Nor does that help us much; people will say that the Scythians borrowed it from India, and though they cannot prove, we cannot disprove, the statement. We seem on safer ground with the Zulus. They have only been in contact with Europeans for little over a century, and they have seen more of our bayonets than of our story-tellers. Whence, then, their wealth of *märchen* analogous to our own, but most closely intertwined with their peculiar national usages? Could the borrowing and the acclimatising have been accomplished since the first English crew landed in Natal? For my own part I think not: I think, if the elements of the stories were borrowed, they drifted south from the great lakes, in the course of commerce and national wanderings. There is no certainty, but an experiment might be tried. A missionary might tell his black flock tales out of Grimm, and, by careful watching, might learn how rapidly and to what extent they are modified into conformity with native usage. But here would be all the difference between intentional instruction, and the chance sowing of the seeds of story. There is also hope wherever we reach virgin soil. The natives of New Guinea can have learned, it might seem, but little of European *märchen*, yet their legends, of which Mr. Romilly has collected a few, are analogous to our own,



though not very closely analogous. These considerations lead me to a suggestion which is not intended to supersede, but to accompany, the regular process of tabulation. That process, as we practise it, seems to me to do little but offer us a series of summaries. We have the bones of the tale, the skeleton—and a very dry skeleton it is—that is all. We might as well compare the stories with the life and blood in them. No harm could be done if some student would take two sets of stories—say, those of Dr. Callaway from the Zulus, and those of Asbjørnsen and Möe, from the Norse. He might analyse each book apart, thus :

Supernatural Incidents.

Traits of Manners.

Incidents not supernatural.

Characters—Supernatural.

„ Animal.

„ Human.

Dividing the latter into	{	Names of Kindred.
		Of Trades and Occupations.
		Of Ranks and Offices.
		Personal Names.

All this is not free from cross divisions ; far from it. But when the typical tales of Scandinavians, Swahilis, Zulus, Hindoos, Samoyeds, Finns, Eskimo, Celts, Samoans, Maoris, had been analysed thus, perhaps we should have a general idea of what is common to humanity in their narratives, and what is peculiar to different peoples and tribes. If I may guess, I think the universal elements would be far greater than the isolated features. And, though many will disagree with me, I think the barbaric would be out of all proportion to the civilised factors in the stories. Each analyser would, to the best of his ability, explain the chances and processes of borrowing, from European or native neighbours of higher or lower civilisation than the tellers of the tales. For example, if we find the story of Rhampsinitus and the Thief among modern Egyptians, we should have to decide, Is it traditional there, or can it

be shown to be derived from modern travellers acquainted with Herodotus? Turning from this to a kindred topic, it would be pleasant to discuss Mr. Clodd's theory of Rumpelstiltzkin. Wherever we find a form of this tale, the result hangs on the discovery of the name of a supernatural being. Mr. Clodd, if I understand his article in our *Journal*, explains this as a survival of the world-wide belief that to know a man's name gives you power over the man—a belief shown in the dislike of savages to reveal their own or their neighbours' names. Rome, as we all know, had a secret name, for similar reasons. To myself, the story of Whuppity Stourie or Rumpelstiltzkin seems not necessarily to have so archaic an origin. The elf or fairy simply relies on possessing a name so unusual and odd that nobody is likely to guess it. It answers to the anecdote of Mr. R. L. Stevenson and the curious American, who met him on the plains, found a mystery in him, and did everything to know what his name was. Mr. Stevenson mystified him till he met him in San Francisco, and then disappointed him horribly by saying that Stevenson, plain Stevenson, was his name. There is no more than a jest of that sort, to my mind, in Rumpelstiltzkin. The heroine gets no magical hold over the elf by knowing the name, no hold at all beyond what the elf has himself given by way of a wager on a kind of riddle. Wagering on divinettes or riddles is itself a savage amusement, and we have many examples in the Scotch ballads. Mr. Clodd would have convinced me, if the power secured over the elf was magical, if it was not, in all cases, a wager or bet, the elf being confident in the possession of a very odd name. That of Whuppity Stourie, perhaps, is derived from the *stour*, or flying dust, in which Scotch and other fairies are believed to fly about.

As to the origin and diffusion of popular tales, it does not seem that we learn much more, with all our labour. Other members of the Society no doubt understand better than I do the theories of a White Archaian Race, which, it

seems, in some very distant past, invented the essentials of civilisation, myths, art, and everything, and handed them on to races who were neither Archaian nor White. How we know the colour of this important people, and wherefore they are called Archaian, where they came from, whither they went, and what, in the words of the son of Father William, "made them so awfully clever", I confess that I do not understand. This, of itself, proves nothing ; we are as ignorant of whence the Egyptians came, and of the beginning, which must have preceded the art of the ancient empire. The spade may yet let air and light into this dark place, or geographers in pathless downs of unexplored Central Africa may find the Archaian whites all at home, or may hit on the ruins of their primeval civilisation. But, so far, the Archaian race seem to me to dwell in Laputa, or Zu Vendis, or El Dorado, rather than in any more substantial city. On this point, too, we may receive information.

Another important example of recent folk-lore study is Mr. Gomme's essay on "Totemism in Britain". I need not explain to the Society what totemism is—the belief that certain kindreds descend from animals, plants, and other natural objects and phenomena, the naming of the kindred after these objects, and a certain sacredness which, in each kin, is ascribed to the animal, plant, or what not. Many years ago, I mentioned the existence in old England of stocks called by the names of plants and animals. That of itself at least raises a presumption, and suggests research. A man may be called Fox or Hare, a stock may be called Wallings, Derings, and so forth, yet their ancestors may never have traced descent to whale or deer, hare or fox. I have since, I think in *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, given a few traditions, mainly Celtic, of descent from seals, wolves, and so forth, as, in the case of Conaire, from a bird, coupled, in Conaire's case, with the totemistic prohibition to eat birds. Now, when you get confessed belief in animal descent, a name declaring that

descent, and sacredness attached to the animal or other fancied ancestor, you have totemism scarcely to be argued against. Mr. Gomme has found examples in Clan Connolly, derived from Coneely, a seal, the clan holding it unlucky to kill seals, and maintaining that some of their ancestors were changed into seals in ancient times. This is good enough for me ; here, I think, we have totemism. It is almost beyond the calculus of chances that such a foolish faith should have arisen accidentally, separately, unconnected with the causes, whatever they may be, which produce totemism among red men, black men, yellow men. But I think we must be extremely cautious in regarding superstitions at large about animals as vestiges of totemism. The whole superstition of metamorphosis may exist apart from totemism. People may believe that witches turn into hares, and souls into spiders or butterflies ; they may decline to kill spiders like the Bruces, or to mention salmon ; they may wear the salmon as a badge, like the Campbells ; they may dress up in the skins of beasts in sacred dances ; they may assume names from animals, and object to killing certain animals, and yet totemism may have nothing to do with any of these customs. They are all customs or beliefs which totemists do practise, yet the animal name may be a mere nickname ; the wearing of animal skins may have a magical purpose, the badge may be a mere amulet or fancy, the metamorphosis may be not totemistic, but a myth derived from a name, a pun, or from a poetic guess ; there may be special causes, in fact, and totemism may have nothing to say in the matter. Is it not plain that a white night-moth may be fancifully or superstitiously called a "soul" from its soft, ghost-like flight in the darkness, though no tribe ever claimed descent from the moth ? The birds into which the Huron witch and her son were changed, in Lafitau, were not said to be the totems of the family, any more than a lion, or an elephant, or a mouse was the totem of the Ogre in *Puss in Boots*. In short, I cannot, even provisionally, call cats, hares, magpies, butterflies,

sparrows, swans, wrens, ravens, otters, "totem objects" in England, with Mr. Gomme. They may, or may not, have been totems, but the superstitions about most of them may have a dozen different and non-totemistic origins. Where salmon are not named by fishers, as usual in Scotland, I fancy the superstitious fear is that the fish may hear his name, and make off. The minister, also, may not be named at salmon fishing; will Mr. Gomme say that the worthy clergyman has been a totem? You may object to cut down a tree, not because your ancestors once believed in descent from it, but because it is the home of a bogie or fairy, or what not, which is unconnected with totemism. A grove may be sacred like that of Lyceian Zeus, for the same sacred reason. People have abstained from eating cows, not because they were totems, but because they were so valuable in other ways. Again, totemists are said to keep pet specimens of their totems, like the sacred mice in the temple of Sminthian Apollo, but who would argue that boys keep guinea-pigs, rabbits, toads, ravens, and so forth, as a survival of totemism? Even where the animals are sacred, totemism may have nothing to do with it. It is a question of proof in each case. The swallow is esteemed, as in the old Greek popular song, because he "brings the spring", not because he is a totem. Ceyx and Halcyone were metamorphosed in a poetical myth, totemism has no part here. Pregnant women, "if frightened by a hare", are said to have children with hare lips. What on earth has this to do with disrespect to the totem? A woman frightened by a black man may have a black baby for all that I know, but the black man is not a totem. Mr. Gomme includes the peacock, because the screams of a peacock are thought to forebode death. Is the peacock a native bird, or was this superstition brought from his native home? Is a death-watch a totem? If a trout catch worms, is that because a trout was once a totem, or because trout eat worms and are their natural enemies?

It will be observed that I speak as *Advocatus diaboli*.

Nobody is more apt to believe in totems than myself, and perhaps I am more inclined than Mr. Gomme to think that the Aryans went through a stage of society and culture so very common as this totemism was. Why should the Aryans have been better than other people? The myths of Greece and the ritual of Greece are full of what I regard as very probably totemistic survivals. People may say these were borrowed. They cannot prove it ; and, if it is true, so much the worse for the Greeks. But, at the cost of seeming to claim to be the only true believer in totemism, I must protest that I think we cannot be too careful. Mr. Gomme has found some two or three cases of totemism in these countries, mainly in an isle notorious for its verdure and its wrongs, which seem beyond doubt. Others he has found where there is a very strong presumption of totemism. The vast mass of his examples *may* spring from totemism, but other explanations, and singular causes are admissible. To me it seems premature to "colligate" all those scattered superstitions by the totemistic hypothesis. It may give the enemy, who believes in the omnipresence of solar myths turning on a Disease of Language, it may give him occasion to shoot out the tongue. This does not prevent Mr. Gomme's essay from being most interesting, and, in a few cases, I think conclusive. But it is a long way from presumption to proof. In short, it is true that totemism if once prevalent in Britain would have left behind it just such relics as Mr. Gomme has carefully collected. But the prevalence of these relics does not demonstrate the previous existence of totemism.

Among Mr. Gomme's possible relics is the custom of wearing beasts' skins in certain old merry-makings. These are curious ; but to "hang a calf-skin on thy recreant limbs" may be practised without totemistic intention. I think Catlin mentions dances of men thus draped, for the purpose of securing luck in the chase. As to names from beasts, even critical totemists derive their personal, as we should say, their Christian names from beasts without any

totemistic meaning. Chingachgook, the Mohican, was not a *serpent* by family or totemism. We were all at school with boys called Pussy, Piggy, Monkey, and so forth. Thus, on the whole, we feel driven back to the opinion that, though our folk-lore may, and probably does, hold traces of totemism, the evidence is by no means good enough to convince our opponent, except in two or three cases, and those Irish.

It would be pleasant, were it possible, to review all the fresh contributions to the year's folk-lore. But for that purpose a man would need much leisure, and a knowledge of all European languages, including Finnish. I shall offer a few remarks on ballads. Professor Child of Harvard has put forth the sixth of his eight volumes, and we cannot too kindly congratulate America on his most valuable and really exhaustive work. On one point Mr. Child has not yet convinced me. We all know the ballad of Marie Hamilton, executed for killing her own child, by Darnley, at the Court of Mary Stuart. Now Kirkpatrick Sharpe fancied that this ballad was founded on the death of a Miss Hamilton, a maid-of-honour at the Court of Peter the Great. Mr. Child adopts this opinion, "however surprising it may be, or seem, that, as late as the eighteenth century, the popular genius, helped by nothing but a name, should have been able so to fashion and colour an episode in the history of a distant country as to make it fit very plausibly into the times of Mary Stuart." Now it is true that none of the Queen's Maries died for an intrigue with Darnley. But a French woman of the Queen's chamber did suffer for child-murder, and Knox expressly states that there were ballads about "the Maries and the rest of the dancers of the court". To me it seems more plausible that, given an actual scandal, and given ballads about the Maries, the ballads finally adapted the scandal, than that, in the eighteenth century, so many ballads were made about Miss Hamilton in Russia, and were fitted into the time of

Mary Stuart. So late a ballad would have been more historical and less poetical. The lady was executed in Russia in 1719. Burns quotes a verse of the ballad in 1790. Could eighteen very diverse variants have been made of a ballad on a contemporary event, in less than a century? Perhaps no ballad has so many variants; one of them even enables the lover to save the lady's life. I cannot believe that this mass of myths is the growth of part of the last century, nor sprung from an event in a distant though contemporary court. But Mr. Child seems to think this the only tenable opinion, and it is certainly curious that the lady seems to be dying across seas far from home. But her parents might have been in France, or might have lived near a Scotch seaport, hence her address to the mariners, which, itself, has a parallel in a Romaic ballad.

The problems of Folk-Lore are infinite. We have only guessed at a few of them, and, perhaps, have only demonstrated that we are likely to go on guessing. But that is a very old form of the sport; and, if the Philistines mock us, it may be by an inherited distaste, for Samson, when it came to guessing riddles, had the better of the Philistines.

ANDREW LANG.

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DISCUSSION.

Mr. NUTT drew the attention of the meeting to Jeanroy's theory of the origins of the ballad literature of modern Western Europe as derived from mediæval French lyric poetry, which has now disappeared, but the existence of which was postulated by the author in order to account for folk-poesy.

Mr. GOMME thought it was a good thing once a year, in taking stock of our progress, to hear objections to our methods, instead of being content with compliments. But objections raised, even by the great authority of our President, need not off-hand be considered as objections proved. He (Mr. Gomme) was concerned chiefly with two subjects, one a personal one, the other a general one. The President had done him the honour of specially criticising his paper on "Totemism in Britain." The President objected to some of his



evidence, because certain superstitions and customs might be referred to some other origin than that of totemism. Mr. Gomme's argument throughout the paper was that totemism, having been suggested by the evidence of place-names and some other evidence—if it existed among the tribes of Britain like it existed elsewhere, it must have imprinted itself on folk-lore. Then, with this hypothesis he had classified the superstitions of animals and plants current in Britain under heads derived from savage totemism, and he had found that they fitted the classification so completely, each section overlapping to such an extent as to justify such a classification being established as a working hypothesis only for future labourers. With reference to the more general question of criticism by the President, the Society's method of tabulation, Mr. Gomme wished to enter a strong protest against any plea for change of action. Of course, no one would use for scientific purposes the abstract of tales only, but they would use the abstracts as a guide to the tales themselves. Mr. Gomme thought the President's suggestion to compare whole collections of one savage or barbaric people with whole collections such as Grimm's a most valuable one, but still the tabulations would assist in such work as this. The tabulation of folk-tales was not a process like Mr. Spencer's tabulation of sociological phenomena, because no choice was left to the tabulator of folk-tales; he had simply to set down all and everything. We might possibly improve the form, and certainly the index of incidents was one branch of the tabulation which needed close attention, great care, and considerable improvement of method by the tabulators. But this could be accomplished, and still the present method might stand. The present method had been decided upon by a committee of eminent specialists in folk-tales, and he thought, until some considerable progress had been made, it was too early to speak of the scantiness of results. There were many workers, and they were working hard. He hoped that when some of this work was garnered, the President would admit that the Society's plan was valuable. It would be enhanced ten-fold if other countries could be got to adopt the same or a slightly modified plan, and he thought some of M. Fioix's suggestions in a recent issue of *Revue des Traditions* might be acted upon.

Prof. RHYS brought forward some examples of anecdotes about animals from Celtic saga which, he thought, might plausibly be traced to totemism.

Rev. A. LLOYD remarked that a knowledge of a person's name played a great part in many Oriental legends.

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## MAGIC SONGS OF THE FINNS.

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FROM the earliest recorded times, spells, charms, incantations, and exorcising formulas have been in use. They were employed in the past by peoples enjoying a higher civilisation, like the Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and are current at this moment among those whose culture has never reached the stage of making pottery, like the Australians. We must, therefore, believe that magic songs and charms were a very early expedient for defence against the dangers of the unseen world. Indeed, they are almost the inevitable result of an animistic view of nature. When once man supposed that every visible object, whether possessed of organic life or no, is inhabited by a spirit in its nature but a double of himself, and capable of injuring or benefiting him, he would naturally imagine the invisible personage could be influenced and controlled in the same way as an ordinary individual. A Finnish hunter before starting for the forest could sing :

O *Kuutar* !<sup>1</sup> bake a suet cake,  
A honeyed bannock, *Päivätär*,<sup>2</sup>  
With which I'll make the Forest kind,  
Will make the Backwoods well disposed  
Upon my hunting days,  
During the times I seek for game.  
(*Loitsu-runoja*, p. 201.)

After he has made an offering he can say :

Approve, O Forest, of my salt—my dish of oats, O *Tapio*.<sup>3</sup>  
(*L. R.*, p. 226.)

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<sup>1</sup> Moon's daughter, or Mrs. Moon.

<sup>2</sup> Sun's daughter, or Mrs. Sun.

<sup>3</sup> The forest god.

When about to undergo a water-cure the patient may recite :

O pure water ! water's Mistress !  
 Water's Mistress ! water's Master !  
 Make me now both well and healthy,  
 Beautiful as formerly,  
 Since I pray in chosen language,  
 Since I give thee as an offering  
 Blood in order to appease thee,  
 Salt as well to reconcile thee.

(*L. R.*, p. 232.)

If the presence of a spirit is considered undesirable, it may be appealed to either by threats or promises to remove elsewhere. As spirits, like men, are not of equal strength, and may prove quite as obstinate, it may become necessary to threaten them with the vengeance of a greater and more powerful spirit who happens to be on the other side. For naturally they divide into two classes, good and bad, according as they seem such in their behaviour towards man. In this case the man of understanding and magic lore will menace the recalcitrant spirit with the anger of his strong ally, the powerful beneficent spirit, just as a small boy threatens a bully that he will tell his big friend, who will certainly punch the tyrant's head. For instance, rust in corn is thus addressed in a Finnish spell :

Depart, O Rust, to tufts of grass,  
 "Frog" ! get inside a lump of clay,  
 If thou should raise thy head from there,  
*Ukko*<sup>1</sup> will split thy head in two  
 With a silver knife, with a golden club.

(*L. R.*, p. 150.)

Another incantation, for a somewhat similar purpose, ends much in the same way :

If that should be of no avail,  
 Yet there is *Ukko* in the sky.

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<sup>1</sup> The thunder god.

May *Ukko* smash thy head,  
O may he crush it into pulp  
With his copper waggon—his iron cart.  
(*L. R.*, p. 115.)

A sleigh, with posting horses, is all that a spirit requires in order to take his departure, a Finn is quite ready to furnish him with that. One formula begins :

If thou should ask to travel post—  
Should for a driving-horse beseech,  
I'll give thee, troth, a posting-horse—  
Procure for thee a dark grey nag,  
That thou may journey to thy home,  
To thine own country may return.  
(*L. R.*, p. 20.)

In the year 1880 Dr. Lönnrot edited and published a very large collection of magic songs, *Loitsu-runoja*, abounding in curious ideas, quaint expressions, and, to us moderns, strange ways of regarding nature, which demand the attention of folk-lorists. He has classified their contents under a number of headings to denote their purpose. After a long introduction the collection begins with eighteen general formulas, which he terms : Preliminary, Defensive, Envy, Vengeance, Origination, Reparation, Inflammation, Expulsion, Posting, Pain, Reproaching, Ecstasy, Distress, Boasting, Stilling, Menacing, Exorcising, and Fastening formulas. Then follow forty liberating or healing charms for as many ailments or other evils ; fifty-one classes of magic spells and charms to be recited on such occasions as when divining, going out hunting, fishing, at a marriage, etc. ; seventy-three classes of prayers which hardly differ from many of the preceding ; and, finally, fifty-one births or origins of animals and things. Altogether there are 893 magic songs under 233 separate heads.

They are, without exception, in the same metre as the *Kalevala*, the readers of which must be already acquainted

with the general nature of Finnish spells, charms, and incantations. The Preliminary formulas were used when the wizard was about to begin operations. Defensive charms were of use when going on a journey to avert the attacks of witches and evil wishers. Envy formulas ward off the baleful effects of envious glances. The Vengeance formula inspires any kind of enemy with fear. In healing the sick the Origination formula was employed to detect the origin of a disease should that be uncertain. In the Reparation formula the originator or cause of any disease or injury was invoked to come and repair the damage he had committed. The Inflammation formulas were useful for snake-bites and inflammatory wounds. The Expulsion charms were employed in many diseases, but especially in such as were thought to originate from "elfshots" and witchcraft. The Posting formula might be recited after an Expulsion or Menacing formula. The Pain formula assuaged pain, aches, and contusions. The Reproaches were used after a bite from a snake or from any animal, also in cases of toothache, hurts from fire, cold, stones, etc. By means of the Ecstasy formula a wizard's nature became hardened and invigorated. The Distress formula was available in sudden attacks of pain and disease. In the Boasting formula a wizard, by dint of brag, hoped to inspire other wizards, witches, and opponents with alarm, and himself with confidence. Great pain was assuaged by reciting the Stilling formula. The Menaces were sung after an Expulsion formula when that had proved insufficient. Diseases, curses, and evils wrought by witchcraft were conjured away by means of the Exorcising formula. When this had been effected, these evil spirits were pinned to the spot by the recitation of a Fastening formula.

It is undoubtedly a matter of regret that Lönnrot has not given these magic songs in their original form. Several of the same contents, sometimes as many as twenty, have been welded into one to fill up the deficiencies which each

individual one contained. This he did on the score that a collector is never given a charm complete ; either through the forgetfulness of the reciter, or fear lest by doing so it should become inoperative when he again requires it for his own purposes.

Though the births or origins come last in the collection, I propose to take them first, on account of their greater variety of contents, and perhaps their greater interest. It does not seem difficult to understand what may have led the Finns to lay stress upon knowing the name, origin, and birthplace of a malevolent Being, such as a disease, a pain, a beast of prey, etc. To do so was highly natural, was only to act in conformity with every day's experience. If a wizard were called in to exorcise the evil spirit, say of Ague, he would feel confident that a charm in which it was conjured to depart under the name of Rheumatism would be of no avail. He would be sure Ague would refuse to budge unless addressed by his proper name, and might even strongly resent being called Rheumatism. In fact it would be like serving a man with a summons in which someone else's name had been substituted, thereby rendering it inoperative. It was therefore the business of a wizard to find out the real name of the evil Being, which in the case of disease was tantamount to correctly diagnosing the symptoms. With the ravages of wild beasts it would be just the same. If through them a farmer lost his cows or his horses pasturing in the forest, he would naturally think that reciting charms against wolves would be useless if the damage had been committed by a bear. He would feel bound to ascertain the true cause of the mischief. But in the collection of origins about to follow, several will be found that seem to be rather fragments of ordinary songs, with a sly vein of sarcastic humour running through them, than serious incantations or magic songs.

In the original the origins are given in alphabetical order, but here I have roughly classified them under the following heads :

Mankind—man, wizard.

Animals—bear, cat, dog, elk, horse, pig, seal, wolf—  
snake, viper—lizard, snail.

Birds—raven, titmouse.

Fish—pike.

Insects—cabbage-worm, wasp.

Vegetable kingdom—birch, flax, oak, trees.

Metals—copper, iron.

Instruments—arrow, boat, net.

Diseases—ague, cancer, colic, rickets (atrophy), scab, skin  
eruption, stitch (pleurisy), swelling on the neck,  
toothworm (toothache), whitlow.

Miscellaneous—ale, brandy, cow-house-snake, fire, injuries  
caused by spells, law-courts, particles of chaff in the  
eye, rust in corn, salt, salves, sharp frost, stone,  
water.

With regard to the translation, I have tried to make it as literal as is compatible with intelligibility, and without doing too great violence to English idiom. For I think folk-lorists require a greater adherence to the letter than a translation from a purely literary point of view ought to exhibit. Yet, as the original is in metre, a certain rhythmical measure has been preserved when that could be done without loss in other more important directions. In Finnish, the second line of a couplet is nearly always a repetition in other words of its predecessor, and stands in apposition to it. If there is no subject or no verb in the second line, this must be understood from the line above, though sometimes it is *vice versa*. As I think intelligibility is gained by placing the parallel members of the couplet side by side, instead of one below the other, I have given two Finnish lines in one line in English. The apposition is marked by a dash when any portion of the first member—subject, verb, or preposition—has to be understood in the second member to complete its meaning. When a variant (*v.*) consists of a single couplet or only half a one, it is given in the body of the text; when of

several, it is added at the end. A capital F before an English word, both in round brackets, means that the latter is the literal meaning in Finnish of the word it follows. To save an inordinate number of footnotes, a word is put in single inverted commas to show that it must not or need not be taken quite literally. For instance, in nine cases out of ten the epithet 'golden' means 'dear, precious'; 'fiery', 'holy' are occasionally synonymous with 'terrible', 'awful', 'dangerous'. 'Iron' as an attribute may also denote 'iron-coloured'. 'Toad' as a term of abuse might equally be translated 'fiend, wretch, loathsome creature'. Double inverted commas are used to call attention to certain epithets applied to animals or personified objects. In Finnish words the dotted vowels are the narrowed open sounds of the corresponding undotted vowels: *ä* = a in hand, *ö* = French eu, *ü* = French u, *j* = y in you. The double consonants must be sounded twice. The main stress is always on the first syllable.

The first 'birth' is evidently a late composition, and throws no light upon early Finnish speculation regarding the origin of man.

### I.—THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

The strange phenomenon [called] man, great creature of the  
tribe,  
Was made from a clod of earth—fashioned from a cake [of  
mould].  
To him the Lord give breath, the Maker breathed it from his  
mouth.

### II.—THE ORIGIN OF THE WIZARD (*noita*).

Of course I know the wizard's birth—the fortune-teller's (*arpoja*)  
origin.  
There the sorcerer (*noita*) was born—fortune-tellers took their  
rise  
Behind the limits of the north, in Lapland's flat and open land;



There the sorcerer was born, there the fortune-teller was bred  
Upon a bed of pine-boughs, upon a pillow made of stone.

The word *noita*, here translated wizard, sorcerer, is the equivalent of the Lapp *noaidde*, with the same meaning. It is a native word, and probably of the same origin as the Votyak *nodes*, *nodo*, "wise", for *nodes murt*, "wise man", is the word used in their translation of St. Matthew, just as *noaidde* is used in the Lapp version as the equivalent of magus, wise man, magician. Among the epithets applied to the *noida* are "fire-throated", "vehement", "oblique-eyed, and "Laplander". Another common word for "wizard, wise man", but with a less bad connotation, is *tietäjä*, a derivative from *tietää*, to know, to understand, literally 'the knower, he that understands how to do something'. The *arpoja* is the man who makes use of an *arpa*, "lot, instrument of divination", to divine by. It is a question whether this word is not a loan-word from the Scandinavian *varp*, "casting". A third common word for "witch sorcerer" is *velho*, from the Russian *volkhvo*, "a magus, magician".

### III.—THE ORIGIN OF THE BEAR.

#### (a.)

Where was "broadforehead" born, was "honey-paws" produced?  
There was "broadforehead" born, was "honey-paws" produced,  
Close to the moon, beside the sun, upon the Great Bear's  
shoulders,

From there was he let down to earth—to a honeyed wood's  
interior,

Into a verdant thicket's edge, into a liver-coloured cleft.

*Sinisirkku*,<sup>1</sup> forest maiden, rocked and swayed him to and fro  
In a golden cradle, in silver straps,  
Under a fir with branching crown, under a bushy pine.

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<sup>1</sup> "Blue siskin or finch."

“Broadforehead” then was christened, the “scanty-haired one” was baptised  
 10 Close to ‘fiery’ rapids, at the eddy of a ‘holy’ stream.  
 { Who undertook to christen him? The King of *Himmerkki* <sup>1</sup>  
   himself,  
   *v.* *Juhamnes*, priest of gods,  
 { He undertook to christen—to baptise the “scanty-haired”.  
   *v.* Promised to christen him.  
 The Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid,  
 Both acted as his godmother and to the christening carried him.  
 What was the name they gave him? “Hulking fellow”  
   “Little Hay-stack”,  
 “Lovely shaggy coat of hair”, “Honey-paws”, “The Corpulent”.

*Variants.*

10-12 Beside the river Jordan, at an eddy of the holy stream,  
 E’en Christ was at the christening, the Almighty at the baptism.

(*b.*)

My dear “broadforehead”, my beloved, my lovely little “honey-paws”,  
 Of course, I know thy stock—where thou wast born, “broadforehead”,  
 Wast gotten, thou “blue stumpy tail”, wast formed, “claw-footed one”.  
 There was “broadforehead” born—aloft within the sky,  
 On the Moon’s points, upon the Sun, upon the Seven Stars’ back,  
 Beside the maidens of the Air, near Nature’s daughters.  
 Fire shot in flashes from the sky, air turned upon a whorl<sup>2</sup>  
 While “broadforehead” was produced—“lover of honey” took his shape.

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<sup>1</sup> *Himmerkki* = Swedish *Himmel-rike*, kingdom of heaven.

<sup>2</sup> In Karelia *ilma*, “air”, is sometimes used for *maailma*, “world”, which may be the meaning here. But in general terms the meaning is clear enough that when the bear was born there was a great commotion, and Nature’s general arrangements were disturbed. “Whorl” might also be taken as short for “the Lord’s whorl”, *i.e.*, the sun.

From there was he let down to earth—into a honeyed thickets' edge,

To be well nursed by *Hongatar*<sup>1</sup>—well rocked by *Tuometar*,<sup>2</sup>  
Close to a stunted fir-tree root, under an aspen's branching head,  
At the edge of "Forest-castle",<sup>3</sup> at the 'golden' forest home.

Then was "broadforehead" christened, the "dark grey-haired one" was baptised

Upon a honeyed knoll,

At the mouth of *Sara-joki*<sup>4</sup> sound, in the arms of *Pohja*'s<sup>5</sup> daughter.

There he swore his oath on the knee of *Pohja*'s dame,  
In the presence of the well-known<sup>6</sup> God, under the Blessed's beard,

To do the innocent no harm—no injury to harmless folk,  
To walk in summer properly, to trudge along beseeingly,  
To live a life of joyousness

Upon a swamp, on rising knolls, at the farthest end of rutting  
[*v.* playing] heaths,

To rove shoeless in summer—in autumn stockingless,  
In the worst season to abide—pass the winter's cold in laziness  
Within an oaken room near "Firbranch castle's"<sup>3</sup> edge,  
Beside a handsome fir-tree's root (F. shoe), in a recess of junipers.

(c.)

A maiden walked along the air's edge—a girl along the 'navel' of the sky,

Along the outline of a cloud, along the heaven's boundary,  
In stockings of a bluish hue, in shoes with ornamented heels,  
A wool-box in her hand, under her arm a hair-filled pouch.  
She flung the wool on the waters—cast the hair upon the waves,  
Upon the clear and open sea, on the illimitable waves.

<sup>1</sup> Fir's daughter, or Mrs. Fir.

<sup>2</sup> Wild bird-cherry's (*Prunus padus*) daughter.

<sup>3</sup> = *Metsola*, the Forest home. "Golden", as an attribute of the forest, means "abounding in game".

<sup>4</sup> Sedge River.

<sup>5</sup> *Pohja* means the north. *Pohjola*, the northern home.

<sup>6</sup> Or manifest.

These the wind rocked to and fro—the restless breeze swang  
back and fore,  
The water's current (F. breath) swayed,  
As if five tufts of spinning-wool, as if six hanks of flax  
To a honeyed forest's edge—a honeyed [*v. pagan*] promontory's  
point.

11 The forest mistress, *Mielikki*,<sup>1</sup> the careful wife of *Tapio*'s home,  
Ran waist-deep into the water—up to her garter in the wet,  
Snatched the tuft from the water, stuffed the wool into her bosom,  
Speedily she tied it up, neatly folded it up,  
Placed it in a maple basket—in a pretty little cradle.

She walked then to a grove of firs—to a blue wood's interior,  
To a 'golden' hillock's side under a 'copper'-breasted hill.  
She saw a fir with branching head, with branching head with  
golden sprays,  
Lifted the swaddling bands, raised up the golden chains  
To the stoutest of the boughs—the widest spreading branch of fir  
She rocked her friend, swang her darling to and fro  
Under five woollen coverlits—eight sheepskin coverings,  
In a blue wood's interior—the centre of a 'golden' ring.<sup>2</sup>  
She tended wee "broadforehead" there, reared the "splendid  
coat of hair"

    In a den of spruce—a bush of tender fir.

(*v.* Under a little shed of oak.

    "Broadforehead" grew magnificent—shot up to be extremely  
grand,  
Short of foot and bent of knee, with flattened nose, and corpulent,  
Broadheaded, with a stumpy nose and splendid shaggy coat of  
hair.

As yet he had no teeth—no claws whatever had been formed.  
The forest mistress, *Mielikki*, expressed herself in words:

    "I'd put together claws for him—would also procure teeth  
If he would not begin to harm—not hurry off to evil deeds."

Therefore "broadforehead" swore his oath on the forest  
mistress' knees

In presence of the well-known God, below the Almighty's  
countenance,

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<sup>1</sup> "The benevolent, the friendly."

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, a place surrounded by trees where there was plenty of game.

That he would never do a wrong—not perpetrate atrocious deeds.  
The Maker was himself the judge, the Maker's children—  
jurymen.

The forest mistress, *Mielikki*, the careful wife of *Tapio's* home,  
Started to make a search for teeth, to make inquiries after claws  
From hard-wooded rowans, from rough and dried-up junipers,  
From tough and knotty roots, from resinous and hardened  
stumps.

From them she did not get a claw—she did not light upon a  
tooth.

A pine was growing on a heath, a fir stretched upwards on a  
knoll,

A silver bough was on the pine, a golden branch upon the fir.  
The woman (*kapo*) seized them with her hands,  
From them she put together claws,

Fastened them in the jaw-bones, planted them in the gums.

Then she let go her "little shock"—sent her darling out  
To tramp the countries of the North—scurry through woody  
tracts.

She sent him forth to tramp a swamp—ramble through bushy  
copse,

To pass the sides of fields run wild—scramble o'er sandy heaths,  
But no permission did she give to come where cattle range,  
Within the sound of cattle-bells, on tracts where tinkling bells  
are heard.

#### *Variants.*

1-4 The prominent bridegroom, George, son of the supreme man,

1-8 *Kuihtana*<sup>1</sup> was moving upon the waters,

Dropt wool on the waters, kept dealing out tufts of wool,

Six years they moved about—bobbed up and down for seven  
summers,

Moved [lightly] as a hank of flax, rolled [lightly] as a shock of  
wool.

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<sup>1</sup> "The emaciated or complaining creature." The name does not occur elsewhere that I know of. The word may be a mistake for *Kuippana* = "long-necked", king of the forest, and supposed to be an alias of *Tapio*.

11 The Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid.

11 The honeyed Virgin Mary saw the wool-tuft on the water.

A considerable portion of this last piece (*c*) will be found in the *Kalevala*, xlv, 363, etc.

(*d.*)

{ "Shaggy," I remember thy birth, thy bringing up, "horror of the land".

{ *v.* I remember "shaggy's" birth, the bringing up of "evil soot".  
There wast thou born, "cunning one"<sup>1</sup>—brought up, O "horror of the land",

In furthest limits of the North, in Lapland's wide-extending woods—

{ On an alder-mountain's slopes—the shoulders of a pine-branch hill.

{ *v.* Under a birch-tree's triple root, in the recess of two stumps.  
Thy father is *Putkinen*,<sup>2</sup> thy mother *Putkitar*,<sup>3</sup>

{ Thy other kinsfolk *Putkinens*, thou art thyself a *Putkinen*.

{ *v.* Thy kin are in a grove of firs, thy den is in a clump of pines.  
On moss thou wast begotten—reared in a heather clump,  
In a dense copse of willows—a grove of wild bird cherry-trees,

{ On the north side of a brook—the south (F. sun) side of a hill.

{ *v.* On the lee-side of a stone—the north side of a hill.

Indeed I was there myself as highest juryman,

While the 'reindeer-cow' was being made—the 'cow' fashioned.

The open-handed *Pohja* dame knocked out a head from a knoll,

Dashed out a back from a pine—teeth from a water-compassed stone,

{ Eyes from quartz stone—ears from the stuffing of a shoe,

{ *v.* Eyes from a moonshine stone—feet from a tuft of spinning wool,

Then rattled off to the christening, carried him off to be baptized.

<sup>1</sup> Or "tangled ball".

<sup>2</sup> From *putki*, angelica, bearwort, cows-parsnip; plants on which bears are said to feed.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. *Putkinen*.

## IV.—THE ORIGIN OF THE CAT.

I know of course cat's origin—the incubation of “greybeard”.  
 The cat was gotten on a stove—has a girl's nose, a hare's head,  
 { A tail of *Hiisi*'s plait of hair, claws of a viper,  
 { v. A tail of snake's venom,  
 Feet of cloudberry, the rest of its body is of the wolf's race.

## V.—THE ORIGIN OF THE DOG.

(a.)

{ Whelp's genesis is from the wind, dog's origin from chilly wind.  
 { v. a pup's from shining of the sun.  
 { The old woman *Louhiatar*, mistress of *Pohjola*, the whore,  
 { v. *Untamola*'s<sup>1</sup> [*Ulappala*'s<sup>2</sup>] blind one, the wholly blind of  
     *Väinölä*<sup>3</sup>

Slept with her back to the wind—her side to the north-west.  
 The wind made her pregnant, chilly wind made her womb heavy.

Why is her womb heavy? She bore a dog in her womb,  
 A puppy dog below her spleen, an earthly creature in her liver  
 Of one month old, of two months old.

She at the end of three months' time  
 Began to throw her litter—to lighten her belly,  
 From her womb she threw a dog—a whelp from under her  
 spleen.

Who carried the swaddling clothes—the pup's coarse swaddling  
 bandages?

The furious Pineforest Crone carried the swaddling clothes,  
 Rocked [the pup] in her own linen, dandled it in her lap,  
 Caused the whelp to tread [the ground]—the “woolly tail” to  
 mark the way.

<sup>1</sup> An alias of *Pohjola*, derived from *uni*, “sleep”.

<sup>2</sup> “A remote, distant land; a wide, open, flat, barren district; a land behind the open sea”, *ulappa* is another name for *Pohjola*.

<sup>3</sup> “*Väinämöinen*'s home.” In the old *Kalevala*, in a variant to ii, 89, 90, *Untamoinen* is the parallel word to *Väinämöinen*, and at xvi, 271, “the waters of the *Viena*” (the Dwina, falling into the White Sea), are parallel “to the open *ulappa*” (open sea). *Väinä* is the Finnish and Esthonian word for the other Dvina, falling into the Gulf of Riga.

The best maiden of *Pohjola*  
 Was standing near a wall, was underneath the window front,  
 Engaged in melting virgin honey,  
 The honey hardened on her finger-points, with it she smeared  
 [its] teeth.  
 A useful dog was the result, a neat, white-collared dog was got  
 That does not eat one up, that does not bite the very least.

*Variants.*

2. The choice [*v.* little] woman, *Penitar*<sup>1</sup> [*v.* *Peniatar*].  
 (*b.*)

I know of course dog's genesis, I guess a puppy's origin.  
 He was made on a dust heap—prepared on a meadow,  
 Begotten of eight fathers,<sup>2</sup> born of one mother.  
 Earth's mistress, *Manuhutar*,<sup>3</sup> knocked out a head from a knoll,  
 Procured legs from fence stakes—ears from a water-lily's leaves,  
 Struck out gums from the east [wind], formed the muzzle from  
 wind.

Parts of (*a*) will be found in the old *Kalevala*, vii, 206, etc.  
 In a variant added at the end of that edition it says :  
 "That the blind old man of *Uloppala*—another name for  
*Pohjola*—slept with his own mother, threw himself power-  
 less on her breasts, on the surface of a swamp, on a hillock,  
 where muddy water moves." After this she becomes preg-  
 nant with a dog, as in the versions here given.

VI.—THE ORIGIN OF THE ELK.

Where was the elk born—the son of Rock<sup>4</sup> reared?  
 There was the elk born—the son of Rock reared  
 On the surface of a windy marsh,  
 In a dense clump of wild bird cherries—a thick grove of willows.  
 Its back is from a bent birch-tree,

---

<sup>1</sup> Derived from *peni*, "a pup, whelp".

<sup>2</sup> Compare this with the Zyriän expression for a bastard—a "twelve father child".

<sup>3</sup> A derivative of *manu*, "the dry land, continent".

<sup>4</sup> *Karin poika*.



Its legs from fence-stakes, its head from a root of ash,  
The rest of its body from rotten wood—its hair from horsetail  
grass.

This short piece may be compared with the humorous description in the *Kalevala*, xiii, 105-194, of the elk, made by the *Hiisi* folk, after which *Lemminkainen* had such a wild-goose chase. There are several Finnish riddles in which *Hiisi's* elk means a pine-tree pure and simple. *Hiisi's* elk has 100 horns, its skin is eaten, its blood is sold, its flesh is burnt? Answer.—A pine, its bark (eaten in seasons of scarcity), tar and wood.

Father was seeking lynxes, was hunting *Hiisi's* elks; he struck down an elk in *Hiisi's* land, its bones rattled down on the heath, he carried off the blood to Abo? Answer.—A tar-burner is seeking tarwood in the forest, lops off the branches, and carries the tar to a town.

An elk was killed in *Hiisi's* land, the bones were charred upon the heath, the blood was carried to a town? Answer.—Tar-burning; a pine-tree, the branches, the tar.

As *Hiisi's* name is of frequent occurrence, a word of explanation is due to those who are not conversant with Finnish mythology. The Finns have several words for "devil, fiend", such as *Hiisi*, and its diminutive *Hitto*, *Lempo*, *Perkele*, *Piru*, *Pirulainen*, *paha henki* (evil spirit). *Paholainen* (the Evil One), *Juutas*. Of these, *Perkele* and *Piru* are derived from the Slavonic *Perkunas*, *Perun* (the thunder god); *Juutas* is thought to be the New Testament Judas; the others are native words. To Finnish ears *Hiisi* sounds less bad than *Perkele*; "Go to *Hiisi*" means "Go to the deuce", while "Go to *Perkele*" means "Go to the Devil". The reason probably is that the latter is the Biblical word for Devil, and therefore connotes all that the Christian doctrine teaches of him. *Hiisi* in the genitive, before the adjective "big", corresponds with the English expression "devilish big" or "deuced big". Originally he seems to have been a mountain or a wooded mountain divinity. In the magic songs he and his people are sometimes said to

inhabit a mountain ; and in one couplet, given below, *Hiisi* stands as a parallel word to mountain, just as we have seen above that *Tapio* can be used as a synonym of forest. Indeed, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Bishop Agricola uses the plural of *hiisi* in the sense of "heights, wood-grown heights, grove",<sup>1</sup> though in his metrical epitome of Finnish mythology occurs the line, "*Hiisi* procured profit from the forest", that is, he aided a hunter in obtaining game. In course of time we shall find "*Hiisi's* dog" or cat used as an epithet for disease in general and for toothache in particular ; "his seal" (phoca) is rickets, atrophy ; "his fungus" is a tumour or a boil ; "his bird" is the wagtail—*Lempo's* is the raven ; he is the ancestor of the wolf ; from his 100-horned ox with 1,000 nipples on its breast magic salves and ointments are obtained. This wonderful animal must surely be a pine or fir-tree, with its innumerable projecting points like nipples.

## VII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE HORSE.

The horse's origin is from *Hiisi*—the choice foal's from a mountain,

In a room with a door of fire—a smithy with an iron ridge.

Its head is made of stone, its hoofs of rock,

Its legs are constructed of iron, its back is made of steel.

In several riddles *Hiisi's* horse, or simply a horse, means thunder and lightning, or fire and flame, fire and smoke. For instance :

A horse neighed from *Hiisi's* land ; the knocking of its collar, the shaking of the harness was heard here ?

Answer.—Thunder in the clouds, and lightning.

A horse neighed in *Hiisi's* land, the collar shoke, the harness gleamed in this direction ? Thunder and lightning.

A horse is in its stall, its tail is above the door ? The fire in a stove and the flame at its mouth ; fire and smoke.

<sup>1</sup> *Virittäjä*, ii, p. 171.

I have given these examples to suggest that a singer in a joking humour might occasionally have in mind something other than a real animal when narrating its origin.

#### VIII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE FIG.

The origin of a pig is known—of “downwards-carried snout” is guessed.

{ *Tynymys*<sup>1</sup> is thy mother, *Kynymys*<sup>2</sup> is thy father.  
 { *v.* *Kynönen*<sup>3</sup> [*v. St. Kynönen*] is thy father.

With snout and hoofs plough up the ground, with snout rout  
 up the turf,

[But] pray don't tear the fences down—don't roll away the  
 gates.

A couple of amusing Finnish stories about pigs will be found in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, v, p. 164.

#### IX.—THE ORIGIN OF THE SEAL.

A fellow rises from the sea—raises himself from out the waves  
 That counts the ocean isles—keeps watch on water's fish.  
 Six flowers [*v. cups*] are in his hand, six at the tip of every  
 flower,

All are full of train-oil,  
 They congealed into seals.

O seal ! “round boy”

That roves about the sea, “rough creature” of the ocean fields,  
 Refuse<sup>3</sup> was thy father, Refuse was thy mother,  
 Thou art Refuse thyself.

Go hence, whither I command,  
 Into the sea's black mud—[its] blue clay,  
 Into a dragon's (F. salmon-snake) throat.

<sup>1</sup> A derivative from *tyny*, *tynös*, “a hog”.

<sup>2</sup> “Provided with a short stump, snout” (*kynä*).

<sup>3</sup> *Hylky* (refuse) seems to be a pun on *hylke*, a seal.

X.—THE ORIGIN OF THE WOLF.

(a.)

O great hungry wolf, excessively fat 'dog' !  
 I know thy stock, I know, sly brute, thine origin.  
 A country girl, a dry-land lass, was travelling on her way,  
 Trod over swamps, trod over lands, trod over sandy heaths,  
 Trod over places trod before, trod over quite untrodden  
 ground.  
 She plucked flowers from withered grass—pellicles from tufts  
 of grass,  
 Wound them about her winding-cloth—into her tattered head-  
 attire.  
 At last she sat upon a stone at a verdant thicket's edge.  
 There she combed her locks—she brushed her hair,  
 She caused her pearls to rattle—her golden ornaments to clink.  
 A pearl dropt down among the grass—a golden trinket with a  
 crash,  
 From this the "crafty one" was born—the "hairy foot" was  
 reared,  
 The "woolly tail" has thriven, the wolfish breed was bred.

(b.)

O everlasting "gad about", an evil son for all thy life,  
 'Whence is thy stock, from what, "dread one", thine origin?  
 Is it from wind or from the sky—from a lake's deep eddy  
 (F. navel)?  
 It's not from wind, not from the sky, not from a lake's deep  
 eddy.  
 "Dread one," I know thine origin—thine upbringing, "horror  
 of the land".  
*Syöjätär*<sup>1</sup> spat on the waters—"defective shoulder"<sup>2</sup> on the  
 waves,

---

<sup>1</sup> The Ogress, from *syöjä*, "an eater, devourer", with a suffix to denote a woman.

<sup>2</sup> *Lapa-lieto*. Elsewhere she is called *Lapa-hiitto*, "shoulder *Hiisi*". *Lapa* can also be translated "hip-bone".

{ Then *Kuolatar*<sup>1</sup> appeared, from out the sea rose *Kuolatar*,  
 { v. from out the sea rose *Nuoratar*<sup>2</sup> [v. *Maaratar*]  
 Upon a treeless isle—a stoneless reef.  
 . She rubbed her two palms, scrubbed both of them,  
 Obtained a little scurf,  
 [Then] flung it on the waters—on the undulating sea  
 Over her left shoulder.  
 A wind wafted it ashore into a secluded forest.  
 There wast thou born, O “windy throat”, there didst arrive, O  
 “hairy nose”,  
 Didst appear on the open sea, wast reared in a secluded forest.

(c.)

Wolf's origin is known—where the wolf was born.  
 { The old woman *Loveatar*, mistress of *Pohjola*, the whore,  
 { v. A crone of *Viro*,<sup>3</sup> a rampant quean, an old woman raging mad  
 When bringing forth her sons—giving birth to her children  
 { In the hollow of a frosty pool, in an icy well's recess  
 { v. on the lid of an icy well  
 The fruit of her womb is not born, the foetus is not brought to  
 birth.  
 She removed to another place, was delivered of her sons  
 In a dense grove of wild bird cherries, 'mid branches broken  
 by the wind.  
 The fruit of the womb was born there, the foetus brought to  
 birth.  
 There she begat a splendid<sup>4</sup> boy  
 That eats up bone, bites flesh, draws blood quite fresh.  
 When she had begotten him she said:  
 “Alas for my wretched son, seeing my wretched son is one  
 That eats up bone, bites flesh, draws blood quite fresh,  
 { Were I to bring him to a room (he would destroy my room),  
 { v. fire would burn my room,  
 { Were I to build for him a bath (he would reduce my bath to bits)  
 { v. water would sweep my timberwork away.”

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<sup>1</sup> From *kuola*, “slaver, drivel”.

<sup>2</sup> From *nuora*, “a cord, rope”.

<sup>3</sup> Esthonia,

<sup>4</sup> Ironical.

Old *Väinämöinen* said :

“Just let him live in happiness

Near a wilderness where squirrels live, in a secluded forest.”

# XI.—THE ORIGIN OF THE SNAKE.

(a.)

I know, “crafty one”,<sup>1</sup> thine origin—thine upbringing, “horror of the land”,

Why thou, O snake, wast born in grass—wast formed on the earth by spells, O ‘worm’.

Thou wast born, “crafty one”,<sup>1</sup> wast reared, “horror of the land”,

{ Upon a rugged rock, upon the earth’s lowlying depths.

{ v. Upon a smooth rock in a dark secluded forest.

*Hiisi* ran along the earth, *Hiisi* ran, the earth perspired.

He ran o’er swamps, ran over lands, o’er Lapland’s ample wooded tracts,

Sweat trickles from his hair, from his beard a lather pours.

The “dread one” as he ran succumbed—wearied as he sped along.

The “strong one” sank upon a stone—fell to the ground upon a rock,

Swooned upon a hilltop, slept on a boulder in a mead.

He slept awhile upon the hill—for long upon the point of rock,

He snored extremely as he slept, snorted as he lay asleep,

From the ‘toad’s’ mouth saliva poured—froth from “ugly’s” jaws,

Foam from the “strong one’s” nose, a clot from *Lempo’s* stumpy nose

Upon fresh quartz stone (F. thunderstone) upon a rugged rock.

*Syöjätär* was passing by and ate the slaver on the rock.

The slaver burns her in the throat—caused a pricking in her teeth.

She spat it from her mouth on the waters, dropt the slaver on the waves.

Wind rocked it to and fro, the ocean swell kept swaying it

Upon the clear and open sea, upon the lumpy waves.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or “tangled ball”.

Water stretched it long, and twisted it into a 'distaff',<sup>1</sup>  
 A wind then wafted it ashore, water drew it to a cape,  
 A current flung it on a rock into a high cliff's cavity.  
 A wind blew it hard, a chill wind dried it by degrees.  
 The sun baked it into a spiral form in the cliff's cave upon the  
     beach,  
 At the side of a speckled stone—the bosom of an evil flagstone.  
*Hiisi* gave life to it, *Piru* gave it eyes by spells,  
*Lempo* formed the jawbones, the "vile one" assembled the teeth,  
 Hence came "Tuoni's<sup>2</sup> grub", "Tuoni's grub", "worm of the  
     earth".  
 Origin was given to the snake, a name was given to the "evil  
     one".

(b.)

Oho ! "evil pagan", thy stock is known,  
 A *Juutas* started off to run—a weak-legged man to totter off.  
 The wretch became dizzy with anxiety as he had done an evil  
     deed.  
 He ran all day, he ran for two, forthwith he ran a third besides.  
 The villain came from the east—the 'toad' from the place of  
     dawn.  
 When he had come a long distance, at the close of the third  
     day,  
 The *Juutas*,<sup>3</sup> as he ran, succumbed—wearied as he tottered on,  
 { Fell to the ground upon a rock, flopped upon a heap of stones,  
 { *v.* Upon *Jesus*' stone of joy,<sup>4</sup> upon the Creator's rock of sports,  
 { Sank upon a mountain slope, drooped upon a weathered stone,  
 { *v.*                                      upon the south (F. sun) side of a hill.  
 He snorted as he slept [*v.* died], he violently writhed.  
*Jesus* pursued his way, was travelling on a journey  
 With three of his disciples—two talkative companions.  
*Juutas* sprang from the path—"worn out shoe" from the rock,  
*Piru* began to hurry off—made sudden efforts for a bolt.  
 Slaver ran from the 'toad's' mouth—slime from the nostrils of  
     the scamp.

---

<sup>1</sup> = snake ; cf. XI, *f*, line 5.

<sup>2</sup> The god of death.

<sup>3</sup> *v.* *Ruotus*, Herod.

<sup>4</sup> A stone where festivities and sports are held.

The sun baked it hard, *Piru* stretched it long.  
*St. Peter* sees the 'toad's' slaver on the rock,  
 The evil one's slime upon the weathered rock.  
 21 He looks at it, he turns it [to see] what the clod on the rock is.  
 He began to talk about it.  
 "What would become of that and into what would it take  
 shape,  
 If thou, Lord, bestowed life, if thou, O God, gave it eyes by  
 spells?"  
 25 The great Creator says, the spotless God speaks thus:  
 "Evil would come from evil, a 'toad' from a 'toad's' seed,  
 A hideous one from a fatherless one, a useless one from a  
 motherless."  
*St. Peter* says—breaks forth in words a second time:  
 "Kindly accord it life, O Lord, form eyes for it by spells, O  
 God,  
 Let it move through withered grass, go rustling through grassy  
 tufts,  
 Creep among roots of trees, observe the heather stalks."  
 Immediately the Lord gave life—God made it eyes by spells,  
 To the vomit of the evil man—the slaver of the hideous 'toad'  
 From that then the "cunning one" originated—the evil 'pod'  
 increased,  
 A snake began to hiss—a black 'worm' to writhe,  
 To move on its belly along the ground, to crawl upon its  
 stomach.

*Variants.*

21. He turns it with his stick, *v.* He tried it with his finger.  
 25. Good *Jesus* made reply: "No need to give an evil being life."

(c.)

Whence is 'autumn worm's' origin—'winter worm's' occurrence?  
 Hence 'autumn worm' originated—'winter worm' has occurred.

{ *Kihokuola*,<sup>1</sup> *Äijö's*<sup>2</sup> son,  
 { *v. Ikoma*,<sup>3</sup> *v. Kihama*,<sup>4</sup> *v. Kilamo* sat upon a stone,

<sup>1</sup> "Bubbling slaver."

<sup>2</sup> Supposed to be another name for *Ukko*, the thunder god, and to have the same meaning; cf. Lapp. *aija*, "grandfather, thunder", and the Esthonian *äijo-le*, "go to the devil"

<sup>3</sup> "The sobber, stammerer" (?)

<sup>4</sup> "The hisser" (?)



The "good for nothing" sat on a stone, the "useless fellow"  
slept on a rock.

From it he slipt off suddenly down on the north side of a stone.  
Slaver dript from the beast's mouth—saliva from the 'toad's'  
jaws.

*Syöjätär* remarked it—ate up the slaver on the stone,  
Spat it upon the waters—splashed it down upon the waves.  
The spittle moves upon the sea, the flat lump rolls upon the  
waves,

The 'froth'—upon the mighty waters,  
Wind came and gathered it together, waves drifted it against a  
rock,

Into the inside of an iron [coloured] reed,<sup>1</sup> into the side of a  
thick grass.

Hence its origin arose, its production was produced.

Whence was life obtained for it, whence was its poison flung?

Thence was life obtained for it, thence was the poison flung,

From the fire of hell, from the flame of the evil power.

(d.)

O underground black 'worm', O 'grub', the hue of death  
(*Tuoni*),

I know thy stock with all thy bringing up.

*Syöjätär* is thy mother, a water-devil<sup>2</sup> thy parent.

*Syöjätär* was rowing on the water, "fire-throat" was bobbing  
up and down

In a copper boat with a red sail.

6 *Syöjätär* spat on the water—let drop a lump upon the waves,

A wind rocked it to and fro, a water current swayed it,

Rocked it for six years, for seven summers,

Upon the clear and open sea—the illimitable waves.

The water stretched it long, the sun baked it soft,

The water's surge directed it, the billows drive it ashore,

The ocean breakers dash it against the sides of a thick tree.

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<sup>1</sup> Or "pipe, tube"; "closed-up reed or tube" is an epithet of the watersnake in the *Kalevala*, xv, 592.

<sup>2</sup> *Vetehinen*.

Three of Nature's daughters (*Luonnotar*) were walking  
On the shore of the raging sea, at the edge of the ocean's  
swell,  
They saw the [spittle] on the shore and spoke with these words :  
" What would become of that  
If the Creator gave it life—put eyes in its head by spells ? "  
*Hiisi* happened to overhear, the bad man to observe [it all].  
He himself began to create, *Hiisi* gave life to it,  
To *Syöjätär's* spittle—the hideous ' toad's' slaver.  
Then it turned into a snake—changed into a black ' worm'.

*Variants.*

6 She combs her head, brushes her hair,  
A hair disappeared from the brush, a hair fell into the water.

(e.)

Pain's daughter, girl of Death, fell asleep upon a field,  
Threw herself down upon a slope—against the side of a  
speckled stone.  
A great blast of wind came—a bitter tempest from the east,  
And made the girl parturient, quickened her into pregnancy.  
Then the offspring was born, the evil progeny was yeaned,  
A snake began to hiss, a ' red ant' to move about,  
A ' worm of the earth' to crawl—to stick a little ' needle'  
Into a human being's skin or into a creature's [*kave*] ' hair '.

(f.)

A tree was growing on holy ground<sup>1</sup>—a reed on undefiled land,  
The reed grew up against the tree—the sedge under shelter of  
[its] moss.  
*Piru* blew into the reed, made the ' ring' clatter.  
From it a ' worm' appeared, rather round and rather long,  
Then it turned into a ' distaff', twisted into a snake,  
Into a crawler on the ground—a wriggler on the path.

(g.)

Black ' worm' ! O hissing viper, ' grub' of the hue of Death  
(*Tuoni*),

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<sup>1</sup> Or, in a churchyard.

Of course I know thy stock, I know all thy bringing up,  
Of what thou wast formed, "useless wretch", from what thou  
hast originated, O "cunning one".<sup>1</sup>

*Tuoni's* iron-toothed crone, crooked fingered, crumple jawed,  
Was spinning on a summer's day—at midnight of an autumn  
night.

Blood spashed from the distaff—from the copper spinning-  
staff.

From that wast thou formed, O "useless wretch", from that  
didst originate, O "cunning one".<sup>1</sup>

(*h.*)

Evil Beings (*kehnot*) formed a snake, wretches span a viper,  
A snake was formed, a malignant viper was fashioned  
In a single summer night—an evening hour in autumn.  
Of what was the head placed on the evil one?

5 The head was made of an evil bean.

Of what were the malignant creature's brains?

Of the foam of a mighty torrent [*v.* of 'fiery' rapids].

8 Whence has the fiend<sup>2</sup> its eyes? From the seeds of *Lempo's*  
flax.

9 Whence the ears on the 'toad's' head? From leaves of  
*Lempo's* birch.

{ Of what was the snout formed? Of a scrap of *Tuoni's* pick.  
{ *v.* Of the evil one's thong.

{ Of what was the mouth prepared? Of *Syöjätär's* clasp.  
{ *v.* Of a stump of *Lempo's* feather.

12 Whence was the tongue obtained? From the tip of *Keito's*  
spear.

13 Whence were the teeth procured? From needles of *Manala's*<sup>3</sup>  
[*v. Hiisi's*] girl.

14 Whence [came] the wretch's gums? From the gums of  
*Kalma's*<sup>4</sup> girl.

15 Of what was the body made? Of an evil maiden's hair-plait.

<sup>1</sup> Or "tangled ball."

<sup>2</sup> *Siitoo*, a loan word from the Russian *shid*, "a Jew."

<sup>3</sup> The place of the dead underground.

<sup>4</sup> A god of death, the grave.

- 16 Of what was the back composed? Of *Hiisi's* pole for raking coal.
- 17 Whence has the evil one a tail? From the hair-plait of *Hiisi's* girl.
- 18 From what were the guts knotted up? From *Hiisi's* belt appendages.
- 19 Whence has the vagabond life? From *Hiisi's* hearth of coals. Whence has the bane its disposition? From 'fiery' rapids' froth.
- 21 Whence was the heart thrown? From *Syöjätär's* heart's core.
- 22 Whence was its poison flung? From an angry torrent's foam.

*Variants.*

- 5 The head was made of broken pots. *v.* Of an evil man's (spirit's) thumb.
- 5 Of the end (F. head) of a shirt-wearer's<sup>1</sup> thong.
- 5 Of a belt-ring of *Väinötär*.<sup>2</sup>
- 5 Of an evil one's shirt lappet. *v.* Of the belt clasp of one behind a stream.
- 5 Of the breast clasp of *Syöjätär* [*v. Ritikainen*].
- 8 The eyes were made of mussel pearls (F. seeds).
- 8 One eye was of a mussel pearl (F. stone), the other of a golden bean. *v.* the other of an iron [*v. Riga*] bean.
- 8 One eye of a golden [*v. Tuoni's*] mussel shell, the other of a bird cherry's berry. *v.* the other of a seed of flax.
- 9 They were composed of willow leaves. *v.* Of river horsetail were the ears.
- 12 From the spear of *Äijö's* [*v. Keito's*] son. *v.* From *Lempo's* [*v. Keito's*] spear.
- 12 From a fiery pointed sword. *v.* From the sword of *Kaleva's* son.
- 12 From the hair of *Hiisi's* girl. *v.* From a female creature's<sup>3</sup> hair.
- 12 It's *Hiisi's* hayfork.

<sup>1</sup> An epithet of *Ruotus* (Herod) in the *Kalevala*, I, 237. It means a man in his bare shirt, staying at home and unoccupied with work.

<sup>2</sup> *Väinämöinen's* daughter. Elsewhere she is identified with Pain's daughter, *Kiputär*, whose character suits her in this instance.

<sup>3</sup> Or, 'full grown creature', *emäkave*.

12 A *Hiitolainen's* hayfork, a *Piitolainen's* iron goad.

12 The pricking tool of sudden death.

12 [One fork] is the shoe-awl of *Keito's* son, the other fork of the tongue was brought—was obtained from a comb of *Väinöla*.

13 From spikes of *Tuoni's* barley-ears, from pannicles of growing corn,

The other halves of the teeth are from the teeth of *Tuoni's* pike.

14 From the gums of *Tuoni's* girl. *v.* The gums were from a full-grown fish.

14 From shoots of *Tuoni's* growing corn [*v.* barley]—husks of *Hiisi's* oats,

Which are twining [*v.* blowing] into stalks, which are becoming bloody.<sup>1</sup>

14 From a tender grain of wheat—a husk of tender oats

Which is turning into food—rolling in its blood.

15 The body is made of the top of *Lempo's* skull [*v.* crack].

15 Of the end of a hornet's sting (F. rod)—of a devil's thong,

15 Is a *Kyröläinen's* ploughing whip—a *Virolainen's*<sup>2</sup> fence-rail.

15 Is a) *Kyytöläinen's*<sup>3</sup> [*v.* *Kyynäläinen's*<sup>4</sup>] ploughing whip—an *Ahtolainen's*<sup>5</sup> fence-rail.

15 Is an *Ahikainen's*<sup>6</sup> [*v.* *Ahotar's*,<sup>7</sup> *Ajatar's*<sup>8</sup>] fence-rail—a *Manalainen's* travelling-staff.

15 The lace of a *Virolainen's* bark-shoe, a *Kerolainen's* distaff.

15 A *Keitolainen's* boot-lace, a *Lempolainen's* hair-plait band.

15 A hair-plait of *Lempo's* girl—of an evil brood.

15 A *Hiitolainen's*<sup>9</sup> hair, a beard-hair of one that's damned.

<sup>1</sup> The line seems to mean, "which are already growing into straw, are becoming fit for food."

<sup>2</sup> An Esthonian.

<sup>3</sup> An epithet of the viper or adder, from the stripes, *kyytö*, on its skin.

<sup>4</sup> A derivative from *kyy*, a viper or adder.

<sup>5</sup> An inhabitant of *Ahtola*, the abode of the sea-god *Ahto* (diminutive of *Ahti*).

<sup>6</sup> = *Ahtikainen* = *Ahtolainen*.

<sup>7</sup> = *Ahdotar* = *Ahto's* wife.

<sup>8</sup> *Ajatar*, in the plural, is found in the Finnish Bible, Levit. xvii, 7, where the original is literally "the hairy ones", in English versions "devils, he-goats, satyrs".

<sup>9</sup> An inhabitant of *Hiitola*, *Hiisi's* home: here it means Hell.

16 The belt from the belt of *Tapió's* wife, the shirt-belt of a shirt-wearer.

16 It's *Hiisi's* hay [*v.* coal] fork, the evil spirit's toasting-fork.

16 A woman (*kapo*) had dropt on a path, Air's girl had fallen asleep,

A copper quiver on her back, a copper arrow within it,

From that the back was fashioned—the back-bone was composed.

17 From an evil willow-shoot. *v.* From the sheath of *Kaleva's* son.

17 From the shirt-string of a shirt-wearer.

18 From the shirt-belt of a shirt-wearer.

19 The life from *Hiisi's* glowing coals. *v.* From the fire of Hell.

19 From *Satan's* charcoal hill.

19 From evil steam, from the spray of *Hiisi's* rapids.

21 [The heart is] the heart's core of *Syöjätär*—a fragment of *Mammotar's*<sup>1</sup> liver.

22 From the surge of *Hiisi's* stream.

## XII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE VIPER (ADDER).

### (a.)

Night's girl, Dusk's maiden, who keeps the long evening watch.

Was spinning a stony thread—twisting a gravelly one

On a stone distaff—a copper spinning staff.

The stony thread broke—the gravelly one in her fingers

From the stony distaff—the copper spinning staff.

What was the end of the broken end? from that an evil brood was gotten,

From that "striped back"<sup>2</sup> originated—the "worm of *Manala*" was bred.

### (b.)

Sturdy old *Väinämöinen*

Was splitting mountains, cutting [*v.* rolling] down rocks

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<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere she is also identified with *Syöjätär*, and stone originated from a bit of her liver. A common epithet applied to the earth is "liver-coloured". She is probably an earth goddess, and obtains her name from *mamma*, *mammo*, "a breast, a mother".

<sup>2</sup> *Kyytöläinen*.

In iron gloves, protected by copper mitts.  
He had seized a fiery-pointed sword,  
Kept swinging his sword in an iron mountain's rift,  
In the space between two rocks—the recess between five  
boulders.  
[His] golden ring fell rattling down into the iron mountain's rift,  
Into the space between two rocks—the recess between five  
boulders.  
From that the "crafty one"<sup>1</sup> originated—"striped back"<sup>2</sup> was  
produced.

Some of these lines (1, 4, 5) are introduced in the *Kalevala*, xxxix, 93-110, and l. 6, in the *Old Kal.*, xxi, 72 (*var.*), where *Väinämöinen* is trying a new sword, forged for him by *Ilmarinen*, previous to his departure for *Pohjola*. He is probably making essay of a sword in this fragment also.

<sup>1</sup> Or, "tangled ball".

<sup>2</sup> *Kyytöläinen*.

J. ABERCROMBY.

(*To be continued.*)

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## LEGENDS FROM TORRES STRAITS.

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### INTRODUCTION.

IN collecting these myths and legends I could not take down the actual native words, being ignorant of the language, but I have given a faithful rendering of the stories as told to me in broken English. I have nowhere embellished the accounts, and I have given most of the conversations and remarks of people in the very words my informants used; thus preserving, as far as possible, the freshness and quaintness of the original narrative. I believe that in most cases the native idiom was bodily translated into the "Pigeon English".

As to the age of the legends I can form no idea. One point is noteworthy, that not in a single instance did I ever hear of any reference to a white man nor of anything belonging to white men; for example, a knife was always '*upi*', the old bamboo knife, never '*gi*' or '*gi turik*' ('knife'; *turik* also meant 'iron'). I think I am safe in asserting that thirty years ago there was no intelligent intercourse with white men; this period may practically be reduced to twenty years, and in some islands to even less. I usually checked the genuineness of the legends by inquiry of other men than the original informants; not unfrequently old men were present, who were often referred to. My narrators were, almost without exception, middle-aged men, and I am always careful to impress on them the importance of giving me the story as they had heard it from the old men. Experience showed me that they were as conservative as children of traditional phrases and modes of expression. Therefore I can confidently claim that this collection of legends really represents the folk-



lore of the last generation, and the stories may therefore be of any age previous to the influence of Europeans and South Sea men.

I have taken very great trouble in satisfying myself as to the sense of the narratives, and in appreciating and confirming incidental allusions to customs now passed away. There are, however, a certain number of phrases and customs which are obscure to me. On the other hand, one must remember that logical and connected accounts are, so to speak, unsavage, and such narratives from a savage race may justly be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion.

The legends are arranged, as far as possible, in geographical order, beginning with those islands nearest to New Guinea and passing southward to Muralug, the island nearest to Cape York, Queensland. Thus the first seventeen relate to the Western tribe. The legends of the Western tribe, "The Story of Gelam", "The Fightings of Kwoiam", and "The Six Blind Brothers", I hope to publish shortly in a more popular form. Of the Eastern tribe, or that inhabiting the volcanic islands of Uga, Erub, and the Murray Islands, I have collected only a very few legends, having purposely left many others for my friend, the Rev. A. S. Hunt, the resident missionary on Mer, to record.

In vol. xix (Feb. 1890) of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* will be found a fairly complete record of the customs of the Western tribe of Torres Straits, and I hope to add an account of the Eastern tribe in about a year's time. The two tribes differ considerably in their customs and language.

I have adopted the following vowel pronunciation:—  
*a*, as in 'father'; *ǣ*, as in 'at'; *e*, as a in 'date'; *ǣ*, as in 'deft';  
*i*, as ee in 'feet'; *ɪ*, as in 'it'; *o*, as in 'own'; *ɔ*, as in 'on';  
*u*, as oo in 'soon'; *ʏ*, as in 'up'; *ai* as in 'aisle'; *au* as ow in 'cow'.

The numbers in brackets refer to explanatory notes, which will be found at the end of the communication.

I.—THE BIRTH OF KUSA KAP.

*(Told by Nagu (now Wairu) of Badu.)*

One day Maiwasa of Dauan went along the reef looking for the feeding ground of a dugong (1); with him walked his wife, Bukari, a fine, well-favoured woman, possessing a notable pair of large ear-pendants (*muti*) ornamented with seeds (*kusa*). Now it happened that a Dorgai (2) named Gidzö had perched in a large tree (*Dani*) near by, and she cast longing glances at Maiwasa, saying to herself, "Why, that woman go along my man—that man belong to me."

Maiwasa was successful in his search, and erected a dugong platform or *neēt* on that part of the reef where he found the grass eaten by a dugong; he spent that night on his *neēt*, but speared nothing.

The next day Maiwasa went a long way on the reef at low water to look for marks of the dugong, and Bukari took a *pat*, or short simple spear, to do a little fishing.

Gidzö, taking a large drum, *wurup* (4), and going to a dry place on the rocks, transformed herself into an octopus (*sugu*), and waited in this form for the coming of Bukari. Meanwhile Maiwasa wandered a long way off, and was so engrossed in his own business that he paid no attention to his wife's movements.

Bukari, looking in crevices and under stones in her search for fish, came at length upon the octopus and attempted to spear it, whereupon the Dorgai resumed her usual form, put her big drum completely over Bukari, and, after changing faces with her, set the unlucky woman adrift on the sea in the drum.

Gidzö then went to look for Maiwasa, who called out on seeing her, "Come on, we must go home now, the tide is rising", and Gidzö followed; when she moved or bent down she broke the wind. "Hulloa!" cried Maiwasa,

"what kind of woman is that? Bukari was not like that before." Gidzö lived with Maiwasa as his wife for some time, but though like Bukari in features, she differed from her in many details, and the sudden change in his wife greatly perplexed Maiwasa, who at length concluded that she was a Dorgai.

The *warup* containing Bukari drifted away towards Boigu, and was cast up on the sand beach of Baiibai, a small island close to Boigu; on stranding, Bukari came out of the drum, and looking round, saw Dauan to windward, and exclaimed, "I am a long way off from my man." On this islet there was neither food nor water, and feeling hungry, she pulled two seeds from one of her ear-pendants and ate them.

She continued to eat two seeds every morning and evening till she had finished one ear-pendant, and she wondered what she could do next, for there was no water to drink. When commencing on the second ear she discovered she was pregnant, and by the time she had eaten nearly all the seeds she laid an egg like that of the sea eagle (*Nagaläg*). Instead of throwing it away she sat on it, and after a short time a bird was hatched, whom his mother named "Kusa Kap", or "fruit of the seeds", "as no man made him". Kusa Kap immediately but unsuccessfully attempted to fly.

When all the seeds were finished Bukari had nothing to eat and "was all bone", but soon the bird-son learnt to fly, and the first thing he did was to catch a small fish and give it to his mother, who exclaimed, "Hulloa! I have a fish now"; the bird sang out, "Go on, you eat that"; but Bukari, saying, "He no cooked", gave it back to the bird, who ate it up and then slept, as it was evening.

Early next morning Kusa Kap hulloa'ed and flew away, caught a fish, and brought it to his mother, who exclaimed, "Hulloa! got another fish now," but again refused to eat it, as it was not cooked. The bird looked at his mother, and observed that though she was "all bone" she would

not eat the raw fish, but, as before, returned it to her son, who then ate it. At daybreak the bird hulloo'd again; by this time he had grown to a large size. When out looking for fish he saw a dugong floating; he again brought a fish home to his mother, but with the same result as before.

The following day Kusa Kap hulloo'd at sunrise; he was now grown a gigantic bird. Bukari took a piece of string and tied a small seed to his leg; he then flew away, caught a dugong, and carrying it by its claws, dropped it at his mother's feet. Bukari said, "We haven't an *upi*" (bamboo knife) (5); but the bird stood on the back of the dugong, cut it open with his beak, and removed the bones and viscera, and cut the meat up into small pieces. Leaving the dugong, he flew away and caught another, which he also brought to his mother, who delightedly exclaimed, "Hulloo! got another now—piccaninny along me gets big food now." Kusa Kap then cut up the second dugong with his beak as before.

Early next morning Bukari told the bird to go to Daudai (the neighbouring coast of New Guinea), to ask two of her uncles living there for some fire with which to cook, and for some water to drink, instructing him, when he found their house, to sit down close beside them, and to catch hold of a burning stick in the fire, and also of a pair of "*kusu*" (*i.e.*, coco-nut water-bottles) (6), and "when they see the seed on your leg they will know who sent you".

Away flew Kusa Kap, and all befell as Bukari predicted; the uncles filled up all their water-bottles and slung them over his wings, and gave him a bamboo knife and a burning stick (*moi*), which he carried in his claws and brought to his mother, remarking to himself, "Now Bukari will have a better class inside." Kusa Kap then caught another dugong which was pregnant, gave it to his mother and cut it up for her, and this time she was able to cook the meat and eat as much as she needed.

Next day Kusa Kap caught another dugong, which his mother told him to take to his uncles, and at the same time return the coco-nuts for more water. He did so, and his uncles filled up the water-bottles and gave him another *upi* to take to his mother. The untiring bird then caught another dugong, which he gave to the uncles; he had grown so large that he looked "all along same as island in the sky".

Next day Bukari asked Kusa Kap to go to Dauan to look after her husband, telling him, "When you see my man you sit down close beside him; he will savvy that *kusa* as belonging to my *muti* (ear-pendant); when he savvy you go, fly to canoe, catch hold of rope and mast and mat-sail; he will know you come from me and will follow you." So Kusa Kap flew off to Dauan, and all happened as Bukari expected. Maiwasa took some of his countrymen in the cause and followed Kusa Kap in his flight. On reaching Banba, Kiisa Kap flew to his mother and sat down beside her; as they neared the beach Maiwasa and his friends wondered who had killed all these dugong—the bones strewed the beach "thick like (drift) wood on beach".

Directly they landed Bukari ran up to Maiwasa, and catching hold of him, asked what woman was that who had stayed along with him. She then told him all her adventures, including the laying of the egg and the hatching of Kusa Kap, being at the same time careful to explain that "no man make him along of me". Next morning they put all the dugong into the canoe, and Bukari told Kusa Kap to go to Daudai and remain with her uncles, but added that she herself would go home to Dauan, and Bukari wept at parting from her bird-son.

The canoe then started for Dauan, but first sailed close to Saibai before making that island; on nearing the shore Bukari went aft and took a lump of wood which was in the canoe, then the sails were lowered, and the canoe was run fast on to the beach. Gidzö meanwhile was stopping in Maiwasa's house, and had no idea that Bukari had been

discovered and was now returning ; on seeing Maiwasa's canoe nearing shore she went down to welcome him home, but when she reached the canoe, Bukari, who had been crouching down, sprang up and killed Gidzö by a blow with the piece of wood across the bridge of her nose.

## II.—THE LEGEND OF DORGAI META KURABI.

A man named Nadai, living on the island of Boigu, went once into the bush to collect eggs of the mound-bird (*surka*) (1) ; he found a large mound, and dug into it till he came to what he took to be an egg ; he tried to pull it up, but it stuck fast ; then he tried to get another, but neither would that come away. Now a Dorgai was sleeping under that mound, and she had attached to various parts of her body numerous large white cowry-like shells (*boboŭm*) (2), and these were what Nadai was pulling at, mistaking them for brush-turkey eggs.

Nadai at length caught hold of the *boboŭm* attached to the Dorgai's chin, and giving a tremendous pull, unearthed the bogey, when he was so terrified by her appearance that he fled back to his village, Suam, and urged the inhabitants to arm themselves and slay the Dorgai, who was sure to follow.

By-and-bye a fly came, and behind it arrived the Dorgai (3), but the men no sooner saw her terrible face than they threw down their weapons and fled in dismay. Nadai then ran on to Pali, where he exhorted the warriors to make a stand against the Dorgai ; but when the Dorgai appeared, preceded as before by a fly, they also scattered in terror. Nadai sped on to Kowai, and then to Gunilai, on the eastern side of the island, but all his appeals for help were answered by a stampede of the warriors as soon as the Dorgai showed herself. At last, having nearly completed the circuit of the island, he came to Kerpai, on the north side (he started on the lee or western side), where he once more entreated the people to stand firm and attack

the Dorgai. They valiantly armed themselves, but when the fly was followed by the Dorgai they took to their heels, as the others had done before, with the exception of one man named Bu. This warrior remained in the *kwod*, or bachelors' quarters, and armed himself with a bow and arrow, the arrow being of a pattern named *skūri* (4). When the Dorgai arrived Bu shot her in the stomach, which was ripped open by the well-aimed arrow, and thus she was at last killed.

The Kerpai people, however, brutally murdered Bu by piercing him through the eyes (5). They are both now in the sky, the Dorgai going first, being continually followed by Bu.

### III.—THE LEGEND OF DORGAI I.

A long time ago, in a village on the lee side of Mabuiag, a young girl cried in the night for food, but her mother either would not or could not give her anything to eat. Attracted by the continual crying, a Dorgai came out from the bush, entered the house, stole away the girl, and killed her. When morning came the mother called together all her male friends and told what had happened in the night; the men armed themselves with every variety of weapon, even taking their dugong harpoons, and hurried into the bush to look for the Dorgai. They found her sitting asleep with the dead girl on her lap; the men tried to kill the Dorgai, but she was proof against their weapons, and sank into the ground; they seized an arm and hand and pulled, till at length the arm was severed from the trunk of the Dorgai. The men washed the arm and hung it up to dry, but in the night the Dorgai came and carried it away; hence the single hand in the constellation into which the Dorgai was transformed.

## IV.—WHY THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD GO TO KIBUKA.

*(Informant, the Chief of Mabuiag.)*

There was once a Mabuiag woman named Uga, who went along with the *mari* of a good-looking man named Tăbēpa (or *Tabepa mari*). The latter lived at Pulu, a small island off the far side of Mabuiag. The mother of Uga said to her, "Don't you go along with the Mabuiag men, you go with Tabepa." Tabepa cut a quantity of grass for a dance at Kalalŭg, a hilly promontory on the western side of Mabuiag. Uga knew he was there, and went to him. Tabepa took her over to Pulu. Tabepa told the other *mari* who lived in Pulu to leave some turtle and dugong meat at Pulu for the father and mother of Uga, or else by-and-bye his wife's parents would kill them all (1).

The *mari* then took a canoe and all went to Kibuka. They did not go straight, but first made Kaiola and then touched at some other islands, till finally a fair wind brought them to Kibuka. After they had been there a month Uga found that she was expecting ("got family inside"), and Tabepa said to her, "I think I will take you home and pay your parents for it" (2). The people of Mabuiag saw the rain-clouds and numerous waterspouts in the north-west, and at once concluded that Tabepa was returning.

Now a Mabuiag man named Kwoia was a former admirer of Uga's, and bore a grudge against Tabepa, because he was selected by Uga (3). On Tabepa's arrival Kwoia suddenly killed Tabepa and all the *mari* who accompanied him with a stone club, and ran a spear into Uga's abdomen, killing her too. One and all of the murdered folk were transformed into porpoises (4), and they swam back to Kibuka. They, however, did not long stay there, but returned to Mabuiag, accompanied by heavy rain-clouds and a large number of waterspouts. The storm swept over Mabuiag, the force of the waterspouts even



breaking stones. Men who, hiding from the tempest, had secreted themselves in crevices of the rock, were sucked out by the wind and waterspouts. Thus perished Kwoia and all the inhabitants of Mabuiag. The mari of the newly deceased were conducted to Kibuka by the original mari; they were all porpoises.

#### V.—THE STORY OF MUTUK.

*(Told by Mälakula of Badu, who has since changed names with Managëta of Mabuiag.)*

Once upon a time a Badu man named Mutuk was fishing in the sea off a rock, when his line fouled and he dived into the water to free it; a passing shark swallowed him ("swilled him down") without hurting him.

The shark swam on northwards, and on passing over the reef of Mangrove I. Mutuk felt warm, and said to himself, "Now we are in shallow-water." When the shark plunged into deeper water Mutuk felt cold and knew they had descended again; later on the shark swam to Boigu and was left stranded on the reef by the receding tide. Mutuk felt the heat of the sun beating upon the body of the fish and knew that he was high and dry, so taking a sharp shell (*id* or *idö*) which he carried behind his ear (1), he hacked away at the belly of the shark until he had sufficiently ripped it open; on emerging from his strange prison he found all his hair had fallen off.

Mutuk found his way to a water-hole on the island and climbed a tree which overhung it. By-and-bye a woman came to draw water, and it happened that she was no other than Mutuk's sister, Mëtalăp, who had married Piti, the chief of Boigu. Looking into the well whilst getting water, she saw in it the reflection of two faces; one was her own face, but whose was the other? She pondered, she moved her head, and the reflection of it simultaneously shifted also, but the other one did not move, so she proved it was

not hers ; then she looked up and saw her brother in the tree. She asked if it was really he, and assuring her of his identity, he explained how he got there, and implored her to persuade her husband to take him back to Badu, as his wife and piccaninny were crying because they thought he was dead, and the people would perform funeral ceremonies for him ("make him devil") (2). She told him to wait where he was till the evening and she would then take him to her house ; she went home and brought him good dugong meat and yams and a bamboo knife, *upi*, to cut the meat with. At night time Mětalăp brought Mutuk into her house, and sent a boy to her husband, who was away, to tell him to come home ; he sent back word that he would not come unless told for what he was wanted ; she replied through the boy that he must come, and then he returned.

On hearing the whole matter Piti decided that Mutuk could not be sent home then, but must wait a month ; to enliven his term of exile three wives were given him, and his hair began to grow again.

At the expiration of the month the chief took Mutuk in a canoe full of Boigu men back to Badu. When the canoe was sighted by the Badu men they said, "It is a Badu canoe—no, it is from Mabuiag—no, it is from Badu." On the canoe nearing shore they recognised Mutuk standing up, and were much astonished, as they thought him dead ; at first they could scarcely believe it was he, but, when sure of his identity, they felt much chagrined at having held the funeral ceremony for a live man. They prepared to receive their guests by taking all the bows and arrows out of a house and by hiding a stone club under a mat near at hand, some one sitting upon it. The Boigu chief said that he and Mutuk would go to the village, but that all the rest of the men were to stay in the canoe. When these two were seated Mutuk's wife identified her husband, and then both he and Piti were killed with the stone club, and the men in the canoe murdered (3).

All the dead men were then immediately transformed into flying foxes ("*sapura*" = *Pteropus*) (4), who wheeled round and round and flew away to the north.

As they passed over the island of Murtai a twig of a *piner* tree tumbled off one of the flying foxes, and subsequently took root and grew into a tree which is there now, for the Boigu men had previously ornamented themselves with bunches of leaves and small twigs of the *piner* (coral tree, *Erythrina*) and of the *ubu* tree (5).

As they flew over the island of Widul another *piner* twig fell down and took root; on the point of Auboit on Mabuiag an *ubu* twig fell, and a *piner* branch was dropped at Dabungai, in the same island, as witness the trees now growing. Once more the flying foxes sped northwards and wheeled above their native island of Boigu; the women, looking up, recognised them and wept, for they then knew their husbands had been murdered at Badu.

The flying foxes passed on to Daudai and came to a hollow *zunga* tree; all entered it except Mutuk and the chief, who sat on the top of the tree.

Shortly afterwards a man named Budzi, who possessed a large family of daughters, came along with a basket looking for crabs (*gitila*) and "iguana" (*karum* = monitor); as he was stooping to pick up a crab the flying foxes in the hollow tree looked out and laughed. In great surprise, he looked up, saying, "Who laughs?" and proceeded to catch another crab; again the flying foxes laughed, and Budzi once more looked up and said, "Who laughs?" This time he saw the flying foxes in the hole, and jumped up and caught all of them and put them in his basket. Then he sat down at the end of a log, and taking the flying foxes out of the basket, he bit off the head of Mutuk and threw the body on one side. Mutuk immediately resumed his proper form and, unknown to Budzi, sat down on the log beside him; all the rest were served in the same way until only two flying foxes remained. Budzi, thinking to himself, "I've got plenty kaiki now," turned to look at his heap

of headless flying foxes, and to his great surprise saw, instead of them, a row of men sitting on his log. He then bit off the heads of the two remaining flying foxes and saw them transformed into men. Budzi said to the men, "You are my men now—I've got a lot of daughters at home, you shall have them and stay along with me"; so they all went off to Budzi's house, which lay to windward (*i.e.*, to the east or south-east). Budzi gave his eldest daughters to Mutuk and the chief, and the rest fell to the lot of the other men (6). That night, as soon as Budzi was asleep, Mutuk said to his wife, "You come along—we no stop here," and all the men departed with their wives and went a long way in the darkness.

In the morning, when Budzi woke, he found his hut empty; he rubbed his eyes and looked again, but saw no traces of his daughters or their husbands; outside he easily found their tracks, and immediately followed them. On coming up with the fugitives he asked why they had deserted him; they replied that there were too many mosquitoes at his place. "There are no mosquitoes here," said Budzi; "we will stop here." That night, as soon as the father slept, his family again decamped; when Budzi discovered their second flight he saw it was useless to attempt to retain his daughters, so refrained from following the party.

Budzi, thinking to himself that it was no good one man living in a house by himself, went into the bush to find a *madub* bushman who would share his house. He called out, and a man replied. Budzi asked his name; it was Madub. "Well," said Budzi, "you come along and live with me, your name is no longer Madub, it is Budzi—same name as my name—what is your name?" The bushman made no reply, so Budzi caught hold of him and pulled him, and his arms and legs came off. A second time Budzi went into the bush, and the whole adventure was repeated, even to the dismembering of the unfortunate bushman. A third attempt brought better results, for the bushman answered

"Budzi", on being asked his new name, and then followed the original Budzi.

At sunset they came to what they took to be a large mound of the wild-fowl (*surka* = *Megapodius*) and slept on the top of it. In the morning Budzi found a white-egg-like body, and tasting it, found it sweet—it was the root of a wild yam (7); his namesake also awoke and saw and tasted it; they then discovered that the hillock was not the nest of the mound-bird, but the heap at the roots of a gigantic yam. "By God!" Budzi exclaimed, "he no gammon fine yam! this yam belongs to me; if any man take him may he have elephantiasis (*koingnar*) in his legs" (8). They then wended their way homewards, and the two Budzi lived together.

#### VI.—THE ADVENTURE OF GABAKWOIKAI.

*(Told by Kirer of Badu.)*

On the southern side of Badu there are two islands, Zurāt and Kwoberkēlbai, much resorted to by turtle, great numbers of which were caught by the inhabitants.

On Kwoberkēlbai lived a man named Gabakwoikai, and one morning the men at the village told him they had seen turtle-tracks on the beach at Zurāt. "All right," he replied, "I will go." So he started off, but, instead of taking a canoe, he simply sat on the steering-board (*walunga*) of a canoe and paddled himself across to Zurāt. He soon found the eggs, dug them up, and rolled them in a bundle of grass, leaving them on the shore while he went to look for some fruit.

The Dorgai who lived on the other side of the island had made a basket ready, and then had gone to sleep for a week, so that plenty of fruit might ripen and fall ready for her, and it chanced that she woke the same day and went to gather her harvest. Gabakwoikai having picked up all the fallen fruit, climbed up into the tree to gather more, and did not see the Dorgai's approach. The latter,

not finding fruit lying on the ground as she expected, exclaimed, "Ulloa! where all fruit go to?" Gabakwoikai, hearing the Dorgai's voice, looked and saw the dreadful apparition of a hideous, big-bodied woman with long legs but small feet, and ears so enormous that she could sleep on the one, whilst the other covered her like a mat. The Dorgai, hearing him say in great fear, "What I do now?" looked up and saw him in the tree. "Who tell you come here? place no belong to you—fruit belong to me—you steal—bring down all the fruit." Gabakwoikai said, "You think I bloody fool take fruit for you. I can't, my belly no got *kaikai* (food)." "Give me the unripe ones, so I fill my basket," replied the Dorgai; so the man dropped one, and it fell close to her; she stretched out her hand for it. Gabakwoikai threw another, and the Dorgai took two steps to get it; a third was thrown still further, so that the Dorgai had to take four steps; having picked it up she returned to the tree. Gabakwoikai then heaved one on to the top of a tree near the Dorgai's house, and whilst she went for it he clambered down the tree and ran to the shore, carrying the fruit. On arriving at the beach he picked up the eggs and embarked on his board.

The Dorgai, returning to the tree, found that Gabakwoikai had decamped, and followed his footprints; the latter, seeing he was pursued, said, "He (*sic*=she) come now." The Dorgai, arriving on the beach, called after him, "You come, come now"; to which he replied, "Think I bloody fool go along you—I go back." The men at Kwoberkēlbai, looking across the strait, exclaimed, "Ulloa! Gabakwoikai run; Dorgai frighten him." Gabakwoikai returned home, gave the eggs to the old men, then put some red paint in the *kwod* (men's or bachelors' quarters); a brother-in-law took some, saying, "All right, we go and kill Dorgai." All equipped themselves with their dugong and fish-spears, leaving their bows and arrows behind.

The Dorgai was in her house asleep when the men arrived. Gabakwoikai said, "Dorgai wants to sleep"; he

then took a dugong harpoon, whilst all the rest sat on her house, aimed it at her, but managed only to transfix her arm with the dart to which the rope was attached. The Dorgai jumped up and ran away to windward, the men holding by the rope just as if she were a dugong. The Dorgai sank into the ground and made water—the spot is to this day a water-hole or well—but soon emerged and ran away again. The Dorgai sank a second time, more deeply, in soft ground. “What we do now?” said the puzzled men; “Dorgai go a long way.” They took a turn of the rope round a tree and pulled; they tugged so vigorously, in fact, that the arm of the Dorgai was wrenched off. Shouting in triumph, the men returned to the beach, flung the arm into the sea, and the tide being low, it projected above the level of the water, and is still to be seen as a rock on the reef named *Dorgai Zug*. The men then returned home, but the Dorgai died in the ground.

#### VII.—THE DORGAI OF KARAPAR.

*(As related by Malakula of Badu.)*

A Dorgai resided on the small island of Karapar, which lies close to the island of Matu, on the south side of Badu.

One day some Badu men on a turtling expedition stopped at Matu to look for *gapu* (sucker-fish) (1), and caught nine. They slept there that night, and next day all the men sailed to where two rocks (“Mügigu” and “Kaigu”) stand up from deep water on the far side of Matu. They lowered the sails, rolled up the mats of which they were formed, fastening them by means of wooden skewers, and deposited them in the basket-like receptacles built on each side of the platform of the canoes. All had good fortune in the turtle-fishing, the crew of each canoe catching from 10 to 15 turtle. There being a head-wind, they were obliged to paddle back to Matu for the night. On reaching the island they put the best turtle on the beach and cut up the poorer ones for their evening meal.

The captain told the man at the bow to look after the gapu all night, and to put them directly in the water if they began to turn white (2). In the morning the captain asked if the gapu were all right, and, on receiving a satisfactory reply, the canoes put off, leaving some boys to look after the turtle.

The men went to the same fishing-ground, and again had good luck. On returning to Matu, they cut up the inferior turtle for supper, leaving the best to take back to Badu. Again the captain enjoined the man in the bow to look after the gapu, and he kept awake all night, mindful of his duty. The following morning they sailed to the same spot and caught a number of turtle, one canoe securing one of the turtle-shell variety. The fishers returned to Matu and put their captures on the sand-beach, all the fine ones being placed on their backs in a row with the turtle-shell turtle at one end ; they then stuck a flag (dadu) (3), which they made, at each extremity of the row.

The Dorgai came and looked, and exclaimed, " By golly, no gammon, those men got plenty turtle ! " That night the captain repeated his orders to the man at the bow concerning the gapu.

Next day they went to the same rocks, lowered their sails, and caught many turtle. Meanwhile, the boys left behind at Matu took a swim in the sea ; by-and-bye their eyes were sore, and they returned to the shore and slept all in a row—the small boys in the middle and one big boy at each end. The Dorgai then came with a large basket on her back hanging from her forehead (4) and a small one on the top of it ; on reaching the sleeping boys, she smothered them all with the mat which covered them, with the exception of the two big boys at the ends of the row. The latter watched the operations of the Dorgai, who took the small boys from beneath the mat and threw the bodies behind her, then replacing the basket-strings round her forehead (for during her murderous work she had relieved herself of the baskets), she put the boys in the basket and



went to look at the turtle ; the two big boys now sprang up and ran away into the bush. The Dorgai took the turtle-shell turtle, but left the edible ones behind.

Arrived at Karapar the turtle bit the neck of the Dorgai, and she exclaimed, "What's the matter with you—what do you play with me for? I'm not a girl!" She threw the turtle down and left the boys in the basket whilst she made an earth oven (*amai*) (5); when this was completed she threw in the turtle without cutting it first ; then she took it out, and the turtle was dead. She cut the turtle and drank its blood, then removed the liver and ate the viscera raw ; lastly, she put the rest of the turtle at the bottom of the oven, and all the boys above it. She sat down till the feast was cooked ; when she opened the oven all the bones of the boys were sticking up through the meat. She said, "I will eat all the boys first and the turtle last." So she devoured the boys and the turtle, leaving nothing but the bones. Feeling thirsty, she said, "By golly, I want drink of water now, my skin belong to me heavy." She drank, and feeling queer, exclaimed, "By golly, what name I kaikai now?" (*i.e.*, what have I eaten?) She had eaten the gall-bladder (*gerka*) of the turtle ! Then she ate two kinds of plants which are used to kill fish in the water.

The canoes now returned to Matu, for the men had caught no turtle, and wondering at their bad luck, and fearing some ill had befallen the boys, had determined to go back to the island. On landing, the men noticed the Dorgai's footsteps in the sand, and exclaimed, "Hulloa ! who's been here and taken a turtle?" Then they shouted to the boys, and the two big ones emerged from the bush. "Where are all the small boys?" asked the men. "Dorgai has killed them all." "Yes?" "Yes.", "Where he stop?" "He stop at Karapar." The men took some red paint and put it in the middle of the group, all standing round ; the two best men, Manilbau and Salsalkazi, jumped forward and caught hold of the paint, saying, "All you fellow no come with us, we two only go" (6). They each provided themselves with a

dugong harpoon, but all the men accompanied the two warriors, contrary to the latter's wishes.

When close to the Dorgai's house (probably a hollow rock or cave) one man first looked inside, and made a sign to his companions that the Dorgai was asleep. The two champions inserted the dart into the shaft of the harpoon, and whilst all the men formed a ring round the dwelling, they speared the Dorgai, and the men said, "What he sleep, he dead! look at the bones of our boys!" and all the fathers wept.

Manilbau and Salsalkazi then pulled their darts out of the Dorgai, and all returned to Matu, and fed on turtle, intending to go to Badu on the morrow. Early in the morning they returned home, and said to the assembled crowd, "Dorgai take all boys, take one turtle-shell turtle too; Dorgai eat all, now he dead." All the mothers and relatives mourned in their houses.

#### VIII.—THE STORY OF UPI.

*(Narrated by Takia of Badu.)*

Once upon a time a baby-boy named Upi lived in Badu. One day his mother, wanting to go into the bush to make her garden and not wishing to take Upi with her, put him in a basket, which she hung up in the house near the open door. A strong south-east wind was blowing, and after some time had elapsed a gust of wind blew down the basket and carried it outside the house on to some grass, and Upi rolled out. As the mother was digging she broke the stick used for that purpose, and at once she thought something amiss. "I leave my boy," she spoke to herself; "good, I go look, perhaps someone he take him." So she returned home, to find neither basket nor baby in the house. Crying all the while, she searched far and near outside the house, but could not find her boy; for it had so happened that a man and his wife had passed that way and taken the child.

The man, as usual, was walking in front, followed at a

short space by the woman, when the former heard Upi cry. "What name (1) that make a noise?" he exclaimed. Twice he heard the cry, but his wife heard nothing. On looking about he found Upi, and called out, "Hulloa! boy there in grass," and close by he found the basket, and putting Upi inside, the latter said to his wife, "You come along; I find boy belong you and me" (2). Thus, having no son of their own, they adopted this one—'they sorry for boy.'

The man and his wife returned home with Upi, but before they entered their house they left the baby in the bush. The man said, "By-and-bye night he come, we go and take that boy."

The next morning they told the men of their village that they had found a boy, and the man carried Upi about to show him to them. Two noted warriors, Manalboa and Sasalkadzi, said, "All right, you take him, we look." Later on they said, "We go play." Then they stuck two posts into the ground a foot or so apart. When this was done they said to the father by adoption, "Give we boy first, we spear him." "No, I won't give you fellow, I take him back to the house." To which the two men replied, "S'pose you no give to we, we fight you." So the man was forced to give up the boy; but he and his wife enjoined them, "No good you spear eyes and belly, you spear arms and legs." The men made fast an arm and leg of Upi to each pole, and after spearing him they went into the bush to get some food. In the afternoon they again practised javelin-throwing at the luckless Upi, who remained tied fast to the posts all day and during the night. He, however, thrived well in spite of the treatment he had received, and grew amazingly.

Next day the men went to the bush, and on their return in the afternoon took their javelins and throwing-stick and again amused themselves with Upi for a target. The foster-parents prayed the men, "No take large spear, take small one." The boy cried. That night the man and his wife took Upi away and washed and fed him, but tied him up again.

In the morning the men once more played and speared Upi; at noon they went into the bush, but in the afternoon they cast their javelins at the boy. Afterwards the foster-father went to have a look at Upi, who by this time had grown up into a big boy; the latter said, "You take rope off me, when you sleep I will go away." The man did so, and when all the men slept the boy went.

Whilst running through the bush Upi came to a small house, and, entering it, found two corpses (*merkai*) inside. He took their skulls, washed them, and put 'bushes' on them, and placed them together on one side and spoke to them, saying, "All men spear me, you two give me good road" (3). They told him to go in a certain direction, where he would find a particular kind of bamboo (*upi*) growing. He was to go up to it and kick the base of the stem with his heel, and the bamboo would split, and he was to go inside the bamboo, and "by-and-bye *upi* sorry for you". Upi replied, "All right, you two finish telling me? I go now"—'him, he go.' All happened as the skulls had foretold, and after entering the bamboo Upi came out again and made a fire close by.

The men at the village looked round the next morning, and, finding Upi had vanished, told his adopted parents that they suspected them of taking him away, to which they replied, "We no take him out, he did it himself." The men took their bows and arrows and went into the bush to look for Upi. They tracked him by the blood-spots to the house where the dead bodies were; on going inside they saw that the skulls had been used for divining, and resuming their search for Upi, they ultimately found him.

Manalboa and Sasalkadzi said to Upi, "You see us, we kill you." "All right," replied Upi, "you two kill me." All the men came close. Upi struck the bamboo, went inside, and it closed up. The cane then jumped about, and its leaves 'fought' all the men and killed them; no man went home. The boy Upi remained passive inside;

the bamboo *upi* did it all. The bamboo stood up, the blood from the slain men ran down its leaves and dripped into a couple of melon-shells (*alup* = Cymbium) which were on the ground. The bamboo *upi* jumped up again, took the skin off all the men and put them in the place, and, cutting off their heads, deposited them close to the base 'head' of the bamboo *upi*. The leaves swept away the bodies of the men. To this day bamboos grow in clear spaces, with no bushes beneath them (4).

(I have something in my notes here about Upi getting outside the bamboo, and all the Dorgai coming and wanting to kill him, and a round house with a central post was mentioned, but this part is now illegible ; round houses are characteristic of the Eastern tribe.)

The remaining men of the village went to look for Upi, and said to him, "You fight men belong to us?" "Yes," he replied, "I been fight them fellow," and he re-entered the bamboo, which jumped about and fought all the men, and the Dorgai too. 'No one go home, all he dead.' Upi still remained passive within the bamboo while the blood was again collected.

When Upi came out he returned to the skulls and told them what had happened, and asked them, "What you say, finish?" "All right," they replied, "finish. You go and split all the *upi*, by-and-bye the women will come, you take them all, they belong to you." When he had finished cutting up all the bamboos the women came, and he took them all and went home and told his foster-father, "You take all them women and put in your house, then you come on ; we two go and look for my mother."

They went to Upi's mother's house, and found that she was away in the bush making her garden, but they remained in the house, closed the entrance, and pretended to be asleep. When the mother returned she put down her basket outside and looked at the doorway and said, "Who shut my house?" She removed the obstruction and entered her house. Upi looked up and said, "You my

mother?" She said, "What your name?" "My name Upi." His mother caught hold of him and cried, and told Upi, "I been look round before, no find you; I could not cry, that my throat he fast." Upi said that they had come to take her to another house.

They looked at a house in the other village and decided to live there. Upi gave all the mothers among the women whose husbands had been killed to his foster-father, but kept all the girls and young women for himself.

#### IX.—SESERE, THE DUGONG HUNTER.

Once upon a time a man named Sesere lived by himself at a place called Saserenegegat, in the island of Badu. One day Sesere took his bow and arrow, and went on the reef at low tide to look for fish (1); walking along, he came to that portion of the reef which was opposite to the village of Tul, and there he found a pool containing numerous fish, all of which he shot. The men of Tul, envious of his success, came up to Sesere and demanded why he did not stop in his own place instead of encroaching on their reef (2). Then they took the fish away from him, broke his bow and arrow, flinging the pieces away, and, catching hold of his head, pushed him along. Sesere returned home.

Next morning Sesere again took a bow and arrow and went to the same pool in the Tul reef, and shot plenty fish. Once more the Tul men attacked, robbed, and drove him home. Later in the day he walked on the reef, talking and grumbling to himself; looking about him, he noticed that the grass-like plant which grows on the reef had been bitten so cleanly as if cut with some sharp instrument, and he fell to wondering what fish had eaten the grass, and whether that fish was fit to eat. "I don't know what name—fish he kaikai?"

That evening Sesere went into the bush and picked a quantity of scented leaves, with some of which he

thoroughly rubbed the skulls of his father and mother, and on the remainder placed these relics of his departed parents. Then he lay down with the skulls close to his head, but before he went to sleep he told them what had befallen him on that and the previous day, and inquired what fish it was that ate the grass, and how he could catch it.

When he slept the skulls made a small noise, and spake to Sesere, informing him it was the dugong which ate the grass, that it was good to eat, and that if he wanted to catch it he must take six pieces of wood and stick them on the reef where he had seen the marks of the dugong, for it would return to its feeding ground until all the grass was eaten. Three poles were to be erected to windward and three to leeward, they were to be well lashed together, and the steering-board of his canoe was to be tied on to the top. When this was finished he was to go into the bush till he came to a tree on which a *Topi* bird was perched and making its noise. There he would find a harpoon and rope. These he was to use for harpooning the dugong when it returned on the following night. As soon as the skulls had finished talking Sesere pushed them aside, saying, "Go, you two, you give me bad word"; then he said, "Come on," and putting them back again, "You speak good word." Nothing further transpired (3), but Sesere did not go to sleep again, he waited till "small daylight", and when the wild-fowl called out he started for the bush, where he found the dugong-harpoon and two pieces of rope, to one of which a dart was affixed (4).

Further following out his instructions, Sesere constructed the platform (5), and at night sat on the top of it waiting the arrival of the dugong. In due time it came, and Sesere successfully harpooned it. Leaving the harpoon with its rope on the platform, he hauled the dugong to the beach by means of the spare rope, where he cut it up, and the method of carving a dugong which he then originated has been followed ever since. The platform, or *neët*, is still erected according to the plan revealed to Sesere by the

skulls of his parents. After he had cut up the dugong with his bamboo knife (*upi*) he cooked some of it in an earth-oven (*amai*) (6), and some he boiled in a large conch-shell (*bu*, *Fusus*), using a small clam-skull (*akul*), as a spoon.

Next day Sesere reconstructed the neēt in another place, further out from the shore than before. The Tul men saw him and wondered what it was. At sundown Sesere mounted the neēt, taking some dugong meat to eat while waiting. At high water a dugong came ; Sesere harpooned it and dragged it on to the beach ; he returned to the neēt, ate some more food, stood up, and soon killed another dugong. Then he thought he had enough food, as a male and pregnant female had succumbed to his harpoon. He cooked some meat on the beach and slept. At daybreak he smoked a large number of pieces of meat over his fire and hung them on a tree to dry. His neighbours, wanting to know what Sesere was doing, came up and said, "Hulloa ! he got plenty food," and Sesere gave them some meat, but only that of inferior quality, saying, "I give you all my food" ; to which they remarked, "Why, he gammon, he got plenty left."

The following night Sesere captured three dugong, and was so busy cutting up their carcasses and cooking the meat that he had no time for sleep. In the morning the Tul men made a wooden framework in the form of a dog, large enough for a man to get inside. They covered it over with the cloth-like sheath or spathe (*iwai*) which covers the base of the leaves of the coco-palm, and inserted into this natural cloth the brown fibres of the husk of an old coco-nut, so as to imitate hair. As a test of the efficacy of the disguise, the man inside the dog ran on all-fours along a sand-pit, and the sea-birds flew away screaming.

The dog was next despatched to pry about Sesere's house, so as to discover where he kept his meat. When Sesere saw the dog running towards him he called out to it and said, "That's my dog now," and he threw it a piece of meat, which the man inside ate. The dog then



went sniffing all over the house and round about outside, and it was not long before he discovered choice pieces of meat hanging up. When Sesere was not looking, as much of the latter as could be carried was surreptitiously hidden beneath the skin of the false dog, who then decamped, heedless of the whistling of Sesere and deaf to his reproaches for its deserting him.

That day Sesere made the neēt in another place, and at night he harpooned four dugong, two males and two females. The Badu men employed the day in making another dog, and the following morning two dogs went to Sesere, who received them kindly and gave them meat. When they had eaten their fill they began to steal the best meat, and Sesere exclaimed, "Why you take it? It belongs to all of us; if you stop here it is your meat as well as mine"; but the dogs ran off with all they could carry.

The next day another dog was constructed, and Sesere re-erected his neēt. That night five dugong were captured, and going ashore with his prey, he cut them up, and so busy was he that daylight surprised him at his task. Then the three dogs came to his house and were well treated by Sesere, who was repaid with the same treachery as before.

On the following occasion Sesere harpooned six dugong, and four dogs came to thief. He now began to turn matters over in his mind, and soliloquised: "What name that [what is it], that a dog? I think he man. Dog sometime he come he steal, not all time." Once more he took some scented leaves, and after washing the parental skulls he anointed them with fragrant herbs, and spoke to them, saying, "Please, father and mother, tell me whether they are dogs or men? If they are men, and you tell me to, I will kill them." "Yes," they replied, "Badu men inside, outside is coco-nut, the bones are wood. Suppose you like to kill them. Take your bow and five poisoned arrows (*taiek kimus*), and put them handy in a corner. When the dogs come to-morrow morning you give them a little food, not too much, or they will run away with it." "Go away,"

exclaimed Sesere ; “ you two give me bad word,” and he pushed the skulls away. Then he drew them back to him saying, “ Come on—you are all right.”

Sesere did not make a neët or go fishing that night, but brought all his gear to the shore. Next morning five dogs came running towards him, and he called out to them and gave them each a piece of meat and observed them closely ; then he went outside his house, put on his arm-guard (*kadig*) (7), and seizing his bow and arrows, shot four dogs dead. The fifth ran away, but he too received a parting shot which sorely wounded him. The Badu men who were on the look-out exclaimed, “ See there’s only one dog, where are the rest ?” The fugitive cried, “ Sesere shot all the others, he shot me too ;” then he fell down dead. Sesere took the coverings off the four dogs he had killed and discovered the men, and having tied a rope round their necks, he dragged them off to the river.

On the following day the brothers of the slain men took some red paint (*parma*) and placed it in the middle of the kwod or bachelors’ quarters, saying, “ To-morrow we will kill that man.” Two great warriors, Mänulbau and Sasalkadz, took some of the red paint, and rubbing it over their bodies, said they would go.

Sesere, meanwhile, consulted his domestic oracle, informing the skulls that he had killed four men from the big village, and asked whether he would live or be killed. They replied that there would be a big fight on the morrow, and that ultimately he would be killed ; and they further instructed him, when he saw the men coming, to take a large *bu* shell (*Fusus*), put it behind his house, and get into it when he was out of breath with fighting, and he would be transformed into a small black bird with a white breast.

On the eventful morning Sesere straightened his arrows over the fire and painted himself black and white. The Tul men marched to Sesezenegegat in double file, Mänulbau and Sasalkadz heading each row. They called out, “ Where are you, Sesere ?” Sesere slung a bundle of

arrows (*konil*) over his shoulder and sang out, "I am here." But, seeing the number of his antagonists, he deemed discretion the better part of valour, and, transforming himself into the bird, flew on to the top of Mānulbau's head. Sasalkadz tried to kill Sesere, but he flew away, and the blow intended for the bird killed Mānulbau. Then he flew on the head of Sasalkadz, who also was brained by a blow from a stone club aimed at Sesere; the latter continued the same tactics until all the men but one were slain by their comrades. This man fled and informed the inhabitants of the three villages of Zauma, Bail, and Kaulkai what had happened, and then he died too (8). The men of these villages said that on the following day they would go and fight Sesere.

After the sole survivor had run away, Sesere resumed his human form, tied a rope round the necks of the slain, and dragged them off to the river. That night he inquired of the skulls whether all the men had finished fighting, and was informed that the men of three villages would attack him on the morrow.

Next morning three rows of men marched upon Sesere, and when the latter saw their numbers he thought his end was near. He stood upon a flat stone and again painted himself. When close to the house, the avengers of blood cried out, "Where's Sesere?" To which Sesere replied, "I'm here." Once more he turned into a bird, and perched upon the head of the foremost man, who bent down so as to enable his neighbour to strike at the bird; but the wily Sesere escaped, and the blow killed the man instead. Again and again this occurred, the men struck wildly at the nimble Sesere, but always to the discomfiture of one of their own party. At last but two men survived; these retreated, and spread the news of the fighting to the four villages of Wakaid, Dorgai, Ngaur, and Upai, and when their tale was told they too fell down dead (8).

That night Sesere again consulted the skulls, and said to them, "I think I finished them all this time." "No," replied

the skulls, "plenty men come. When you are tired go inside the bu-shell."

After breakfast four rows of men came, one for each village, and Sesere changed himself into a bird and pursued the same course as before. When two rows of men had fallen, Sesere grew tired and flew into the shell, creeping round and round until he reached the apex of the spire. The men began breaking the shell at the large end, and when they came to the extremity of the shell, Sesere in his bird-form was discovered. The latter, emerging from the shell, jumped away into the bush, and, still covered with the remnant of the shell, ran up a small hill as a human being, and said, "I am here," and again became a bird. "All right," shouted the men. "Your name is '*Sesere*'. Now you will always remain in the bush, and when you see men, you will always call out your own name." For the moment regaining his own form, Sesere replied, "All your women from henceforth are '*Kobebe*', and will live in the bush, and all your men are *Dri*."

The men and the women who had accompanied them went to Sesere's house, took his dugong harpoon, stuck it in the ground, and it grew into a large tree, the dart similarly developed into another tree, and the rope flourished as a creeper. They said that in future these would not be found ready to hand, as in Sesere's case, but men would have to hew the dugong harpoon out of the tree, cut and fashion their own darts, and plait their ropes from the long creepers. No sooner had they taken Sesere's dugong-meat and burnt his house than the charm began to work. The women found themselves turned into birds, the men flew away screeching as cockatoos, and Sesere took flight as the black and white bird which, flitting from bush to bush, still may be heard chirruping out "Sesere, Sesere, Sesere."

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## NOTES ON THE PRECEDING LEGENDS.

## I.—THE BIRTH OF KUSA KAP.

This legend records the miraculous conception by a woman, from eating seeds, and the laying of an egg from which a bird was hatched. The bird speedily grew to a gigantic size. Here we have the original of the rumour which d'Albertis records in his book on New Guinea. "They [the captain and engineer of the *Ellangowan*—the mission steamer, Dr. James of the Macleay expedition and his companion] told me of the discovery of the river Baxter [Mai Kūsa], and of a bird of a huge species, which measures 22 feet between the tips of its wings. The engineer, however, diminished these dimensions, as stated by Mr. Stone, to 16 feet. They compare the flapping of its wings to the noise made by a steam-engine, and assure me that they had heard from the natives that it has often been seen to carry a dugong into the air. Some of my companions were offended because I expressed my doubts of the credibility of this story" (i, p. 387). Later on he writes: "As to the gigantic bird of Baxter, on the Maicussar river, I have ascertained that it was a *Buceros ruficollis* [hornbill], which makes a peculiar noise in flying. This sound, especially when several birds fly together, resembles the noise of a steam-engine; and I succeeded in convincing two or three discoverers of the great bird, who are now on board the *Ellangowan*, of the fact" (ii, p. 33). Accounts of this marvellous bird also appeared in Australian papers about the month of October, in 1875. D'Albertis may be credited with having discovered what may be termed the real element in the story, the remainder is doubtless due to the imperfect apprehension by the leaders of the expedition of the local legend which the natives, probably Saibai men, were telling them, as the island of Boigu lies off the mouth of the Mai Kūsa river.

(1) The dugong (*Halicore australis*) is a large marine mammal, something like a whale in appearance, which feeds on a kind of sea-grass which grows on portions of the reef and in deep water. It is said to always return to its feeding ground until the latter is exhausted. (2) A Dorgai is a kind of bogey, which seems to be confined to Torres Straits. The nature of a Dorgai may be readily gleaned by a perusal of many of these legends. (3) The dugong-platform is described in the legend of Sesere. (4) Drums are hollowed out of a tree-trunk, and the tympanum is at one end only. (5) The only knife these people had was that made by splitting a bamboo, the siliceous particles in the rind forming a sharp-cutting edge; when this

was blunted a fresh edge could be made by tearing off a strip from the blade. These knives are still used on the mainland of New Guinea, but in the islands they have been entirely superseded by iron knives of European manufacture. The well-known beheading knife is made of bamboo, and Dr. MacFarlane, the pioneer missionary, has informed me that he has seen dugong cut up with a bamboo knife. (6) An old coco-nut, in which one 'eye' is perforated, is the water-bottle of the district ; these are carried in pairs by means of a string, the knotted ends of which are inserted into the hole in the nut, and this is then plugged by a rolled-up fragment of a pandanus leaf. The water is sucked through the latter.

## II.—THE LEGEND OF DORGAI METAKURABI.

This legend and the following are star myths. This one is associated with two constellations, one (*Dorgai kukilaig*) consisting of three stars in a row ; the central one is called *ga*, and the other two *get* ('hand') ; the other, *bu*, is the Pleiades. These constellations belong to the north-west monsoon, and "when Dorgai come up (from the east) that time make *kap*"—or the dance. .

(1) The 'wild-fowl' or mound-bird (*Megapodius*) heaps up a large mound of earth and decaying leaves, within which it places its egg, to be hatched by the heat engendered by the decaying vegetable matter. These eggs are a favourite article of food with the natives. (2) The egg-cowries (*Amphiperas* [*Ovulum*] *ovum*) are sometimes worn as personal ornaments by the islanders, and are very frequently used to decorate canoes and drums. (3) I have no explanation of the fly episode. (4) The head of this kind of arrow is made of split bamboo and sharpened to a point. It is used in pig hunting, and I was more than once informed that when used in warfare it was invariably aimed at the abdomen, in order to rip it open. (5) I do not understand why Bu was murdered by his friends ; generally those who encompass the death of a Dorgai are themselves destroyed by supernatural means.

## III.—THE LEGEND OF DORGAI I.

This star myth is supposed to account for the fact that the *Dorgai waralaig* constellation has only one lateral star (*get* = hand). I believe this is the constellation of the south-east season.

## IV.—WHY THE SPIRITS<sup>†</sup> OF THE DEAD GO TO KIBUKA.

The natives of Torres Straits believed that the spirit of a man left the body at death and went to dwell in an island to the westward. Among the western tribe the spirit is called *mari*, in the eastern it is *lamar* ; the same word also signifies shadow or reflection. The island

of the shades is called "Kibuka" by the western tribe, and "Boigu" by the eastern. There is no island known by the former name, but the most western island of the Straits, close to New Guinea, is named Boigu. As the eastern tribe does not appear to have had any business dealings with the westernmost islanders, it is quite possible that they really believed that this particular island was the abode of spirits. From what I gathered at Mer, I have very little doubt on this point. The western islanders projected their mythical island beyond geographical recognition. Strangely enough, however, in the legend of Tiai of Badu, the *mari* of that infant went to Boigu; and in the story of Mutuk the murdered men flew as flying foxes to the mainland of New Guinea (Daudai).

In speaking of Kibuka, it was always described to me as being to 'leeward': in these latitudes a steady and strong south-east trade wind blows for seven or eight months in the year, and geographical relations are usually expressed in terms of this wind. Owing to the influence of sun-worship in so many countries, and the analogy of death and sunset, it is not surprising that the land of the dead should be so often placed in the west. I venture to suggest that another reason may be worthy of consideration. A nautical people such as our islanders would naturally conceive of their spirits as sailing with the prevailing wind, and would hardly be likely to locate the spirit-land in a quarter which would necessitate the spirits beating to windward. We have no reason for supposing that the sun was regarded by the Papuans with any feeling of veneration, or that sunset was compared with decease. Possibly the same can be shown for other peoples, and the westerly location of the land of spirits by different races may be a pure coincidence.

I have been able to gather very little concerning the condition of the *mari* in Kibuka. Dr. MacFarlane states in MS. that they are said to sit crying on the tops of the trees, wishing to return to their friends. Possibly this was suggested by the flying foxes (*sapura*, *Pteropus*), and in the legend of Mutuk we find that he and his murdered friends were transformed into flying foxes. The best men among them appear to have been better off as spirits in some undefined manner—'best' in this application has no moral significance, but solely applies to such characteristics as bravery, bloodthirstiness, and other savage virtues.

I was told that when a *mari* arrived at Kibuka, "by-and-bye the 'devils' hit the *mari* with a stone club and killed him." What this means I do not know; by 'devils' I suppose the resident *mari* are meant. Unfortunately the word 'devil' has been adopted into the jargon English spoken in the Straits, and has no definite meaning; thus it may mean a man's spirit, or spirits which haunt a locality, or



the bogies known as Dorgai, and now the Christian (!) idea of devil and devils is being taught.

(1) The meat Tabepa destined for his parents-in-law was evidently intended as payment for his bride. (2) It was customary for a man to make a present to his parents-in-law on the birth of a first child, and I believe also for subsequent births. (3) In the western tribe it is usual for the girls to propose marriage to the men. After marriage the men entirely or partially live with their wife's people, in this case the wife followed her spirit-husband. (4) The natives of Mabuiag and of many other islands do not eat the flesh of the porpoise; the only reason I could get was that it was too fat. There may be some superstitious reason which they were ashamed to acknowledge.

#### V.—THE STORY OF MUTUK.

(1) Bivalved shells with sharp edges were the common cutting implements of the islanders before iron was introduced. Small objects are very frequently carried behind the ear; Mutuk carried his shell there, just as we carry knives in our pockets. (2) "Make him devil" is the jargon English for a funeral dance and ceremony; 'devil' in this case means *mari* or spirit. (3) The funeral ceremonies and those connected with the initiation of the lads were the most sacred functions in the lives of these savages; Mutuk had evidently committed the crime of rendering his own funeral ceremonies null and void, he was therefore executed for committing sacrilege. (4) This is the only instance I know of in which dead men were transformed into fruit-eating bats. (5) It is customary for men to decorate themselves with leaves, flowers, and so forth on special occasions, such as dances, and the return of Mutuk would be a fit occasion for such display. A bunch of leaves is inserted in the belt behind and in the armlets, possibly also in the hair and behind the ears; flowers are constantly worn in the hair. (6) This appears to be the regular method of distributing marriageable daughters, the eldest is given first and to the most distinguished man, or to the eldest brother of a family of young men, and so on downwards. (7) My informant called the plant '*bua*', which he said was a kind of wild yam. I find that Macgilivray gives *bua* as the Muralug name for *Calladium esculentum* (*Voyage of "Rattlesnake"*, ii, p. 288). (8) Elephantiasis is not an uncommon disease in these parts.

#### .VI.—THE ADVENTURE OF GABAKWOIKAI.

This story calls for no special remark.



## VII.—THE DORGAI OF KARAPAR.

This story does not appear to contain any important fact, but in it we have mention made of two legendary heroes of Badu, Mänlbau and Säsälkadzi (the pronunciation of these two names varied slightly, hence the discrepancies in the spelling); in the two following legends these warriors are killed twice over under different circumstances.

(1) The sucker-fish (*Echeneis naucrates*) is used in catching turtle in a manner I have already described in the notes on the migration of Bia. They are suspended in the water, over the side of the canoe, by two pieces of string, one of which is passed through the tail and then lashed round, and the other is inserted through the mouth and out at the gills. (2) It appears that at night-time the gapu were kept in the canoe, probably in the bilge-water, in order to prevent their being seized by predatory fish, and when they began to show signs of asphyxiation the man in charge was to restore them by hanging them over the side of the canoe. (3) The *dadu* is a flag-like streamer made from the leaf of a coco-palm. (4) This is a common way of carrying baskets in New Guinea. (5) The earth-oven of the Papuans is very similar to that in use all over the Pacific. (6) This custom, which we shall meet with again, appears to have been a general practice when volunteers were required to avenge a death.

## VIII.—THE STORY OF UPI.

This legend illustrates many old customs, and I fancy that Upi is the 'culture hero' who invented the bamboo knife (*upi*).

(1) 'What name' is the local English jargon for an interrogation, meaning, who? what? who is it? what is it? etc. (2) This is the ordinary method of appropriating anything "(such and such) he belong me"; or even sometimes, when asking for anything, they will say, "It belong me?" or in giving anything one will say, "That belong you." Thus the phrase here used does not imply previous possession. (3) Skull divination was very commonly practised; usually the skulls of relatives were preserved for this purpose, as in the legend of Sesere; but it appears from this legend that even a stranger's skull could be thus utilised. (4) A mythical explanation of a well-known fact.

## IX.—SESERE, THE DUGONG HUNTER.

This legend relates the manner in which the dugong was first discovered to be an article of food, and how men were taught to hunt it.

(1) This is the only instance in which I heard of a bow and arrow being used for catching fish. I particularly inquired of my informant, and he assured me that so it was in the legend; whether it has been

practised in recent times I cannot say. (2) Ownership of land extends also on to the adjoining reef, and all fish caught on that portion of a reef which lies off private property belongs, as a matter of right, to the owner of the soil; Sesere was therefore poaching. Once, when I was dredging between the Murray Islands, we saw turtle-tracks on the beach of an uninhabited island; we landed and dug up the turtle-eggs; when we went to the neighbouring island I had to pay a cripple who lived there for the eggs, or, rather, for those that I and my boatmen had eaten, for the eggs were laid on a sand-beach that belonged to him; the fact that he did not know they were there, or that he could not have got them personally if he had, did not affect the question. (3) I do not know whether this pushing the oracle away in pretended distrust and then appealing to it again was a common practice, but there is a second example of it in the story of the "Six Blind Brothers"; both legends, however, were narrated by the clever story-teller, Malakula of Badu. (4) I certainly understood that Sesere found everything ready-made to hand in the bush, but I may have been mistaken. (5) A figure of a dugong-platform or *neët*, and an account of the way in which the dugong is caught, will be found in my paper in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*. The earth-oven is a hole in the ground in which hot stones and leaves are placed along with the meat, the whole being covered with earth. (7) This is a cylindrical armlet of woven split rattan, which is worn on the left fore-arm to prevent abrasion of the skin in the recoil of the bow-string when shooting. (8) There is no evidence that these men were even wounded; a similar instance of the bearer of bad news falling down dead when he had told his tale occurs in the legend of Kwoiam.

ALFRED C. HADDON.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE GREEK TRADE-ROUTES TO BRITAIN.

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NO subject has had more attraction for inquirers into the early history of these islands than the question of the earliest intercourse between Britain and the ancient peoples of the Mediterranean, to whom all the civilisation of Europe is due. Camden, the Father of English Archæology, identified the Cassiterides of the ancients with the Scilly Isles, and gave currency to the belief, which has prevailed ever since, that the Phœnicians traded to Britain. Mr. Elton (*Origins of English History*) has given good reasons for doubting this hypothesis, and has shown that the Tin Islands of the ancient writers are rather a group of small islands off the coast of Northern Spain.

But we can have no doubt that there was an extensive trade between Gaul and Britain before Julius Cæsar ever set foot on this island. The nature of this trade in general we learn from Strabo; for it is not likely that there had been great variation in the nature of the objects exported and imported between 55 B.C. and the time when the geographer wrote (*cir.* A.D. I-19). Strabo (iv, 199) enumerates corn (wheat, *σῖτος*), cattle, gold, silver, iron, skins, slaves, and dogs, used by the Kelts for war as well as the chase, and gives us likewise the list of imports into Britain, which comprised "ivory bracelets and necklaces, and red amber beads (*λυγγούρια*) and vessels of glass (*ύαλᾶ σκεύη*), and such like trumpery wares (*ἄλλος ῥῶπος τοιοῦτος*)."  
Strangely enough, Strabo omits tin from his schedule of products and exports, although elsewhere, as we shall see, he quotes a passage from Posidonius referring to that trade, and Cæsar mentions it amongst the products of Britain as being found in the interior (*in mediterraneis regionibus, B. G.*,

v, 12). It is quite possible, as we shall see hereafter, that the tin trade with the Continent had died out in the time of Cæsar, and that it was not until after the Roman conquest, in the middle of the following century, that the mines of Cornwall were again developed. To the list of imports given by Strabo we may add copper, on the authority of Cæsar (*ære utuntur importato*, v, 12). Diodorus Siculus (v, 22) gives an account of the tin mining in Cornwall, which is probably based on the account of the Stoic Posidonius, who travelled in Britain about B.C. 90:

"The inhabitants of that part of Britain which is called Belerion are very fond of strangers, and, from their intercourse with foreign merchants, are civilised in their manner of life. They prepare the tin, working very carefully the earth in which it is produced. The ground is rocky, but it contains earthy veins, the produce of which is ground down, smelted, and purified. They beat the metal into masses, shaped like astragali,<sup>1</sup> and carry it to a certain island lying off Britain called Ictis. During the ebb of the tide the intervening space is left dry, and they carry over into this island the tin in abundance in their waggons. Now there is a peculiar phenomenon connected with the neighbouring islands, I mean those that lie between Europe and Britain; for at the flood-tide the intervening passage is overflowed, and they seem like islands; but a large space is left dry at the ebb, and then they seem to be like peninsulas. Here, then, the merchants buy the tin from the natives and carry it over to Gaul; and after travelling overland for about thirty days, they finally bring their loads on horses to the mouth of the Rhone."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ἀπο τυποῦντες δ' εἰς ἀστραγάλων ρυθμοῖς. Var. lect., ἀστραγάλους. As the tin was conveyed on pack-horses, lumps shaped like astragali do not seem very suitable. At Truro and in other Museums there are ancient pigs of tin shaped like saddles, evidently to facilitate carriage. Is ἀστραβῶν the true reading?

<sup>2</sup> It is impossible, that τῇν ἐκβαλὴν τοῦ Ροδανοῦ ποταμοῦ can mean,

Next let us take the following passages, both of which are taken from Posidonius. "Posidonius says (in reference to Spain) that the tin is not found on the surface, as many authors have alleged, but is dug up; and that it is produced among the barbarians above Lusitania, and also in the islands called Cassiterides. And that from the British Isles tin is carried to Marseilles" (*Strabo*, iii, 147). Diodorus (v, 38) is beyond doubt quoting from the same authority when he writes: "Tin likewise is found in many parts of Iberia, not being found on the surface, as some have alleged in their accounts, but being dug up and smelted, just like silver and gold. For above the land of the Lusitanians there are many mines of tin along the little islands which lie in front of Iberia in the Ocean, which are called from the circumstance Tin Islands. Much is likewise conveyed across from the British Island to Gaul, which lies right on the opposite side, and is conveyed on horses through the interior of Gaul by the traders to the Massaliotes, and the city called Narbo. The latter is a Roman colony, and, on account of its favourable position and wealth, is the greatest trading centre of all the cities in these parts." These two passages are valuable (as Mr. Elton has pointed out, p. 37) "as showing the distinction which was known to exist between the Cornish tin trade and the commerce with the Cassiterides, which was of a much higher antiquity."

Let us now observe that when Strabo, writing as a contemporary, is describing the exports from Britain, he omits the mention of tin, whilst from the extract from Posidonius, quoted alike by him and Diodorus, it is plain that when the Stoic explorer visited North-Western Europe the British tin trade was still of importance. From the quotation from Diodorus we learn also that the tin passed to two different marts on the Mediterranean littoral, Massalia

as Mr. Elton takes it, "the junction of the Rhone and Saône, where the wharves for the tin-barges were erected." What is the authority for the last statement?

and then to Narbo. This implies that there were either two distinct routes, or that the tin first passed to Narbo and thence to Massalia. For a glance at the map will show the absurdity of the third alternative, that is, to suppose that the tin passed round by Massalia and then to Narbo. That our first alternative is probably the true one for the epoch when Posidonius wrote, we shall adduce evidence hereafter. On the other hand, it is probable that in earlier times there was only one route, that from Narbo.

The greatest loss which early English history has sustained was the destruction of the *Travels* of Pytheas, that clever Massaliote, whom Polybius and Strabo called the "arch-liar", because he related certain matters connected with the climate and geography of Northern Europe which the modern world knows to be undoubted facts. Pytheas went on a voyage round the west and north of Europe, probably about 330 B.C. What the circumstances were under which the voyage was undertaken we have no means of knowing. The statement that he was sent out by "a committee of merchants" is of course a mere piece of romance, like much more which has been written about his expedition. All that we know about it is contained in a few broken fragments embedded chiefly in the writings of Polybius and Strabo, who quoted him usually for the purpose of holding up his mendacity to execration. One of these quotations is given by Strabo (iv, 190) from Polybius: "The Liger (Loire) debouches between the Pictones and Namnitæ. Formerly Corbilo was an emporium on this river of which Polybius has spoken, when he made mention of the fables told by Pytheas, that none of the Massaliotes who conversed with Scipio could tell anything worth recording, when questioned by Scipio about Britain, nor yet any of those from Narbo, nor of those from Corbilo."

It may be observed that the experience of modern times entirely explains the statement of Pytheas. When we know that it is only within very recent years that we have found out the sources and plants from which some of our

best-known drugs are procured (for instance, it was only in 1867 that that most familiar of drugs, Turkey rhubarb, was discovered by a missionary in Thibet), the jealousy of the Eastern traders having kept the secret so well ; and when we recall the success with which the Arabs until recent years had withheld all information about the interior of Africa, we need not wonder if the shrewd merchants of Marseilles and Narbonne professed an intense ignorance about the land from whence came the tin, the source of which was, no doubt, the object of the Roman inquiries.

But to return : these three towns, called by Pytheas "the best cities in this region", indicate the line of trade to Britain. There are two emporia on the southern, but only one on the western shore of Gaul. From this we may infer with some confidence that as yet the route to Britain across the Straits of Dover was undeveloped, and that the flourishing city of Corbilo, on the mouth of the Loire, probably in the territory of the Namnetes (*Nantes*), and whose name possibly is still found in that of the village of *Couvenron*, was the port of embarkation and debarkation to and from Britain.

This passage is of great importance also in other respects, for it puts beyond all doubt that the route between Masalia, Narbo, and the mouth of the Loire was already well known, although a writer of repute like Mr. Elton assumes (on very mistaken grounds, as we shall see presently) that Pytheas opened up this route for the Massalites. Furthermore, it can also be inferred, from Scipio's questions, that there was trade with Britain by this route ; whilst there is the further probability that tin was comprised in this trade, although the common theory at present is that Pytheas first opened this trade. Nor is this opinion without further evidence. In none of the Greek fragments of Pytheas have we any reference to tin, but there is a short quotation from Timæus (flor. 350-326 B.C.), the Sicilian historian, who was a contemporary of Pytheas, and whose quotations from the latter are frequently given by Pliny.

It runs as follows : " Timæus the historian says that the island of Mictis is distant inwards from Britain six days' voyage, in which the tin is produced (*proveniat*, others read *veniat*), and that the Britons sail to it in vessels made of wicker-work covered with hide."<sup>1</sup> We shall have to discuss this passage at greater length later on, but for our immediate purpose it is enough to point out that whether Timæus is quoting from Pytheas or not, already in the time of Pytheas the Greeks were aware of the British tin trade. This is supported by a passage in the pseudo-Aristotelian *Book of Wonderful Stories*, which, with others, is regarded as a genuine fragment of Aristotle by Bekker (*Fragm.*, 248). In it we have mention of Keltic tin (τὸν κασσίτερον τὸν Κελτικὸν τήκεσθαι φασὶ πόλῳ τάχιον τοῦ μολύβδου). If this be really Aristotle's, at first sight we might find on it an argument of considerable force to show that there was a trade in tin across Gaul from Britain before the voyage of Pytheas, especially as it is commonly held that the term Κελτικὴ was confined to that part of Gaul which lay to the north of the Loire. Mr. Elton, for example, builds on this assumption his interpretation of the aim of the explorations of Pytheas. " In a short time," he writes (page 25), they (*i.e.*, Pytheas and his companions) arrived " at the mouth of the Loire, then the northern boundary of the Iberian population and the limit of the Celtic advance. Here Pytheas declared, and was afterwards followed by Artemidorus, that it would have been far easier to have come to Celtica by the overland route from Marseilles than to have undertaken the difficult and tedious voyage by sea."

Even though Mr. Elton's assumption as to Celtica were right, whatever may be the meaning of the famous sentence which he has paraphrased, it certainly cannot be

<sup>1</sup> Timæus historicus a Britannis introrsum sex dierum navigatione abesse dicit insulam Mictim, in qua candidum plumbum proveniat ; ad eam Britanni vitilibus navigiis corio circumsutis navigare (Pliny, *H. N.*, iv, 16).



made to give his rendering. The words as given by Strabo (iii, 143) are τὸ προσαρκτικὰ μέρη τῆς Ἰβηρίας εὐπαροδώτερα εἶναι πρὸς τὴν Κελτικὴν ἢ κατὰ τοῦ Ὠκεανὸν πλέουσι. The literal translation of these words is: "The fact that the northerly parts of Iberia are more accessible by a side route in the direction of Keltica than for those sailing by the ocean." Instead of Celtica being the goal aimed at, as Mr. Elton supposes, it is the northern part of Iberia which is the object of the statement. But we may at once dispose of this point by showing from indubitable testimony, drawn from the writings of the age of Pytheas, that the country which the Greeks called Keltiké included all Gaul down to the Pyrenees, and even some parts of Spain. Aristotle (*Meteor*, i, 350), speaking of the Pyrenees, describes them as mountains in Keltiké—ἐκ δὲ τῆς Πυρρήνης (τοῦτο δ' ἔστι ὄρος πρὸς δυσμὴν ἰσημερίην ἐν τῇ Κελτικῇ) κτλ. He does not merely regard the Pyrenees as bounding Keltiké, but as being actually in it. Aristotle had no doubt good information respecting this region, as is shown by his various references in the *Politics* to the habits and institutions of the Kelts and Iberians, and his evidently complete knowledge of the polity of Massalia. But his testimony is completely confirmed by the historian Ephorus (363-300 B.C.), as we know from Strabo (iv, 199). "Ephorus both speaks of Keltiké as exceeding great in its extent, so that he assigns to them (the Kelts) the greatest part of what is now called Iberia, as far as Gadeira, and he represents the people as lovers of the Greeks, and he is our sole authority for many statements respecting them which do not resemble their present conditions." Aristotle may well speak of the Pyrenees as being in Keltiké, when Ephorus makes that name extend as far south as Cadiz.

The only inference, then, which we are warranted in drawing from the "Keltic tin" is that Aristotle was aware that the tin-supply came from the land of the Kelts, but as that might have, in his mind, included all Northern Spain with the tin islands, it is impossible to base any

argument on it. But even without this the evidence already given makes it very probable that the tin trade with Britain already existed. The tin derived from the Cassiterides could only have reached the Greeks through the medium of the merchantmen of Gades. That ancient city, almost alone of all the Tyrian colonies in the West, had managed to keep free from the yoke of Carthage. It is not improbable that friendly trade relations existed between her and Massalia and her colony Emporiæ. For instance, we find all three employing the same peculiar monetary system ; besides, there was the strong bond of a common hatred and dread of Carthage, who was now almost at the zenith of her power.

By the time of Pytheas the trade of Massalia with Southern Spain and Gades must have been most sensibly hindered. For the Phocaic cities which had once fringed the coast of Spain as far as Malaga (the most southern of which was Mænaca) were falling one by one before the Carthaginians, whose "fleet commanded, without a rival, the whole western Mediterranean". "They endeavoured still more thoroughly to monopolise the maritime commerce of this region at the expense alike of foreigners and of their own subjects, and it was not the wont of the Carthaginians to recoil from any violence that might help forward their purpose. A contemporary of the Punic wars, Eratosthenes, the father of geography (275-194 B.C.), affirms that every foreign mariner sailing towards Sardinia or towards the Straits of Gades, who fell into the hands of the Carthaginians, was thrown by them into the sea ; and with this statement the fact completely accords that Carthage, by the treaty of 348 B.C., declared the Spanish, Sardinian, and Libyan ports open to Roman trading-vessels, whereas by that of 308 B.C. it totally closed them, with the exception of Carthage itself, to the same." (Mommsen, *Roman Hist.*, ii, p. 15.)

Under such circumstances Massaliote trade with Gades must have been indeed fraught with dangers, and it was

natural that the Massalian traders should wish for some safer route by which to obtain the produce from the famous tin islands, the navigation to which the shipmen of Gades kept a close secret, both then and for long after.

Strabo (iii, 178), after having described the situation of the Kassiterides (probably borrowing his accounts from Posidonius, under whose name the paragraph which immediately precedes is given), their number, natural products, and inhabitants—"men clad in sable raiments, with flowing garments down to their feet, girt round the bosom, walking about with staves, resembling the Furies in Tragedy"—proceeds as follows :

"They live like pastoral people from the produce of their flocks, and as they possess mines of tin and lead, in exchange for these and the skins of their flocks they obtain by way of barter pottery and salt and articles of bronze, in dealing with the traders. Formerly the Phoenicians alone used to ply this trade from Gadeires, keeping the way thither a secret from all. And on the Romans following a shipmaster, in order that they too might find out the marts, the shipmaster through rivalry purposely cast away his ship on a shoal, but having enticed likewise those who followed him into the same destruction, he himself escaped by means of the wreck, and received back at the public expense the price of the freight which he had lost.<sup>1</sup> The Romans, nevertheless, by making frequent attempts, succeeded in finding out the way. But when, moreover, Publius Crassus crossed over to visit them, and found the mines being worked at a shallow depth, and the people peaceful, he made it known to those who were already exceeding willing to ply on this sea, although it is greater in extent than that which divides off Britain."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Elton (p. 13) says the captain "was rewarded by the Senate of Carthage". Strabo's words are simply *δημοσία ἀπέλαβεν*. The mention of Carthage introduces a total misconception of the relations between that city and Gades.

The statement about Publius Crassus<sup>1</sup> is of course not from Posidonius, but is added by Strabo himself. There can be little doubt that this Roman is none other but Cæsar's famous lieutenant who conquered all Aquitania (Cæsar, *B. G.*, iii, 11-20). He is all the more likely to have passed into Northern Spain, inasmuch as the people of that region had given great assistance to the Aquitani in their struggle against him (*B. G.*, iii, 23). Without doubt he was fully aware of the mineral wealth of that country, as is shown by Cæsar's remark (iii, 21) on their skill in defending cities, in consequence of their having numerous copper mines and other works in that region. As is plain from Strabo's words, the Romans already knew how to reach the tin islands by sea, coasting round from the Mediterranean and up from Gades on the old Phœnician track. Crassus, then, by opening up a far shorter route, that of a short sea voyage from the Cassiterides to the coast of Gaul (possibly to the Garonne), at once

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Elton (p. 19) has missed completely both grammar and sense: "Publius Crassus conquered the north-west of Spain about a century before Christ, and found the Cassiterides, the situation of which was not up to that time known to the Romans. 'As soon as he reached them', says Strabo, 'he perceived that the mines were *very slightly worked*, and the natives were peaceable, and already employing their leisure in learning navigation; so he taught all that were willing how to make the voyage, *i.e.*, the voyage from Vigo to Marseilles.' He adds that this passage was longer than the journey to Britain, by which he appears to mean that it was thought worth while to carry the tin round to Marseilles, even though the merchants of that place had an easier way of getting it by the caravan-route across Gaul." Here is the original: ἐπειδὴ δὲ καὶ Πόπλιος Κράσσοι διαβὰν ἐπ' αὐτοὺς ἔγνω τὰ μέταλλα ἐκ μικροῦ βάθους ὀρυττόμενα, καὶ τοὺς ἄνδρας εἰρηναίους, ἐκ περιουσίας ἤδη τὴν θαλάττην ἐργάζεσθαι ταύτην τοῖς ἐθίλουσιν ἐπέδειξε καίπερ οὖσαν πλείω τῆς διειργούσης τὴν Βρεταννικήν. He misses the point of ἐκ μικροῦ βάθους, which means that the metal, because it lay near the surface, was worked without difficulty. The benevolence of the kindly Roman in teaching the islanders the art of navigation is delightful. Finally, why should a Roman be so anxious to serve the merchants of Marseilles?

developed this trade. The ore lay near the surface. The distance by sea was greater than that across the English Channel, but the readiness with which the tin was obtained, combined with the shorter land transit, more than compensated this. Strabo is evidently contrasting the rival tin-producing regions when he introduces the allusion to Britain, and it is equally certain that the two distances by sea which he has in mind are measured from the coast of Gaul. In the case of Britain there can be no doubt at all respecting the region from which the sea divides it, and he of course is estimating the extent of the sea which divides the tin island from land by referring to France likewise.

To refer this to the extent of sea round by the Pillars of Herakles is impossible, for the Romans already knew that route, and at the same time it would be absurd to compare in any wise so long a voyage with the short extent of sea separating Britain from the Continent. The right interpretation of this passage has some very important results. In the first place it explains why, when Strabo was writing, tin is no longer mentioned among the exports from Britain. The new development of the Spanish mines has evidently driven the British tin out of the market, as in recent times the fresh development of the most ancient source of tin, the famous mines of Malacca, the Kastira of the ancients, has once more driven Cornish tin out of the markets of the world.

From this achievement of Crassus and its results we can now understand in its proper light the famous expression of Pytheas, that "the northern parts of Iberia are more accessible towards Keltiké than for those who sail by the ocean". We saw above that at this time the Carthaginians had shut out the Greeks from all trade in the west of the Mediterranean. The Massaliotes had sought, about the beginning of the fourth century B.C., to make up for their losses on the coasts of Southern Spain by planting the strong colony of Emporiæ near the foot of the Pyrenees in the hopes of still keeping some share in the mineral

wealth of Spain. Fabulous stories are told of the richness of the silver mines worked in this region. It was natural, then, that they would seek to gain access to the famous tin region which lay beyond Lusitania, the only approach to which by sea was beset by their enemies, and the very direction of which was a secret jealously guarded by the traders of Gaddir. The statement of Pytheas now finds its full force. He found, as Publius Crassus found three centuries later, that the rich mineral regions and islands of North-Western Spain were far more accessible for the Massaliotes by a land journey across Gaul and a short sea voyage, than by the long and perilous route round by Gibraltar. His information seems to have led to no practical end. The political power of Massalia was too weak for such an enterprise, and, as we have seen above, it was not until all Gaul fell under the strong hand of Rome that the idea of Pytheas became an accomplished fact.

Having thus obtained a clear view of what was meant by Keltiké in the days of Pytheas, and having also seen reasons for regarding the tin route from Britain as passing from Corbilo on the mouth of the Loire to Narbo and Massalia, let us examine the channels by which in historical times trade passed through Gaul, and between Gaul and Britain at a later time. Transit through Gaul had great natural facilities by means of the great river-systems. Strabo (iii, 177) calls attention to the advantages thus afforded: "The whole of this region is watered by rivers, some coming down from the Alps, others from the Cevennes and Pyrenees, and part flowing into the ocean, and part into our sea. For the most they flow through plains, or through low hills, with channels between that admit of navigation; and nature has so well appointed the inter-relations of the streams that transit is possible from one sea to the other, as the merchandise has to be conveyed only for a short distance overland, and that through plains which offer no difficulty, but for the greater part of the way

by the rivers, being conveyed up some and down others."<sup>1</sup> Diodorus (v, 27) likewise speaks of the river trade in Gaul. Such, then, being the main highways of commerce across Gaul, Strabo (iii, 199) again supplies us with explicit information regarding its connection with Britain: "There are four passages usually followed by travellers from the Continent to the island (Britain), those from the mouths of the rivers, the Rhine, the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne. Travellers putting out from the Rhine do not sail from the very mouths, but from the Morini, who border on the Menapii; in their territory is also Ition (Grisnez), which the divine Cæsar used as the station for his fleet when crossing over to the island." From these two passages we may infer with safety that in the time of Pytheas, when Corbilo was the chief emporium in that region, that the course of trade from Massalia passed either through Narbo, in the land of the Tectosages, and down the Garonne, and by a coast voyage to the mouth of the Loire, or directly by the Loire itself to the same emporium. The more northerly route up the Rhone and down the Seine had not yet been developed, whilst with the fourth crossing-place, that from the Rhine, we have nothing to do in this investigation, as it is not likely that it ever formed a direct medium between the Mediterranean and Britain.

For practical purposes the remaining three passages resolve themselves into two only, as it is hardly likely that any shipmaster ever sailed boldly across from Burdigala (Bordeaux) to Britain. Mariners sailing from thence would therefore follow the same course as those starting from the Loire. It is obvious that those who started from the Seine would land in Kent. But to what point in Britain did those who set out from Armorica direct their course? Unfortunately, Strabo has not given us any account of the points on the British coast at which travellers from the Continental points landed. Cæsar (*B. G.*, v, 13) has, however, to some extent supplied this want. Speaking

<sup>1</sup> Strabo (iv, 193) gives some further details.



of the shape of Britain, he says : " The island is a natural triangle, one side of which lies opposite Gaul ; one angle, which is in the region of Cantium, at which almost all ships from Gaul put to land, faces east (*quo fere omnes ex Gallia naves appelluntur*, etc.).

By the time when Strabo wrote the tin trade had virtually ceased ; and with it all trade with Western Britain, Devon, and Cornwall, would have fallen into decay. But we may infer from Cæsar's expression, "almost all ships from Gaul", that some few ships put in at some other part of Britain. Beside the passage across the Strait, there was also that from Armorica by the Channel Islands to the south coast, and there are various considerations which will make us regard the Isle of Wight as its terminus on the English side. We saw above that Diodorus, following Posidonius, gives Ictis as the name of the island on the coast of Britain to which the tin was brought. We also found that Timæus, probably from Pytheas, gives the name of the island where the tin was produced as Mictis, or rather Pliny, in his brief fashion, gives a reference to Timæus ; for how far it represents the exact words of that author we have no means of judging. Now there can be no doubt that the Vectis (Wight) of the Romans, "Ονηκτις of Ptolemy, "Ικτις of Diodorus, are the same island, and we can hardly doubt that Pliny's Mictis refers to the same spot. (whether the initial M be a genuine form of the word as it sounded to the ear of Pytheas, or, as some have suggested, a mere scribe's blunder in the text of Pliny, the final *m* of the preceding *insulam* getting attached to the following *Ictin*.)<sup>1</sup> The similarity of form in local names is always of great weight, for the appellations of islands and rivers do not easily change. Thus, the Uxisana of Pytheas, the Uxantis of later writers, appears almost unchanged in the modern Ushant. The only difficulty in identifying Ictis with the Isle of Wight is the statement

<sup>1</sup> Such clerical blunders have given us two names of islands off our coasts—Hebrides, from older Ebrides, which was a misreading of Ebudes by Hector Boethius, and Iona, where the *n* is a mistake for *u*.



of Diodorus (*vide sup.*) that the tin was conveyed across to the island at low water. Geologists maintain that Wight could not have been joined to the mainland in historic times, hence some have identified it with St. Michael's Mount, and Mr. Elton with the Isle of Thanet, against all the evidence of nomenclature. If it was Thanet, it follows that the tin was brought overland all the way from Devon, which was both unlikely and impossible, as the great forest of Anderida stretched right from Hampshire into Kent. On the other hand, the tin island mentioned by Timæus is plainly not joined to the mainland, as the Britons sailed across in their coracles. Hence the best solution is, that Diodorus has confused the account of Ictis given by Posidonius with that of some other island off the coasts of the Channel. The phenomenon of the ocean tides was a continual source of wonder to the Greeks and Romans, who knew only the almost tideless waters of the Mediterranean.

This is certainly the simplest explanation of the difficulty. Mr. Elton, who also identifies Mictis with Thanet, is thereby involved in great difficulty, for he seems to forget that if the Britons brought the tin a six days' voyage from Cornwall to Thanet, there would be no need to bring it overland by waggons across the estuary at low water.<sup>1</sup> But where the authorities are at variance we can only employ for purpose of argument the matters in which both are agreed. In this case Diodorus and Timæus are substantially agreed that there was an island where the tin

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Elton seems to lay stress on the word *introrsum*, thinking that, as Pythias sails by the North Sea, he would mean by *introrsum* something which lay towards himself. But the reference in Lexis and Short rather points in the opposite direction, away from the point where the spectator is supposed to be. Cæsar's statement that the tin was found in the interior (*in mediterraneis regionibus*) may throw some light on it. It may be worth adding that the statement of Diodorus respecting the civilization of the people of Belerion is in favour of a trade route far more direct to the south-west than the mere intercourse with the traders in the isle of Thanet.

came to market, and that its name was Ictis or Mictis. The Isle of Wight is, after all, the most natural point to find the emporium. The tin could not be carried overland on account of the forests, and they certainly would not convey it all round the south and south-east coasts to the Straits, and then round the coast of Gaul to Corbilo, if it was at all possible to get across at a nearer point. The passage from the Isle of Wight to the Channel Islands, and thus to Armorica and Corbilo, would best attain this object. The Armorican peninsula was the home of various tribes, all most skilful mariners. The Veneti, who were the most powerful, had established a sovereignty over the sea by the time of Cæsar, and they and their allies offered to his arms the most stubborn resistance which he had met in Northern Gaul. Cæsar (iii, 8) describes them as by far the most powerful people of the coast, giving as the cause that they had a great number of ships in which they were accustomed to voyage to Britain (*quibus in Britanniam navigare consuerunt*). He describes their ships as built of solid beams of oak, fastened together with iron bolts an inch thick, with high prows and sterns to resist the violence of the seas; they had their anchors fitted with iron chains instead of ropes, and sails of hide instead of canvas. Strabo (iv, 194) follows Cæsar's account, but gives some additional details, one being suitable for our purpose: "They were ready to stop Cæsar from sailing to Britain, inasmuch as they enjoyed the trade."

We cannot doubt the capacity of these old seamen to sail to the Isle of Wight, and right along to Devon and Cornwall. There were thus two main routes to Britain, and it is probable that it was by the route from Armorica across to the Isle of Wight that Pytheas passed. For he averred that it was a voyage of some days from Keltiké to Kantion (*καὶ τὸ Κάντιον ἡμερῶν τινῶν πλοῦν ἀπέχειν τῆς Κελτικῆς φησι*, Strabo, i, 63). If he sailed across by the Channel Islands, and so to the Isle of Wight, and from thence coasted to

Kantion, we see a reasonable explanation of his remark on the time it took to sail thither from Keltiké.<sup>1</sup>

Such, then, are all the data which we can draw from the ancient literary sources. Let us now see if we can derive any aid towards substantiating this account, and for helping to determine the priority of either the short sea passage or the long sea passage, from the evidence afforded by the numismatic remains of the Greek cities of Massalia, Emporiæ, Rhoda, and from the Gaulish and British imitations of Greek coins.

Now, if we can trace certain well-defined coin-types along these routes from the Greek settlements into Britain, we shall obtain a substantial proof of the lines of early trade : furthermore, if we find that the types along one of those routes are prior in date to those found along the other, we must infer that the former is the more ancient. A short survey of the numismatic history of the regions referred to is here necessary. The famous Phocæan colony of Massalia was founded about 600 B.C. at the mouth of the Rhone, and in its turn it planted many colonies along the coasts of Spain, Gaul, and Liguria, the most important of which was Emporiæ (Ampurias), planted (*cir.* 400 B.C.) on the Gulf of Lyons, close to the eastern extremity of the Pyrenees. A little to the north of it lay Rhoda, a town originally (according to certain authorities) a colony from Rhodes, but which had long fallen under Phocæan influence. These were the only Greek cities in Spain which issued a coinage.

The earliest coins of Massalia, little coins of archaic appearance, have invariably the incuse square on the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Elton, having assumed that Keltiké only began on the north side of the Loire, seems to make it only comprise the Armorican peninsula, for he explains this passage to mean that "he sailed up the Channel as far as Cantion, the North Foreland, or a port in its neighbourhood". If Pythias sailed up the Strait he could not have made this statement of the distance between the opposite coasts.

reverse, but in all probability they do not date earlier than 450 B.C.

Rhoda began to coin about the beginning of the third century B.C., but soon ceased, her rival, Emporiæ, having commenced about the same time, and continued to issue coins down to Roman times. The Phœnicians of the island of Ebusus had learned the art of coining from the Greeks, as had likewise the most ancient Tyrian colony, Gaddir, the Gadeira of the Greeks. The Carthaginians do not appear to have struck money in Spain until the period of the Barcine domination.

The earliest Gaulish coins were imitations of the coins of Massalia and Rhoda. As Massalia commanded the Rhone, so we find her coins and their imitations all up the valley of the Rhone, into Helvetia, while they likewise formed the currency of Northern Italy until the Roman conquest of that region. This early coinage was entirely of silver. Sometime about 250 B.C., the powerful people of the Arverni, who had great wealth in gold, commenced a gold coinage imitated from the gold staters of Philip of Macedon, which had a head of Apollo in the obverse and a biga on the reverse. This type gradually spread northwards, becoming more barbarous as it passed from one tribe to another, until at last it crosses into Britain and became the type of the great majority of the British coins. It is obvious that if we find the imitations of the Greek cities of Massalia, Emporiæ, and Rhoda lying along in certain geographical area, and those of the Philippus type lying along another, the former must have been the first to come under Greek influence.

I shall now enumerate the chief Gaulish types, with the people who struck them, at the same time indicating the Greek original. A glance at the map will show that the earlier lie in the western, the later in the northern region. The coins of Emporiæ exhibit a great variety of types (A. Heiss, *Les Monnaies antiques de l'Espagne*, p. 93; Head, *Historia Numorum*, p. 1). On some we find a horse

standing, on others a Pegasus ; on some the head of the Pegasus is fancifully formed like a little winged Eros seated in a stooping posture, with arms stretched forward, downwards (Heiss, *op. cit.*, pl. ii). Again, instead of this fanciful head, we find a genuine human head attached to the equine body, in fact, a regular Centaur. Heiss shows that of the six main types according to which he classifies them, the Gauls imitated five. But they were not satisfied with imitating individual types, but must needs blend two or more together to get new varieties of their own ; thus No. 21 is a Gaulish blending of types 1 and 2 (Heiss, p. 92).

Heiss has no doubt that the Centaur, with the addition of the drawn sword, is a development of the human-headed Pegasus, but he feels somewhat uncertain whether to regard it as struck at Emporiæ, or as a Gaulish imitation. Now all through the south and west of Gaul we find a remarkable type ; it is an anthropocephalous figure, having undoubtedly the body of a horse, but undergoing many variations amongst various tribes. Coins bearing such a type have been found at Toulouse (Tolosa), the capital of the powerful nation of the Volcæ Tectosages (Lelewel, *Type Gaulois*, c. 31), a region where we shall find likewise evidence of the influence of Rhoda ; among the Turones (Hucher, *L'Art Gaulois*, Pl. 24), Pictones (*ibid.*, Pl. 9), Namnetes (Pl. 81), Redones (Rennes, *ibid.*, Pl. 47), and all the peoples of the Armorican peninsula ; they are likewise found in the Channel Islands, and in the south and west of England, as at Portsmouth, at Mount Batten, near Plymouth, and in Devonshire (Evans, *British Coins*, p. 129).

Follow the peoples enumerated above on the map of Gaul, and we shall find them all lying in the basins of the Garonne and Loire. We find the Namnetes (whose name is preserved in *Nantes*) occupying the situation at the mouth of the Loire, where most probably stood the city of Corbilo, the great emporium on the ocean shore in the time of Pytheas, and whose name, perhaps, still appears in the

modern village of Couveron. From this evidence we must infer that a current of Greek influence at one time spread upward from Southern Gaul westwards to Armorica, the Channel Islands, and thence to the southern coast of Britain. This evidence, then, points unmistakably to a route direct from Armorica to the southern coast of Britain, or, in other words, supports strongly the doctrine that the Isle of Wight was the island called Ictis by Diodorus, and Mictis by Timæus, where the tin was brought by the natives.

To support the view here put forward of the spread of the anthropocephalous figure from Emporiæ through the land of the Tectosages we can adduce further numismatic evidence of a striking kind. I have already mentioned that the town of Rhoda struck coins for a short time ; these bore on their reverse a conventional representation of a rose, a *type parlant* (such as is found on the coins of Rhodes, Phocæa, Melitæus), alluding to the name of the city, but perhaps a development of the incuse square, which became on the antique obols of Massalia a four-spoked wheel. The Celtiberians and Gauls imitated this type of Rhoda, and these copies are especially found in the region of Narbo (*Narbonne*), which was a chief city of the Tectosages.<sup>1</sup> This fact proves the influence exercised in this part of Gaul by the coins of the Greek cities at the foot of the Pyrenees, and adds certainty to our tracing of the spread of the man-headed horse through this region. Be it likewise borne in mind that those traders from Narbo, who were questioned by Scipio as likely to be conversant with the trade to Britain, were in all probability of the tribe of the Tectosages. Greek traders did not pass along the ancient caravan routes, but the various articles of commerce were passed on from tribe to tribe of the barbarians. Such was the case with the amber of the Baltic, such as we have

<sup>1</sup> The voided cross on the coins of the Iceni (Evans, Pl. xiv, 13) seems to come almost directly from the Gaulish imitations of the rose of Rhoda (cf. Heiss, Pl. i).

seen above has been the case in modern times in Central Asia, and such, no doubt, was the case as regards the tin trade with Britain.

But to return to our numismatic evidence. There are a great variety of symbols on the coins of Emporiæ, such as an ox-head under the horse, a star, a boar, a bird, a wreath above the horse, or a winged Victory crowning it. We find symbols similar to these on various Gaulish coins, and it is probable that they have been derived from Emporiæ. For instance, on a coin assigned to the Segusiavi we find the ox-head beneath the horse (Hucher, pl. 28); and the ox-head is likewise found on coins of the Allobroges (Hucher, pl. 88). A bird, possibly derived from the same source, appears on coins of Cenomanni, Carnuti, or Eburovices (Hucher, Pl. 71), and perhaps the star of the same city meets us on the coins of the Carnuti (Pl. 71). The boar likewise occurs on several Armorican varieties, and also in other parts of Gaul (Hucher, Pl. 81). But there is one type found in Armorica very peculiar and striking, the dancing figure seen on coins of the Namnetes and Baiocassi (Hucher, Pl. 81). Patriotic French numismatists point to this triumphantly as a specimen of independent Gallic art. But I think a comparison of these coins with the Kabeiros figure on the coins of Ebusus (Heiss, p. 44) will show that here likewise we have not a native, but an adventitious type, which travelled by way of Emporiæ, Rhoda, or Massalia, and reached Armorica by the same route as the Centaur figure. Again, the seahorse of Emporiæ is found on the coins of the Redones (*Rennes*) and the Caletes (*Caux*), whilst the cock from the same source (which has been regarded as a *type parlant*, the *gallus Gallicus*) is found also among the Caletes. The bull found on coins attributed to the Corosopiti, an Armorican people, is probably from the coins of Massalia or Emporiæ. This evidence points out the powerful influence which the coins of Emporiæ had in Western Gaul, and substantiates the progress of the anthropo-



cephalous figure from Emporiæ through the Tectosages to Armorica, Jersey, and Southern and South-Western Britain.

Let us now turn to the course of the type copied from the gold stater of Philip of Macedon. The usual theory is that after the Gauls sacked Delphi in 279 B.C., those of them who returned home struck coins in imitation of the Philippi, great numbers of which are assumed to have been among the temple-treasure. Grave objections have been raised against this theory by Lenormant on various grounds; *e.g.*, that the Gauls who invaded Greece did not return home, but passed into Asia and settled in the country known afterwards as Galatia. Be the true story what it may, all are pretty well agreed that the striking of gold coins in imitation of this type began among the Arverni (Auvergne) about 250 B.C., for it is here that we find those copies which most closely resemble the archetype both in execution and weight (but from the first the weight is lower than that of the Greek stater). From the Arverni this type spread northwards through Central France, until it finally reaches the coast of the Channel. Here we are met by a noteworthy fact: gold coins identical in every respect are found on both sides of the Straits of Dover. This type is given by Dr. Evans among the prototypes of the British series. This descendant of the Philippus is found largely in Kent, as also sporadically in other parts of England (Evans, *Ancient British Coins*, p. 51); whilst, on the other hand, the French numismatists place them in the Gaulish series from their occurrence on the French side, as for example at Beauvais (*Bellovaci*). This numismatic evidence tallies with what we know of the political history of Northern Gaul and Britain. Cæsar (*B. G.*, ii, 4) tells us that not long before his own time (*nostra etiam memoria*) a king of the Suessiones (*Soissons*), one of the strongest of the Belgic tribes, by name Divitiacus, had been the most powerful sovereign in all Gaul, and that he held under his sway not only a great part of Northern Gaul,



but likewise of Britain. If we place the date of this monarch at about 100-90 B.C. we shall probably not be far astray. How much further back extended this kingdom of the Belgæ on both sides of the Channel we have no means of judging.

Now it would seem that the peculiar position of this kingdom, extending on both sides of the sea, affords us the best explanation of the fact that we find the same coin-type in both regions. The weights of the coin are also of importance. The earliest British coins, designated the prototypes by Dr. Evans (p. 37), usually weigh from 120 to 107 grains, and hercin they coincide with the standard of the Gaulish series. But very few coins of this standard are found in Britain. There is very soon a drop to 96-90 grains, and finally to a very well-defined standard (for gold) of 84 grains. The inference to be drawn from this fact seems to be that at the time when there was the same weight as well as the same type on both sides of the Straits, there was one and the same sovereign authority on each side, or at least very close political and commercial relations. When, however, the people on the British side became independent of their Gaulish overlord, the standard dropped until it reached the point at which, under the workings of natural laws, the British gold standard was finally fixed.

We saw above that in the time of Pytheas Corbilo was the great emporium on the west coast of Gaul. By the time of Polybius, 150 B.C., its importance had waned, whilst by the time of Cæsar's conquests it must have ceased to be of any note, as he never mentions it; and Strabo, when speaking of it, seems to regard it as no longer existing. How are we to account for the decadence of this once important city? If the line of trade shifted from Armorica and the Isle of Wight to the short sea passage across the Straits—that is, to either of the two northern crossings mentioned by Strabo, that from the mouth of the Seine or that from the land of the Morini—as a matter of course the

importance of Corbilo as the emporium for trade with Britain would rapidly disappear.

As a matter of fact, the history of South-Eastern Britain points directly to such a shifting. It was not very long before the time of Cæsar that the Belgic tribes first established themselves in Britain. The tradition of their settlement was still fresh (Cæsar, *B. G.*, v, 12). In fact, the Belgic conquest was still in progress, for it is probable that between the time of Cæsar and that of Claudius they advanced considerably further westward. We have unfortunately no evidence to show whether these settlements had already commenced in the days of Pytheas. An obscure passage of Strabo (iv, 201) has often been cited as showing that Pytheas found the natives of Britain cultivating corn and threshing it in covered barns instead of threshing-floors, as in the South. If the passage really referred to Britain it would point almost certainly to the settlement of the Belgæ in Britain. For, according to Cæsar, it was only the newly settled Belgæ who cultivated corn, as the aborigines of the inland districts subsisted on the milk and flesh of their flocks and herds (Cæsar, *B. G.*, iv, 12). But a careful study of the passage referred to will show that it is purely gratuitous to assume it as referring to Britain. Posidonius, as we learn from Diodorus, found the Britons cultivating corn when, more than two centuries later, he visited the island. It is obvious that when the Belgic tribes crossed over and made permanent settlements on the south-east coast of Britain, that the course of trade would pass regularly from Kent into Northern France, and that the old route by Armorica, Corbilo, and the Loire would fall into disuse. Hence it is that we find from Diodorus that at the time of Posidonius the tin evidently was brought across the Straits, for he describes it as being conveyed on pack-horses a journey of thirty days across Gaul. It is obvious that the tin so conveyed was not brought by the Loire route, since in that case the distance for overland transit would have been very short.

It now only remains to see if it is possible, from the numismatic evidence, to test the view here put forward in favour of the claim of priority for the Armorican route. Taking first the question of coin-types, it is hardly probable that unless the people of the north-west of France and the Channel Islands had been already accustomed to the coin-types of Emporiæ, Rhoda, Massalia, and Ebusus, before the stater of Philip came into Gaul and became the general basis of currency of all Central and Northern Gaul and a part of Britain, and the coinage of gold came into vogue, instead of imitating the Philippus type, they would have impressed upon their coins the type derived from the anthropocephalous Pegasus of Emporiæ. On the other hand, if Massalia and Narbo had already developed a well-defined trade route into Britain up Central France and across the Straits before the incoming of the Philippus, it is hardly likely that no trace of the earlier coin-types should exist in the currency of the Belgic tribes on either side of the Straits, especially when we find on coins of the Philippus type in those parts of Gaul which came under the influence of the older Greek coinage, symbols derived therefrom, such as the boar; and when we remember the lasting impression made by the types of Massalia on the coinage of all Eastern and South-Eastern Gaul.

Next we take the weight standards. The coinage of Gaul as a whole followed the standard of Massalia, which was itself the Phocaic, the drachm at its heaviest weighing about 59 grains. Unfortunately, we cannot use this as a criterion to as full an extent as might have at first sight been expected. Though the original Philippus was of Attic standard (135 grains), from the very first moment of its imitation in Gaul its weight was reduced, the oldest Arvernian copies being about 120 grains, that is, about two Phocaic drachms. The Gauls struck quarters of their gold coins. Now in Armorica we find these small gold coins weigh 32 grains, whence M. Hucher

thought that they represented the full weight of the original stater. But this is the weight of many of the archaic coins found at Auriol, near Marseilles, and which date from 450 B.C. It is therefore more reasonable to suppose that the Armorican peoples followed the standard for their small gold pieces, which represents a far earlier borrowing from the Greeks.<sup>1</sup>

To sum up our results, we may, with a fair degree of probability, arrive at the following conclusions, amongst others, from the evidence adduced: (1) That before the time of Pytheas (c. 330 B.C.) there was already trade in tin between Britain and the Continent; (2) that the line along which this trade passed was from the tin region of Britain by way of the Isle of Wight, Armorica, and the city of Corbilo on the Loire, to Narbo and Massalia; (3) at a later period a second route was developed across the Straits of Dover, or by an overland transport on horses to Massalia; (4) when the Romans in the time of Cæsar discovered the short route to the tin islands off the coast of Galicia, the British tin trade almost ceased, so that when Strabo wrote (1-19 A.D.) tin was no longer exported from Britain; (5) the trade was carried on not by the Greeks directly, but by Gaulish traders; (6) that the earliest Greek influences came not directly from Massalia, but from the Greek cities of Northern Spain, whose coinage (and, by implication, their commerce and arts also) penetrated across all South-Western Gaul.

<sup>1</sup> This gold weight standard was probably native, representing, as did the gold standard of the Greeks and Italians, the value in gold of a cow. The British standard of 84 grains was probably the same in origin, gold being scarcer in Britain.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

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## REPORT ON FOLK-TALE RESEARCH IN 1889.

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1. *The Fables of Æsop*, as first printed by William Caxton in 1484, with those of Avian, Alfonso, and Poggio, now again edited and induced by Joseph Jacobs. 2 vols. London, D. Nutt. 1889.
  2. *The Ancient History of the Maori, his Mythology and Traditions*, by John White. Vols. 2, 3, and 4. London, Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Limited. 1889.
  3. *Teutonic Mythology*, by Viktor Rydberg, Ph.D., authorised translation from the Swedish by Rasmus B. Anderson, LL.D. London, Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1889.
  4. *The Folk-Tales of the Magyars*. Collected by Kriza, Erdélyi, Pap, and others. Translated and edited, with Comparative Notes, by the Rev. W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf.
  5. *Sixty Folk-Tales from exclusively Slavonic Sources*. Translated, with brief Introductions and Notes, by A. H. Wratislaw, M.A. London, Elliot Stock. 1889.
  6. *A Group of Eastern Romances*. Edited by W. A. Clouston. Privately printed. 1889.
  7. *Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure*, par E. Henri Carnoy et Jean Nicolaides. Paris, Maisonneuve and Ch. Leclerc. 1889.
  8. *Le Folk-lore des Hautes Vosges*, par L. F. Sauvé. Paris, Maisonneuve and Ch. Leclerc. 1889.
  9. *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*. I.—Argyllshire Series. Edited by Lord Archibald Campbell. London, D. Nutt. 1889.
  10. *From my Verandah in New Guinea*. Sketches and Traditions by Hugh Hastings Romilly, C.M.G.; with an Introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A. London, D. Nutt. 1889.
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OF the various branches of folk-lore none has made greater progress during the past twenty years than the study of folk-tales. The first serious attempt to elucidate folk-tales in this country was made by Sir G. W. Cox, in his *Mythology of the Aryan*

*Nations.* In that work, following the lines laid down by Max Müller, the author endeavoured to interpret the stories current among the Indo-European nations as expansions of metaphors which were conceived as part of the original stock of expressions belonging to the race before its separation into the tribes that ultimately peopled India, Persia, and Europe. The metaphors in question were alleged to have been used of the phenomena of day and night, sunrise and sunset, summer and winter, and to have been misunderstood in the course of ages by the decay of language and from other causes, and so to have become crystallised into phrases that formed the foundation of tales of heroic action and suffering. In the Vedas, the earliest written poems of the Aryan race, these metaphors and phrases were found in the process of change, but as yet undisguised to the extent appearing in later times and among kindreds long severed from the original home and parentage. Cox's work was followed at no great interval by that of Professor De Gubernatis on zoological mythology. The theory which, in the hands of Max Müller and his disciple Cox was kept within moderate, if not exactly reasonable, limits fairly ran riot in the pages of the Florentine professor; and it became obvious that, with the exercise of no great amount of ingenuity, every event of history might be resolved, and every phrase of poetry might be developed, into a sun-myth. It was time, even for those who were most dazzled by the learning and ability displayed by these advocates of the philological method of interpretation, to pause and ask whether investigation in some other direction, and in a more strictly scientific manner, might not yield results of a more solid character. Dr. Tylor had already shown the way by the publication of his great work on *Primitive Culture*, in which he had dealt with a few savage myths in connection with the beliefs and practices of the people who told them, and had compared both these stories and these practices with those which have survived from an unknown past among the least cul-

tured classes in modern Europe. The clue thrown down by Tylor was, after a while, taken up ; and we owe it chiefly to the eloquence, wit, and erudition of Mr. Andrew Lang that the sun-myth has at length fallen, discredited and overwhelmed with sarcasm, and that more rational and surer methods have been generally adopted to discover the origin and meaning of folk-tales.

Meanwhile the study of Sanskrit literature has produced another theory. Benfey, in his introduction to the German version of the Panchalauten, had, years ago, pointed out the resemblance between the fables contained in that book and many of those passing under the name of Æsop. He deemed the resemblance too great to be accidental, and insisted that it could only be accounted for by transmission. On the whole he was disposed to give the palm of originality to the Greek fables ; but a further acquaintance with Buddhist writings has induced a number of scholars to argue that it is to the popularity given to parable by the teaching of Buddha and his early followers that we must trace the diffusion of stories found, in one form or another, among so many different nations. This theory has obtained advocates of great force in Professor Rhys Davids in England, and M. Cosquin in France. Moreover, the large collections of analogues, chiefly in literary form, by Mr. Clouston, have been made vehicles for conveying to the minds of his readers an impression of the strength of the case.

And, indeed, it may be admitted that direct transmission has played a considerable part in the diffusion of folk-tales, and that many stories found in modern Europe in the mouths of the peasantry have analogues astonishingly close in Sanskrit literature, as well as in Indian tradition still living. The question is how far transmission can be traced by written records, or fairly inferred from the closeness of the analogy between the tales in question, and from the historical connection between the people where borrowing is alleged. This is one of the most difficult problems with

which folk-lore students have to deal ; and it must be grappled with manfully, if the study is ever to be more than an interesting literary pastime. For we must never forget that the term folk-lore embraces a very wide area, and that all traditional learning must be investigated on the same principles. To prove transmission from a centre in the case of stories involves a presumption in its favour in the case of other folk-belief, and ultimately, therefore, in the case of traditional customs. Now it would, of course, be absurd to deny that strong races have often imposed their language, laws, and practices by force or persuasion upon their weaker brethren. In like manner superstitious songs and tales have been wafted from land to land. The advocates, however, of the theory we are considering—that of transmission from a given centre—are bound by the narrow limits of historical time ; and, unfortunately for them, folk-tales have been found older than Buddha, and in other lands than India. To meet this difficulty, Judea has been suggested by one set of theorists, and Egypt by another, as the starting-point. We need not further allude on this occasion to these offshoots from the main theory : the objections applicable to it are, with slight variations, applicable to them also. It is only necessary here to insist that, inasmuch as the theory has its limits within historical time, the burden of proof lies upon its advocates, and *that* in each individual instance. Now, the course of their argument demands a number of suitable vehicles of transmission. Many of these, applicable undoubtedly to limited areas, have been suggested, such as conquest, trade, literary intercourse, and the movements of that singular people known to us as the Gipsies. Of these, as it might have been predicted, literature, from the permanent character of its records, has proved the most manageable by far ; with its aid the revelationists, as they have been called, have been able to bridge more chasms, traverse greater distances, and arrive nearer to probabilities than by any other means.



I mentioned just now that the comparison of the Greek and Indian fables first drew the attention of scholars to transmission as a possible explanation of the similarity of stories. Accordingly, we should expect to find the most obvious and striking resemblances among variants of fables. This is a subject that has engaged the attention of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, and has led to the most valuable contribution, not merely to the controversy, but to the study of folk-tales, which has been made during the year 1889.

The occasion of this contribution is a reprint in a sumptuous form of Caxton's version of *Æsop's Fables*, to which Mr. Jacobs has prefixed, in a separate volume, an introduction containing an account of the development of the fables down to the end of the Middle Ages. In truly scientific manner the history is traced backwards, showing, step by step, the changes, growth, and accretions in the course of centuries. This, of course, is a purely literary history; but literary history is important, because it is on this that the advocates of the borrowing theory rely for the bulk of their facts. The result of Mr. Jacobs' inquiries is to establish the literary descent of the fable, on the one hand from Greece, where it received its first great impulse by its application to political uses during the epoch of the tyrants, when free speech was dangerous, and on the other hand from India, where Buddha and his early followers adapted the beast-tale to teach ethical lessons. I need not refer here to the many ingenious and probable conjectures, and to the patient analyses which have cleared up a number of difficult problems in the course of this brilliant essay. The question that chiefly interests us now is whether the true inference is a generalisation to be extended to all classes of tales. Are we to believe that *all* classes of tales are derived by literary, or partly by literary and partly by oral, channels from their original home among the Hindoo Aryans in Sanskrit times? The learned author does not admit that this follows from his investigations. He insists, and rightly insists, that "the fable is a highly

specialised form of the universally human tendency to tell a tale". And he infers that we are thereby prevented "from applying results obtained from consideration of its history to the more general question of origin". This is probably correct ; but attention should be directed to the negro stories, of which Uncle Remus has given us the best-known series, and the analogues which have been reported from the southern continent of America. The problems connected with the origin and history of the apologue cannot be deemed to be wholly solved until these tales have been dealt with in a fashion as thorough and scholarly as that of Mr. Jacobs.

Turning from fables to the wider domain of sagas, we are met by two works deserving of the most careful study. The relations between themselves of the *märchen* and the saga, the relation of tradition to historical fact, and the influence of a different series of beliefs, historical and religious, imposed by a higher and conquering upon a lower and vanquished culture, each and all demand the student's attention. In John White's *Ancient History of the Maoris* and Viktor Rydberg's *Researches into Teutonic Mythology*, treasures of special value from two opposite ends of the world are poured at his feet.

Mr. White's first volume was published so long ago as 1887. The object of his book is to let the New Zealander speak for himself and tell his native stories. These stories are gathered from various sources, many of which have been already published or printed in the annals of local societies ; while others have been taken down by Mr. White himself from the dictation of Maoris skilled in their tribal traditions : and he is careful to give the Maori text as well as the English translation. The sagas of the first volume are mythological ; the remainder, published in 1889, claim to be historical. The interest of the former will be at once admitted. I venture to think that the interest of the latter is at least as great. For, dry and wearisome as are the details of many of the "historical"

sagas—recalling Milton's famous complaint concerning the history of the Heptarchy—amid much tedious matter, we may watch for ourselves how what is apparently a narrative of actual events passes gradually into the realm of imagination, and myth usurps the chair of fact.

This is the sort of inquiry undertaken by M. Rydberg with respect to Teutonic traditions. No one can open the recent translation of the first part of his work without being struck by the manner in which he tracks to its burrow and slays the mediæval tale of the Eastern origin and Trojan descent of Odin and his companions. The width of research and the acuteness here displayed are conspicuous in his treatment of other sagas. We may not accept all his conclusions. It may seem that often he deals with tales and songs but loosely connected with one another, as if they were inspired writings which had to be reconciled at the cost of any amount of special pleading. Yet, undeniably, the method he adopts has led him to brilliant conjectures, if not to discoveries, and neither the method nor the results can be safely dismissed unconsidered.

Among the collections of folk-tales published last year the most important, after the Maori tales, is the version of Magyar tales by Messrs. Jones and Kropf. This is the more welcome, because English readers have hitherto had to depend upon German translations, and these only too frequently unsatisfactory ones. It consists of a selection from the collections published by Erdélyi, Kriza, and Pap, with a single example from Merényi's *Popular Tales from the Valley of the Sajó*—in all, fifty-three out of a total of 240 stories enumerated by Ladislaus Arany in 1867 as published up to that date. But although the translators state that the work of collecting has gone steadily on since that date, none of the more recent collections are represented in the book before us. We may assume that the examples given here are the most interesting, from the point of view of the general reader, of those published up to 1867. But we cannot assume that they are the most

valuable for scientific purposes; and if we have to be thankful, as we are and must be, on behalf of English students, to have thus much from works so inaccessible as those in the different Magyar dialects, we cannot help regretting that, instead of extracts from several, the whole of one or two of the collections referred to by the translators should not have been accorded us. Given the principle of selection, however, the translators have gone about their task in a scientific fashion, and the introduction and notes add greatly to the services they have here rendered.

This cannot be said of Mr. Wratislaw's *Sixty Folk-tales from Slavonic Sources*. His notes (happily of no large extent) have been written to all appearance in entire ignorance of any other theory of interpretation than that of Max Müller and Cox. As in the case of the Magyar tales just mentioned, Mr. Wratislaw has chosen only a few out of the vast treasure of Slavonic *märchen* and sagas. It is too much, of course, to expect that any one scholar, or indeed any dozen scholars, will give us the whole; but would it not be possible by co-operation to obtain trustworthy abstracts of all the published stories of the Slav tribes? I can hardly think of any work that would be more useful.

Mr. Clouston's *Group of Eastern Romances* has been so recently noticed that in these pages I need not do more than refer to it as affording a considerable amount of interesting material. I pass on therefore to two small French collections in Maisonneuve's well-known series. New ground has been broken by Messrs. Carnoy and Nicolaides in their *Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure*. In so far as the stories are concerned it consists of forty-one examples of *märchen*, sagas, apologues, and drolls. Many of the variants here found are curious; and when we consider the history of the western shores of Asia Minor and the islands adjacent, it is evident that the partisans of no theory of interpretation can afford to neglect them. The editors give, as a guarantee of good faith, particulars of the

time and place where, and the person by whom, every story was told, including his domicile of origin, present residence, occupation, and age.

The other collection is that of M. Sauv . It includes the whole range of folk-lore, and the author seems to have undertaken his work in a thoroughly scientific spirit, and comprehending the difficulties of his task. The result is, on the whole, satisfactory, though for the purposes of the "storyologist" the arrangement is hardly to be commended. However, the tales are few, and they occupy a subordinate place in the scheme. Only two *m rchen* are related, and a few sagas and beast-tales.

Lord Archibald Campbell has published, in the first volume of his *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, some sixteen or seventeen sagas. Some of these are clan-traditions; and the editor notes as an evidence of their antiquity the fact that none of them makes any mention of firearms. These clan-traditions all relate to feuds and vendettas; and it is in one case expressly recorded that the descendants of one of the foes of the clan, in their account of the incident narrated, "altered this tradition and reversed the main facts." Could we have had both sides of the story, here and in the other instances given, from the mouth of descendants, they would have formed most interesting and valuable studies in folk-tradition, and its ability to preserve the record of events long passed. It is worth while noting that this, or something like this, is what we do actually get in some of the Maori tales in Mr. White's collection above referred to. The value of Lord Archibald Campbell's sagas falls short of those in that they present only one version; but in saying this I am not pointing out their defect so much as laying stress on the remarkable character of Mr. White's work. Other contents of the *Waifs and Strays* are variants of well-known fairy tales, stories of the Bruce and of Michael Scott, and the questions put by Finn to the maiden. Mr. Alfred Nutt's wide

acquaintance with Celtic traditions has enabled him to add some useful notes.

In *From my Verandah in New Guinea*, Mr. Romilly has devoted a chapter to fairy tales, containing some half-dozen specimens, the salient features of which are briefly indicated in Mr. Andrew Lang's preface. I need only say of them that they illustrate the advantage of a wider collection of savage tales.

On the whole, the year will be remembered chiefly for the publication of Mr. Jacobs' essay on *Æsop*, and the distinct advance thereby made towards the solution of some of the questions that perplex us. The new material rendered serviceable is not of first-rate importance except in the case of the Maori traditions.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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## RECENT RESEARCH ON TEUTONIC MYTHOLOGY.

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THE new fasciculus of *Paul's Grundriss der germanischen Philologie* (Bd. ii, Abteilung 1, Lief. 1,<sup>1</sup> contains a conspectus of the chief epic cycles of the Teutons by B. Symons, *Heldensage*; a short sketch of the history of the Gothic fragments by E. Sievers, *Gotische Literatur*; and an article on the classic Old Northern literature by E. Mogk, *Nordische Literatur, Norwegisch-Isländische*.

Neither of these papers, which are good enough summaries of accepted knowledge, with fair bibliographies attached, shows any advance; but they will be useful enough to the student who wishes for a general introduction to the subjects treated.

Symons' paper is based chiefly on Müllenhoff and Wülcker; it has notices of the legends of Beowulf, the Nibelungs, Wolf-Dietrich and the Hardings, Ermanric Theodric, and Attila, Hilda, Waldhere of Burgundy, Wayland, Orwandil, and Iron. The sketch requires to be supplemented by the later work of Vigfússon, Rhys, Rydberg, and by some knowledge of the sculptured representations of the Sigfred, Gunnere, Egil, and Wayland legends in Britain and Scandinavia; for instance, the Leeds Cross contains a different version of the rape of Beaduhild from that in Völundarquiða, while the Egil tragedy is shown upon the Franks casket. Some important identifications are passed over, such as the Eriphyle = Cordelia = Hilda equation pointed out six years ago. Saxo is hardly sufficiently used. Bugge's "classical borrowing"

<sup>1</sup> Strassburg: K. Trübner. 1889.

theory is implicitly and properly rejected. The point of view taken is on the whole too narrow, and the whole subject, beyond a few such references, is left where Grimm left it. One is a little disappointed at the sterility of the survey, which, as treated by Dr. Symons, opens out no prospect of future fruitfulness, and neglects the anthropological side completely.

Sievers' useful little notice, chiefly concerning Wulfilā, is beside our purpose here. Mogk's sketch of O. N. literature is again rather flat: it summarises handily enough much that is sufficiently known, but, like Symons' paper, it lacks what one might call the suggestive quality. The MSS. are not noticed; the chronology is sometimes at fault; thus, 872 is too early for Hafursfrith battle, and the Greenland Lay is dated rather too soon, and *Alvíss-mal* too late; the upward date of Angantheow's Lay, fixed by the allusion to Harold Fair-hair—an *ec Noregi næðag ȝllom*—and other like examples, are not considered. The defective plan of the *Grundriss* in separating the Norwegian and Icelandic from the Swedish and Danish classic literature is responsible for the omission of the Northern sources of Saxo, and of the Hrolf-cycle, where one naturally looks for it. Still, on the whole, Dr. Mogk's work is painstaking, and, while by no means replacing earlier work, will probably help the German student. The bibliography is useful.

Of the succeeding fasciculi of the *Grundriss der germanischen Philologie* received up to present date, Band i, Lieferung 3, is taken up with the history of the Old Northern, German, and Netherland tongues, by A. Noreen, O. Behaghel, and J. F. Winkel, respectively; and does not directly concern us here. Band ii, Abteilung 2, Lieferung 3, is occupied by the end of K. von Amira's interesting sketch of Teutonic Law, A. Schultze's little article on the Teutonic Weapons of War, and F. Klaund's well-ordered description of the social life and condition of the Scandinavians, from all three of which



much that is of importance with regard to the ideas and pursuits of the old Teutonic world may be gathered by students of folk-lore.

With Band ii, Lieferung 1, we are more immediately engaged ; H. Schück contributes a history of the Swedish and Danish literature which, passing over without due notice the earlier traditions and traditional history, deals briefly but clearly with the mediæval remains of Sweden and Denmark, and appends a useful selected bibliography. R. Kögel's Old High and Old Low German literature is fuller and more detailed, dealing one by one with the various texts, prose and verse, Latin and Teutonic, giving a good choice of references, and forming the most practical introduction to the subject yet printed. The English student will find it of special service for the comparison with and illustration of the parallel Old and Early English remains. F. Vogt begins his sketch of the Middle High-German literature in the same fasciculus on a similar plan

In *Acta Germanica*<sup>1</sup> we have a new series projected by R. Henning and J. Hoffory ; it is intended to place the results of scientific philology (in the widest sense) before a somewhat wider public than has been hitherto catered for—a most praiseworthy design. The need for some such endeavour is almost more necessary on the Continent than it is here, for the differentiation of function, fostered no doubt by endowed special research, has rather brought about a neglect of efforts to improve the general culture of the public that reads ; Häckel's fascinating books belonging to a rare class in Germany, while in this country books such as Galton's important contributions to biology are eminently readable.

The series opens with M. Hirschfeld's *Untersuchungen zur Loka-Senna*, containing a normalised and Sieverian text and a good translation, preceded by an introduction

<sup>1</sup> Berlin : Mayer und Müller.

and commentary of some sixty pages. Containing no new results, it summarises the main Continental authorities in a handy enough way. Misled by the hypothesis that Iceland was the home of the author of this comic poem, Dr. Hirschfeld indulges in an extraordinary theory that Laufey is Iceland, that the Giant's glove is the fiord-cut north-west promontory of the same land, and that the sun shining through the steam-pillars of the boiling springs is the foundation of a myth in the poem. This fancy, ingenious as it is, may at once be set aside as contrary to everything we know of the origin and development of these Eddic lays. The whole standpoint of the mythologic treatment is somewhat feeble and imperfect. The identification of Lópur-Vrtra is noticed. The poem is dated too late, probably owing to the preconception of its Icelandic origin. The corruptions in the text are got round in the old fashion, rather than obelized; though this is perhaps necessary in a popular work, where the sense is more important than the letter, but verses which are purely immetrical should surely be so marked thus in Stanza 38. I should either obelize the third line, or read according to a conjecture of Vigfússon's—"Ulfge hefr oc vel es í vidjomscal." The translation, again, of the fourth line is also far too loose; whatever Ragna-rök may mean (and I take it to mean nothing else than the Doom of the gods) it cannot be translated "Welten-brand". With the rejection of the lines superfluous in the metre one would cordially agree; they are in one case mere reciters' repetition or substitutions, but as they may be in one or two cases witnesses to the early existence of parallel texts they should be noticed. The anthropological aspects of the poem are left untouched. Nor are the ancient representations of Loke, which are of no small interest, made use of. The absence of an index is inexcusable, and a short note on the most helpful books consulted, or to consult, would help the general reader who was attracted to the subject, and cost little trouble to Dr. Hirschfeld. It would be easy to criticise this book more minutely, but the main short-

comings, arising from too absolute an acceptance of the opinions of one school, have been pointed out, and we would not wish to do other than encourage efforts directed to the widening of the circle of those who take pleasure in such classic masterpieces as *Loka-Senna*, the best work of the unknown Aristophanes of the Scandinavian colonies.

The next book to be noticed is one of much greater importance. It is the *Researches in Teutonic Mythology* of Viktor Rydberg, translated by R. B. Anderson. This is on one side the most important addition to our knowledge of early Teutonic myths since Grimm. It is a book with a good deal of humanity about it, and though one is far from agreeing with all its conclusions, it is eminently suggestive. The author has studied his Saxo to good purpose, and has been rewarded. The peculiar merit of the author is his sagacity in grasping clues that have escaped others; his weak side is the over-tendency to identifications; yet it must be admitted that the existence of parallel myths in the North has been neglected unduly, and that one must suppose that in the spread of governmental area by the leaguings of tribes into nations, various forms of the same myth would appear side by side, and where the differentiation of the parallels had been great they would tend to survive with the differentiation accented, while where the differentiation was slight they would merge, leaving perhaps in a word or phrase the traces of a brief separate existence.

The first portion of this volume is devoted to a clear and good summary of the mediæval Trojan hypothesis in its relation to the Scandinavians, and to a review of the earlier native traditions respecting migrations from the North. Next follows an examination into the mythic culture-god or hero, the Teutonic Triptolemus, Sheaf, with an identification of Skelfir-Sheaf and Heimdall, which I should hardly be disposed to admit, and further equations of Skiold-Borgar-Rig-Earl, and of Gram Skioldson-Halfdan, the old-Halfdan, Borgarsson-Halfdan Berg-gram,

which I think, in essentials, must be accepted along with the ingenious identification of Groa, Orwandil's wife, and Groa, Sripdag's mother, with the considerations it involves. On the other hand, the suggested equation Halfdan-Mannus must fall to the ground, and the reasons that support it are wholly illusory, *e.g.*, Guðormr is taken as Guð-hormr instead of Guð-þormr, and falsely connected with Hermio. The suggestion that Heimdall was the husband of Sol the sun-goddess will require further proof. The identification of Saxo's Halfdan-Gram with the Eddic Helge Hundingsbane is of course correct. The treatment of the Eddic lay itself is poor, with a curious suggestion that in the lines "þa es Borgarr [Borgir R.] braut í Brálunde", and "Drótt þotti sá deglingr uesa", the names of Halfdan's father and mother, Borgarr and Drott are preserved ; ch. 35 on Svipdag is not convincing. The following discussion on the first war and its incidents, and the hag Gulveig-Heið-Angerboda, is exceedingly ingenious. The adventures of Hadding are next treated, with much skill. But there is too much forcing of analogies in what follows, and to identify Hadding-Hartung with Theodoric of Verona is absurd, though there are false traditions connected with the great king which have some relation with those told of Hadding.

An investigation into the myths relating to the Lower World follows, but its results are too consistent. The fact is that we have existing traditions representing not only divergent sister legends of the same type, but survivals from successive strata of very different age, from the most archaic and "petral" to those which are deeply tinged with Christian ideas.

However, one may note the identification Gudmund-Mimer-Modsögner, and the Iranic parallels adduced to explain Mimer's grove by Jima's garden. In his geography of the Teutonic underworld and the equation Hel-Urd which follow, one cannot follow Dr. Rydberg. Chapters lxix, lxx, lxxi, on the thingsteads and dooms of the gods, are over-ingenious, and the writer does not seem to understand

the curious geography of an old Teutonic mootstead, with its law-hill, or rock or slope, and the fenced ring of seats for the court lying to the east thereof, the two connected by a path, along which the judges pass to the dooming. There follows an examination of the World-mill legends, which is suggestive, but cannot be wholly accepted. The mill-traditions are evidently late (because the quern is a late instrument preceded by the pounder, and probably not developed till the regular cultivation of cereals came in), and they are mere outcomes of the desire to explain the salt of the sea and the sand of the shore.

An ingenious equation of Heimdall with Agni as the god of the auger-born fire is to be noticed. The Niðað-Mimer equation is by no means acceptable. An excellent note on p. 486 on Saxo's rules for Latinising vernacular names is to be mentioned, but the speculations on the Moon-god, with much that seems reasonable, include a good deal of forced analogy and doubtful theory. Falr-Balder is a good equation, and there is a clever essay on the legend of the Seven Sleepers.

The third part of the volume deals with the Ivalde Race, and first with Swipdag-Oðrand Freyja-Menglad, and connects the former with the historic Eric, the Swede god, and with Hermod, while Orwandil is made a synonym of Egil and Ibor. The weakness of much of this lies in the ignoring of the patent fact that myths are continually being transferred from a half-forgotten hero to the one fresh in fame, and that round persons like Hnef, Hermod, and Eric old myths crystallise afresh.

Chapter iii sums up admirably the plot of part of Völuspá, and shows the identity of the Vedic legend of Tvashtar and the Ribhas with the Teutonic Sindre-Ivalde tradition. The next chapter deals with Thjasse-Tishja-Rogner. The authority of Forspiallsliód (in the authenticity of which Dr. Rydberg unaccountably believes) is of course more than useless. The analysis of Thórsdrapa is ingenious, even plausible, but it is impossible to build

securely upon what is left of this fine poem, so unsafe is the text. The identifications Wayland-Thjasse, Slagfin-Gjuke, are alluring, but one is hardly prepared to assent to them off-hand, while with the guesses about Hencgest it is impossible to agree.

In conclusion, one may commend to every mythologist or student of the old Northern literature this bold and ingenious book. It is not easy reading, nor is it easy to criticise, its strength and weakness alike depend upon detail. The author's experience in *belles lettres* has given him a quick eye for a plot, a delight in character, and a desire to bring harmony out of confusion. No professional scholar of the modern German type would have attempted or could have achieved this book, which, with all its imperfections, contains the most important work done in Northern mythology by a Scandinavian book during the last fifty years.

The next work is of a wholly different character, a book showing on every page marks of methodic training, of wide reading, some ingenuity, and slow, persevering labour, a book deserving careful consideration, and with which one is bound in future to reckon, but not to my mind a book that carries conviction with it. Its thesis is that *Völuspá* is a book-poem composed in Iceland *cir.* 1125, in "the first quarter of the 12th century". A careful analysis, commentary, reconstructed text (but no index), make up a volume of 300 pages. (*Völuspá, eine Untersuchung*, von Elard Hugo Meyer, Berlin, 1889.) While quite willing to admit, as he was himself, that Vigfússon has not said the last word on *Völuspá*, and entertaining very little of Dr. Meyer's respect for Mullenhoff's work on this poem, it is a large demand that is made upon the reader's faith, and at present I must confess to regarding the thesis advanced as a mere piece of prettily constructed speculation. The striking character of *Völuspá* as a work of art, and the exaggerated importance as a mythologic authority which its systematic eschatology has given it in the minds of modern readers, have obscured the fact that it has a peculiar and unique position among

the other Eddic Lays, that it is isolated in character and tone. It is a work neither of daylight nor dark, in fact, a creation of the passing twilight. But to my mind there is a power, a simplicity, a spontaneity in it that absolutely forbids one to look upon it as the learned product of a reconstructive book-worm of the 12th century in Iceland.

The wide reading and ingenuity of Bugge and the discoveries of Bang have led incautious followers into doubtful tracks. Mediæval Christianity in Teutonic lands is to a great extent Teutonic heathendom with a thin varnish of Christian ideas, but it is not true that Teutonic heathendom is permeated by Latino-Greek or Judæo-Christian thought. The fantastic theories of mediæval book-writers such as Jordanes Dudo, the Editor of what is called the Prose Edda, were not persons who represented the general ideas and feelings of their time, but learned speculators who had no more influence on the thought of the mass of their fellow-creatures than the Bishop of Oxford's researches into the British Constitution have on the ordinary member of a Liberal Three Hundred or a Primrose League Habitation. The good old mythology and ritual went on as old wives' fables and charms many a century after, and survive in the fairy-tales and superstitious observances of to-day.

F. YORK POWELL.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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AMONG the papers in the next number of FOLK-LORE will be one by Mr. G. L. Gomme, on a Tale of Campbell ; another by Mr. Frazer on Some Popular Superstitions of the Ancients ; one by Mr. S. Schechter on an unpublished Jewish Legend of Solomon ; one by Mr. Joseph Jacobs on Types and Incidents in European Folk-tales, and Mr. Alfred Nutt's Report on Recent Celtic Research ; besides the papers read at the last meeting of the Folk-Lore Society.

A SERIES of papers on mediæval notions of Hell will probably be begun in the next issue, and will include papers on the Celtic, mediæval Jewish and Christian, and the Arabic phases of the subject.

THE Islay Association have determined to issue, through Mr. Alexander Gardiner, the first two volumes of the late J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, which have been long out of print. It would be well if they could see their way to adding a translation of Dr. R. Köhler's valuable annotations on the stories which appeared in the second volume of *Orient und Occident*.

MR. GOMME has written a volume on the Village Community for the Contemporary Science Series now being published by Mr. Walter Scott, under the editorship of Mr. Havelock Ellis. Mr. Gomme's volume will be of interest to folk-lorists, because he uses some of the results of folklore to prove that the English village community is not simply an economical institution, but one which contained much of the old tribal religion.



MR. GOMME is engaged upon a re-classification of English Custom and Superstition, and hopes to be able to publish the results of his work at the end of the year. His object is to bring together the evidence for the Archaic in Folk-lore, under which title his work will probably be published.

MR. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND has in hand, for the Contemporary Scientific Series, a volume on the Science of Folk-tales, and for the Camelot Series a book of English Folk-tales.

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS is collecting English fairy tales. A popular selection of these, with illustrations, will probably be issued during the Christmas season of this year, to be followed later on by a more scientific treatment of the subject, which may run to two volumes.

READERS of Professor Haddon's Torres Straits legends in this number will also be interested in his very thorough and complete account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of New Guinea in the February number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*.

BENFEY'S scattered papers on the Migration of Fables will be included, in a collected form, in the complete edition of his minor writings now being edited by Professor Bezzenberger.

THE December and January numbers of *Le Moyen Age* contain admirable summaries of Folk-lore literature in periodicals (chiefly of 1888 and early part of 1889), including those written in Slavonic dialects.

THE Council and Officers of the Society supped together after the meeting on February 25th. Much talk has been made about a Folk-lore dinner, and this pleasant little

experiment should be the forerunner of the more general plan, such as they accomplish so well in France.

M. L. BRUEYRE, in the last number of the *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, in discussing the question of Tabulation, advocates strongly the adoption of the system of the Folk-Lore Society in its entirety. While not faultless, he says, it cannot now be altered without spoiling a large amount of valuable work, and for the sake of uniformity, other Societies on the Continent should adopt it and co-operate with the Folk-Lore Society.

MR. MACINNES'S "Gaelic Tales", with Mr. Alfred Nutt's annotations, forming the volume for 1889, will be in the hands of members of the Folk-Lore Society, who have paid their 1889 subscription, by the middle of March.

PAPERS and communications for the June number of FOLK-LORE should be in the Editor's hands (address, 270, Strand) by May 1st.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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**The Giant of New Mills, Sessay.**—At Sessay parish, near Thirsk, is a mill. It has recently been rebuilt, but when I was there the old building stood. In front of the house was a long mound, which went by the name of "the Giant's Grave", and in the mill was shown a long blade of iron, something like a scythe-blade, but not curved, which was said to have been the giant's razor, and stone porridge-basin or lather-dish. There lived a giant at this mill, and he ground men's bones to make his bread. One day he captured a lad on Pilmoor, and, instead of grinding him in the mill, he kept him as his servant, and never let him get away. Jack served the giant many years, and never was allowed a holiday. At last he could bear it no longer. Topcliffe Fair was coming on, and the lad entreated that he might be allowed to go there to see the lasses and buy some spice. The giant surlily refused to give him leave ; Jack resolved to take it.

The day was hot, and after dinner the giant lay down in the mill with his head on a sack, and dozed. He had been eating in the mill, and had laid down a great loaf of bone-bread by his side, and the knife was in his hand, but his fingers relaxed their hold of it in sleep. Jack seized the moment, drew the knife away, and, holding it with both his hands, drove the blade into the single eye of the giant, who woke with a howl of agony, and, starting up, barred the door. Jack was again in difficulties, but he soon found a way out of them. The giant had a favourite dog, which had also been sleeping when his master was blinded. Jack killed the dog, skinned it, and, throwing the hide over his back, ran on all-fours barking between the legs of the giant, and so escaped.

I do not think the miller's story at Dalton is taken bodily from the Polyphemus tale, for there are extraordinary similarities to it to be found all over the world. The preservation of the knife and the mound show that the myth I heard is not of recent origin at Dalton. I am told by one of my servants from Dalton that at the rebuilding of the farm the mound was opened, and a stone coffin found in it ; but whether this be a kistvaen or a mediæval sarcophagus I cannot tell. I wrote some time ago for another version of the giant story to compare it with mine, and about the stone coffin, but have had no answer.

At Dalton there is also an old barn, haunted by a headless woman. One night a tramp went into it to sleep. At midnight he was awakened by light, and, sitting up, he saw a woman coming towards him from the end of the barn, holding her head in her hands like a lantern, with light streaming out of the eyes, nostrils, and mouth. He sprang out of the barn in a fright, breaking a hole in the wall to escape. This hole I was shown some years ago. Whether the barn still stands I cannot say.

S. BARING GOULD.

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A Welsh Conjuror, 1831.—The following cutting from the *Lincoln Herald*, of August 19, 1831, is worth a place in the columns of FOLK-LORE :

“A WELSH CONJURER.—Denbighshire Assizes. Before Mr. Baron Bolland.—John Evans, a Welsh seer, who officiates as high priest of the far-famed and much-dreaded Ffynnon Elian (or St. Elian’s Well), near Abergele, was indicted for obtaining 7s. from one Elizabeth Davies, by falsely pretending that he could cure her husband, Robert Davies, of a certain sickness with which he was afflicted by taking his name out of the well.

“This case affords a remarkable instance of the ignorance and simplicity of the Welsh peasantry even in these days of the march of intellect. Ffynnon Elian is celebrated in Cambrian history and song; and owing to the popular belief in the virtue and extraordinary property of its waters, the number and extent of the impositions practised upon the credulity of the people in past ages by a succession of impostors almost exceeds credibility. A few years ago the magistrates of the county prosecuted one of the high priests of the well, who, in consequence, was found guilty of cunning, cheatery, and fraud, put into prison, and his well of holy waters destroyed. For a time the celebrity of St. Elian and the *protégé* died away; their anathematisation ceased; and their memories were fast sinking into obscurity, when the prisoner revived them by laying in a stock-in-trade, and commencing business near the same spot as the high priest and favoured minister of the Saint.

“The following is the method pursued by the prisoner to gull the poor people. Into the Ffynnon Elian (a very shallow well) he put a large quantity of pebbles, slates, and stones, inscribed with numberless initials and names. No sooner did he hear of any poor person’s ill-health, or of anyone being afflicted with misfortune or disease, than he contrived to let them know that their names were in the well, and that nothing could cure or benefit them unless they were taken out. Of course this could not be done without money; and many hundreds of ignorant people were known to travel on foot thirty and forty miles to seek relief, and that, too, in the most distracted state of mind. The

frauds of the prisoner were not the only evils which his abominable practices produced, for, like his predecessors, he pretended he had power to put anyone into the well, afflict them with misfortune or bad luck, and take them out for money, when he pleased. The consequence was, that ignorant persons were frequently induced to charge their misfortunes to the malignity of their neighbours, and thereby engendered the most disgraceful quarrels; whilst hundreds of equally ignorant fools would expend their money on the prisoner in order to gratify, as they thought, a bit of spite.

“The facts of the case were proved by Elizabeth Davies, who said : My husband has been ill for many years. I had heard of the virtue of the well of St. Elian ; I went twenty-two miles to consult the defendant, who had the charge of it. I asked if my husband's name was in the well ; he said he did not know, but he would send to see ; he sent a little girl, who came back with a dishful of pebbles and small slates, marked with different sets of initials ; he looked at them, and said my husband's name was not among them ; he sent the little girl again, who returned with a number more, which were strewed upon the table, and I found a stone marked with the letters R. D. and three crosses. I said, Is that my husband's name ? He said it was. I said I was not satisfied, and asked if my husband's name was in a book ? The prisoner said he did not put the name in the well, or else it would be in the book, but the water would tell whether it was his name or not. We went to the well, which was in the garden, near the prisoner's house. He took out some water, and said, ‘The water changes colour; it is your husband, sure enough.’ I asked what it would cost to take my husband's name out of the well. He said 10s. was the lowest. I told him I had no money, but could bring him some. I asked him to let me take the stone home, and he said I might, but I must not show it to any one. I asked him what I should do with it. He said I must powder it, and put it, with salt, into the fire. I then went away. In about two months I came again with my brother-in-law, William Davies. The prisoner was cross, because I had mentioned what had passed to Mr. Clough, a magistrate, but he said, for the sake of my brother-in-law, he would do something. He said I must have a bottle of the water of the well, and give 9s. for it. I bargained with him for 7s., which he said must be given to the well. The money was given to the well, but the prisoner took it out and put it into his pocket. He muttered some spells, which I thought were Latin, but all I could make out was the name of St. Elian. The prisoner said the water must be taken by my husband three nights successively, and he must repeat a portion of the 38th Psalm. I asked him who had put my husband into the well, and he did not tell me, but he said if I wished he would put that person

in the well, and bring upon him any disease I liked. I paid him the 7s.

"William Davies, a tailor at Hollywell, brother-in-law of the last witness, corroborated her testimony as to what took place at the latter interview with the prisoner.

"The prisoner in his defence said he never sent for anyone to come to the well, nor did he say there was any efficacy in the water; but if a person believed that there was, and chose to give him some money, he took all that they had a mind to give.

"The Jury returned a verdict of Guilty; and the learned Judge—after expressing his regret that any person could be found so lamentably ignorant and credulous as to believe that any man, by such ridiculous means, had the power of relieving or controlling the diseases and afflictions of another—sentenced the prisoner to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

*Bottesford Manor, Brigg, January 10, 1890.*

**Story of Solomon's Wisdom.**—In the last number of the *Folk-Lore Journal* (vol. vii, pp. 315-16) the origin of the soldier's answer in "Cards Spiritualised" was asked; whether one could trace it back, or refer to a similar one.

In answer to that question I will give all the parallels known to me. The story of the Queen of Sheba's test of Solomon's wisdom is of a very ancient date. The Bible says (1 Kings, ch. x, v. 3), "And Solomon told her all her questions." The nature of these questions, and the answers given, is left to the fancy of interpreters, who availed themselves fully of that opportunity.

Thus we find a series of such riddles and their solutions attributed to the Queen of Sheba and to Solomon in an Aramaic commentary to the Book of Esther, dating from the fifth century. Nothing, however, is therein mentioned of boys dressed as girls, or *vice versa*.

In another Hebrew work of about the same date (fifth century), viz., *Midrash to the Book of Proverbs*, we already find a closer parallel to our story. In the *Midrash* it runs as follows:

"And another similar puzzle she (the Queen of Sheba) prepared for him (Solomon). She brought boys and girls, all having the same appearance, the same stature, and all in like attire; and she said, 'Separate the boys from the girls.' He ordered his attendants to bring some nuts and apples, and when these were brought, Solomon said, 'Distribute them among the boys and girls.' The boys, not being bashful, put them in their skirts; the girls, being bashful, put them in their kerchiefs. And Solomon said, 'Those are boys, whilst these are

girls.' Whereupon the Queen said, 'My son, thou art a very wise man.'"

The Arabic legends far more approach the Western (English) parallel. Sale has the following note to chap. xxvii of his translation of the Koran, which I give here, as it bears directly on our story : "Some add that Balkio (the Arabic name for the Biblical Queen of Sheba), to try whether Solomon was a prophet or not, dressed the boys (of whom there were five hundred) like girls, and the girls (same number) like boys ; and sent him in a casket a pearl not drilled, and an onyx drilled with a crooked hole ; and that Solomon *distinguished the boys from the girls 'by the different manner of their taking the water,* and ordered one worm to bore the pearl and another to pass a thread through the onyx. The source of this note is the Arabic commentary to the Koran by Beidharwi."

A detailed account of the different ways of their taking the water is given by Hammer, in his *Rosenoel* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1813, pp. 160-61). Solomon ordered the table to be laid, and after dinner water to be poured out for washing the hands. The custom in the harems at that time was that the girls caught the water in the hollow of their hands, whilst the boys let it run over the outside. When the servants poured out the water the boys held their hands under, whilst the girls caught it in the hollow of their hands, as they had been accustomed to do.

So far the Eastern parallels. No less numerous are those to be found in Western writers. First, in the *Annals of Glycas* (iii, 8), reproduced by Fabricius (*Cod. vet. Test. Apocryph.*, i, p. 1031-1032).

"Among other tests by which she tried the wisdom of Solomon, was also the following. She showed Solomon some beautiful boys and girls, both dressed alike, and both having the same shape of tonsure, asking him to distinguish between the two sexes. So he ordered them to wash their faces, and by that he recognised their nature, for the boys rubbed their faces in a stronger manner, whilst the girls did so more softly and more delicately. She was filled with wonder, and exclaimed : 'More have I seen than I have heard.'"

From the Greek it entered into Slavonian literature. An exact parallel of this version of Glycas, combined with that in the *Midrash of Proverbs*, is to be found in the old Slavonic *Palia* from the twelfth or thirteenth century (Al. Wesselofsky, *Solomon i Kitovras*, St. Petersburg, 1872, p. 248). A Roumanian parallel, tallying exactly with Glycas, is contained in a hitherto unpublished manuscript Chronicle from the seventeenth century.

I have confined myself to tracing the story from the East to Europe, thus showing the literary source of the story. It remains still to connect directly the English version with the legends of the

Queen of Sheba current in the West of Europe, such as the *Sibyllen Weissagung* of Gottfried of Uslerbo, etc. I have dealt more amply with this series of legends in my *Roumanian Popular Literature* (Bucharest, 1885, 326); still less do I wish to follow out in the world's literature the theme of testing the sex of the hero. Suffice it to refer to R. Köhler's learned annotations to Wolf, *Jahrbuch f. rom. und engl. Litteratur*, iii, 57-58, and 63-67.

M. GASTER.

**The Burial of Mr. Rose's Boots.—**

*To the Editor of "The Times".*

SIR,—Your Southern readers would note with surprise the remarkable reticence of the police when examined and cross-examined respecting the non-production of the boots worn by Mr. Rose at the time of his murder. The Highland constable who buried them under water acted in accordance with the ancient tradition that by doing so he would "lay" the ghost of the murdered man, and thus prevent it from disturbing the people living in the neighbourhood of the catastrophe. It is not unlikely that the officers had a lurking suspicion that they would be laughed at by modern sceptics if they revealed the motive of their apparently strange conduct.—Yours, etc.,

*Rothsay, N.B., Nov. 11.*

B. St. J. B. JOULE.

Police-Sergeant Munro (Lamlash) said he was well acquainted with the hills, having lived there for thirty-one years. He observed the condition of the body when it was found, but could not say whether the neck was broken. He saw boots on the deceased. They had iron heels and sprigs. He could not say where the boots were now. He believed they were buried on the beach at Corrie, below high-water mark. He said Constable M'Coll must have buried the boots. He believed he told him to take the boots out of the shed in which they were kept.

The Dean of Faculty.—Did you ever know such a thing being done in the investigation of any murder?—No answer.

Did you not think it might have been material to the ends of justice to have those boots? Witness.—I did not consider that at the time.

Have you no explanation why one of your policemen was ordered to take away those boots and bury them on the beach?—Witness made no reply.

By the Lord Justice Clerk.—Who was present when these boots were buried?—I could not say; I told a constable to take them away, and might have said to him to take them down to the shore, but I don't know what was done with them.

Cross-examined by the Dean of Faculty.—Did you merely bury the



boots because you were ordered to put them out of sight?—Well, there was no reason given to me. I was told to put them out of sight.

Did you not think it rather strange that you were ordered to do this when the other things were preserved?—Well, I do not know; I was never about such a case before. (Laughter.)

Did you not think that these boots should be kept in order to be examined by those who have to form an opinion on the merits of the case?—Well, there is a description of them.

But do you think your description of them is as realistic as the boots themselves?—There is no doubt the boots would be better than the description.

They were buried below high-water mark, so that you were determined they should be properly out of sight?—I put some stones on the top of them. I have not gone for them, because they were never asked for.

Duncan Coll, police-constable, Shiskine, Arran, said, as to the boots of the deceased, he was told by Constable Munro, of Brodick, to “put them out of sight”. He thought he meant to bury them, and he did so.

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**Horsehair turned into Water-Snake.**—Had your correspondent, *F.-L. J.*, vii, 317, or the Editor of *The Spectator*, from which he quotes, been as well read as they ought to be in *Notes and Queries*, they would have known that this subject has been exhaustively discussed there, and instances of belief in the matter adduced from every part of the world. See Series VII, ii, 24, 110, 230, 293; iii, 249; iv, 33, 253, and I think few unprejudiced persons will doubt that the suggestion I gave for the origin of this most curious piece of folk-observation, Series VII, ii, 24 (July 10, 1886), and iii, 249, is the most likely one.

R. H. BUSK.

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# Folk-Lore.

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## *SOME POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.<sup>1</sup>*

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A SUPERFICIAL acquaintance with classical literature is apt, I believe, to leave on the mind an exaggerated impression of the general level of intelligence in antiquity. The authors commonly read are so eminently reasonable, and so little tinctured with vulgar superstition, that we are prone to suppose that the mass of men in the classical ages were equally free from those gross and palpable delusions which we designate as superstitions. The supposition is natural, but erroneous. It is natural, because our knowledge of the ancients is derived chiefly from literature, and literature reflects the thoughts and beliefs of the educated few, not of the uneducated many. Since the invention of letters the breach between these two classes has gone on widening, till the mental condition of the one class comes to differ nearly as much from that of the other as if they were beings of different species. But down to the present century both sides remained in almost total ignorance of the gulf which divided them. Educated people, as a rule, had no inkling that the mental state of the great majority of their fellow-countrymen differed in scarcely any material respect from that of savages. They did not dream that their humble neighbours had preserved

<sup>1</sup> This paper was read before the Cambridge Branch of the Hellenic Society.

amongst themselves by oral tradition alone a set of customs and ideas so ancient that the oldest literature of Greece and Rome is modern by comparison. To have at last opened the eyes of educated people to the priceless value of popular tradition as evidence of a remote antiquity is the glory of the illustrious Grimm. When, chiefly through the influence of that great scholar, the oral tradition of the people came to be examined, the feature in it which most struck observers was the one I have just indicated, the stamp, namely, which it bears of a dateless antiquity. The reasons for assigning to it an age incomparably greater than that of the literary tradition are mainly two. In the first place, the popular tradition—and under tradition I mean to include popular customs as well as popular beliefs—the popular tradition could not have originated in historical times, because there is nothing in history to account for it. The two great historical influences that have moulded our modern civilisation—the Roman empire and Christianity—have left hardly a trace in the genuine beliefs and customs of the folk. Christianity has slightly changed the nomenclature, and that is all. But, on the other hand—and this is the second reason—if there is nothing in Roman civilisation or the Christian religion to account for the origin of the popular tradition, there is in the customs and ideas of existing savages almost everything that is needed fully to explain and account for it. The resemblance, in fact, between the ideas and customs of our European peasantry and the ideas and customs of savages is so great as almost to amount to identity, and a comparison of the one set of customs with the other goes far towards explaining both. To put it metaphorically, the two sets of customs, the European and the savage, are independent copies of the same original picture; but both copies are somewhat faded through time, and each has preserved some features which the other has lost. Thus they mutually supplement each other, and, taken together, enable us to restore the original with some completeness.

The application of all this for the subject in hand is obvious. If what I have said is true of the uneducated people, and especially of the peasantry at the present time in Europe, must it not have been equally true of uneducated people, and especially of the peasantry in antiquity? If our peasants are, intellectually regarded, simply savages, could the peasantry of ancient Greece and Rome have been any better? And if we moderns have lived so long in ignorance of the mass of savagery lying at our doors, may not the literary classes of antiquity have been equally blind to the mental savagery of the peasants whom they saw at work in the fields or jostled in the streets? There are strong grounds for answering both of these questions in the affirmative. In regard to the former question, the existence of a layer of savagery beneath the surface of ancient society is abundantly attested by the notices of popular beliefs and customs which are scattered up and down classical literature, especially, as might have been anticipated, in the inferior authors, men less elevated above vulgar prejudices than most of the great classical writers. In regard to the second question, the general ignorance of classical writers as to the popular superstitions of their day is not only to be presumed from the fact that they rarely mention them, it is positively demonstrated by their manifest inability to understand even those instances of popular superstition which they are occasionally led to mention. Indeed, from the way in which they refer to these superstitions, it is often plain that they not only did not understand them, but that they did not even recognise them as superstitions at all, that is, as beliefs actually current among the vulgar. Conclusive proof of this is furnished by the treatment which the so-called "symbols of Pythagoras" received at the hands of the polite writers of antiquity. A member of a modern folk-lore society has only to glance at these "symbols" to see that they are common specimens of folk-lore, many of which are perfectly familiar to our European peasantry at the present day. Yet they

completely posed the philosophers of antiquity, whose interpretations of them were certainly not nearer the mark than Mr. Pickwick's reading of the famous inscription. It is almost amusing to see the violence they did to these primitive superstitions in order to wring some drop of moral wisdom out of them, to wrench them into some semblance of philosophical profundity. In a paper on the popular superstitions of the ancients I can hardly do better than begin by giving a few specimens of these precious maxims, which have found so much favour in the eyes of ancient philosophers and old women.

Some of the ancients themselves remarked the striking resemblance which the precepts of Pythagoras bore to the rules of life observed by Indian fakirs, Jewish Essenes, Egyptians, Etruscans, and Druids.<sup>1</sup> Thus, for example, Plutarch mentions the view that Pythagoras must have been an Etruscan born and bred, since the Etruscans were the only people known to observe literally the rules inculcated by the philosopher, such as not to step over a broom, not to leave the impress of a pot on the ashes, and other precepts of the same sort.<sup>2</sup> This view of the Etruscan origin of Pythagoras was countenanced by the respectable authorities of Aristotle and Theopompus.<sup>3</sup> Again, Plutarch expressly says that the maxims of Pythagoras were of the same sort as the rules contained in the sacred writings of the Egyptians, and he quotes as instances the Pythagorean precepts, "Do not eat in a chariot," "Do not sit upon a bushel," "Do not poke the fire with a sword."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Indian Fakirs, Strabo, xv, 1, 65; Egyptians, Eusebius, *Præp. Evang.* x, c. 4, §§ 9, 10, c. 8, § 8; Essenes, Josephus, *Antiquit.*, xv, 10, 4; Druids, Hippolytus, *Ref. omn. hæres.*, i, cc. 2, 25. On the Essenes, see also Josephus, *Bell. Jud.*, ii, 8, §§ 2-13, xviii, 1, 5; Pliny, *N. H.*, v, 73.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch, *Quæst. Conviv.*, viii, 7.

<sup>3</sup> Clemens Alexand., *Strom.*, i, 14, p. 352 Pott; Aristotle, *Fragm.*, 185, Berlin ed.; cf. Suidas, s. v. "Pythagoras", Πυθαγόρας Σάμιος, φύσει δὲ Τυρρηνός.

<sup>4</sup> Plutarch, *Isis et Os.*, 10.

Some of the theories of physical causation traditionally ascribed to Pythagoras are entirely of a piece with the practical rules which passed under his name. Thus, according to him, the air was full of spirits, which he called demons and heroes; the airy sounds from which men drew omens were the voices of the spirits<sup>1</sup>; and he said that when people heard the wind whistle, they should worship the sound of it.<sup>2</sup> Compare with this the view of the Esquimaux who live at Point Barrow, almost the northern extremity of the continent of America. "To them," says an American officer who wintered among them a few years ago, "to them earth and air are full of spirits. The one drags men into the earth by the feet, from which they never emerge; the other strikes men dead, leaving no mark; and the air is full of voices; often while travelling they would stop and ask me to listen, and say that Tuña of the wind was passing by."<sup>3</sup> Again, according to Pythagoras, the tinkling of a brass pot is the voice of a demon imprisoned in the brass.<sup>4</sup> A traveller in the Sahara was once informed by one of his savage escort that he had just killed a devil. It appeared that the devil was the traveller's watch, which the savage had found, and hearing it tick, had concluded that there was a devil inside. Accordingly he smashed it by hurling it against a tree. This was in the desert, where it would have been unsafe to quarrel with his escort. So the traveller concealed his anguish under a smiling face till he reached the next town, where he took steps which rather damped the joy of that savage.<sup>5</sup> Yet the savage did no more than Pythagoras, if he had been true to his principles, might have done in the same circumstances.

<sup>1</sup> Diogenes Laertius, viii, 1, 32.

<sup>2</sup> Jamblichus, *Adhort. ad philos.*, 21.

<sup>3</sup> *Report of the International Expedition to Point Barrow, Alaska* (Washington, 1885), p. 42.

<sup>4</sup> Porphyry, *Vit. Pythag.*, 41.

<sup>5</sup> Mohammed Ibn-Omar El Tounsy, *Voyage au Ouaday* (Paris, 1851), p. 538 *seq.*

Again, Pythagoras believed that an earthquake was caused by the dead men fighting with each other underground, and so shaking the earth.<sup>1</sup> I have collected many savage explanations of earthquakes, but none, perhaps, quite so savage as this of Pythagoras. The nearest approaches to it are the following. The Tlinkeet Indians on the north-west coast of America suppose that the earth rests upon a pillar which is guarded by a woman ; so, when the gods fight with the woman for the possession of the pillar, in order that they may destroy the earth and its inhabitants, the pillar shakes, and this produces an earthquake.<sup>2</sup> The Andaman islanders, who long ranked, though unjustly, amongst the lowest of savages, think that earthquakes are caused by the spirits of the dead, who, impatient at the delay of the resurrection, shake the palm-tree on which they believe the earth to rest.<sup>3</sup> When the people of Timor, an East Indian island, feel the shock of an earthquake, they knock on the ground and call out, "We are still here," to let the souls of the dead who are struggling to get up, know that there is no room for them on the surface of the earth.<sup>4</sup> Even this, however, is a shade less savage than the view of Pythagoras that the dead could not even keep the peace amongst themselves. In Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead" the soldier ghost who draws near the ferry, his bright armour flashing through the gloom, is bidden by Hermes to leave his arms behind him on the hither side of the river, "because there is peace in the grave".<sup>5</sup> Clearly Hermes was not a Pythagorean.

But passing from Pythagoras' views of physical causa-

<sup>1</sup> Ælian, *Var. Hist.*, iv, 17.

<sup>2</sup> Holmberg, "Ethnographische Skizzen über die Völker des Russischen Amerika," *Acta societatis scientiarum Fennicæ*, iv (Helsingfors, 1856), p. 346 *seq.*

<sup>3</sup> E. H. Man, *Aboriginal Inhabitants of the Andaman Islands*, p. 86.

<sup>4</sup> A. Bastian, *Indonesien*, ii, p. 3. Cp. *id.*, in *Verhandl. d. Berlin. Gesell. f. Anthropol.*, 1881, p. 157 ; J. G. F. Riedel, *De sluik- en kroesharige rassen tusschen Selebes en Papua*, 330, 428 *seq.*

<sup>5</sup> Lucian, *Dial. Mort.*, x, 7.

tion, let us look more closely at some of the practical precepts or symbols which he laid down for the guidance of life.

One of his precepts, as we have seen, was this : " Do not poke the fire with a sword."<sup>1</sup> The precept commends itself to us, but hardly on the grounds on which it did so to Pythagoras. To understand his reasons we must go to the Tartars, who abstain from thrusting a knife into the fire on the ground that it would cut off the fire's head.<sup>2</sup> The Kamchatkans also think it a sin to stick a knife into a burning log, and so do some of the North American Indians.<sup>3</sup>

Again, Pythagoras told his disciples never to point the finger at the stars.<sup>4</sup> This is a very common superstition in Germany, where one reason given is that by pointing a finger at the moon or stars one would put out the eyes of the angels.<sup>5</sup> Another reason given is that one's finger would drop off.<sup>6</sup> If one *has* pointed at the stars, the only way to save one's finger from dropping off is to bite it.<sup>7</sup> The reason for so doing is explained by the statement of

<sup>1</sup> Hippolytus, *Refut. omn. haeres.*, vi, 27 ; Jamblichus, *Adhort. ad philos.*, 21 ; Diogenes Laertius, viii, 1, 17 ; Porphyry, *Vit. Pythag.*, 42 ; Plutarch, *Isis et Osiris*, 10 ; *id.*, *De educ. puer.*, 17 ; Suidas, s. v. "Pythagoras"; Athenæus, p. 452 DE.

<sup>2</sup> De Plano Carpini, *Historia Mongalorum*, ed. D'Avezac (Paris, 1838), c. iii, § ii.

<sup>3</sup> Steller, *Beschreibung von dem Lande Kamtschatka*, 274 ; Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, iii, 230. All three passages have been already cited in illustration of Pythagoras' maxim by Dr. E. B. Tylor, *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*<sup>3</sup>, 277.

<sup>4</sup> *Fragmenta philosoph. Græc.*, ed. Mullach, i, p. 510.

<sup>5</sup> Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, iii, p. 445 ; E. Meier, *Deutsche Sagen, Sitten und Gebräuche aus Schwaben*, p. 499 ; Haltrich, *Zur Volkskunde der Siebenbürger Sachsen* (Wien, 1885), p. 300.

<sup>6</sup> Grohmann, *Aberglauben und Gebräuche aus Böhmen und Mähren*, p. 32, No. 175 ; Kuhn und Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche*, p. 458, No. 426.

<sup>7</sup> J. W. Wolf, *Beiträge zur deutschen Mythologie*, i, p. 235, No. 417.



an Ojebway Indian. "I well remember," says he, "when I was a little boy, being told by our aged people that I must never point my finger at the moon, for if I did she would consider it a great insult, and instantly bite it off."<sup>1</sup> The reason, therefore, why a German bites his finger after pointing at a star is to make the star believe that he is himself biting off the offending finger, and that thus the star is saved the trouble of doing so. Thus the Ojebway Indian is here the best commentator on Pythagoras.

Again, Pythagoras said: "Do not look at your face in a river."<sup>2</sup> So, too, said the old Hindu lawgiver. "Let him not," says Manu, "let him not look at his own image in water; that is a settled rule."<sup>3</sup> Neither the Greek philosopher nor the Hindu lawgiver assigns any reason for the rule. To ascertain it we must inquire of the Zulus and the black race of the Pacific, both of whom observe the same rule, and can give a reason for doing so. Here is the reason given by the Zulus in their own words: "It is said there is a beast in the water which can seize the shadow of a man; when he looks into the water it takes his shadow; the man no longer wishes to turn back, but has a great wish to enter the pool; it seems to him that there is not death in the water; it is as if he was going to real happiness where there is no harm; and he dies through going into the pool, being eaten by the beast. . . . And men are forbidden to lean over and look into a dark pool, it being feared lest their shadow should be taken away."<sup>4</sup> So much for the Zulus. Now for the Melanesians of the Pacific. "There is a stream in Saddle Island, or, rather, a pool in a stream, into which if anyone looks he dies; the malignant spirit takes hold upon his life by means of his

<sup>1</sup> Peter Jones, *History of the Ojebway Indians*, p. 84 seq.

<sup>2</sup> *Fragm. philos. Græc.*, ed. Mullach, i, p. 510.

<sup>3</sup> *Laws of Manu*, iv, 38, trans. by G. Bühler.

<sup>4</sup> Callaway, *Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus*, i, 342.

reflection on the water."<sup>1</sup> Here, doubtless, we have the origin of the classical story of Narcissus, who languished away in consequence of seeing his own fair image in the water.<sup>2</sup>

During a thunderstorm it was a Greek custom to put out the fire, and hiss and cheep with the lips. The reason for the custom was explained by the Pythagoreans to be, that by acting thus you frightened the spirits in Tartarus,<sup>3</sup> who were doubtless supposed to make the thunder and lightning. Similarly, some of the Australian blacks, who attribute thunder to the agency of demons, and are much afraid of it, believe that they can dispel it "by chanting some particular words and breathing hard";<sup>4</sup> and it is a German superstition that the danger from a thunderstorm can be averted by putting out the fire.<sup>5</sup> During a thunderstorm, the Sakai of the Malay Peninsula run out of their houses and brandish their weapons to drive away the demons<sup>6</sup>; and the Esthonians in Russia fasten scythes, edge upward, over the door, that the demons, fleeing from the thundering god, may cut their feet if they try to seek shelter in the house. Sometimes the Esthonians, for a similar purpose, take all the edged tools in the house and throw them out into the yard. It is said that, when the storm is over, spots of blood are often found on the scythes and knives, showing that the demons have been wounded by them.<sup>7</sup> So, when

<sup>1</sup> R. H. Codrington, "Religious Beliefs and Practices in Melanesia," *Journal Anthropol. Instit.*, x, 313. This explanation of the Narcissus legend was communicated by me in a note to the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xvi, 334.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid, *Metam.*, iii, 341 seq.

<sup>3</sup> Aristotle, *Analyt. Poster.*, ii, p. 94b, 33 seq., Berlin ed.; Scholiast on Aristophanes, *Wasps*, 626; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxviii, 25.

<sup>4</sup> Collins, *Account of the English Colony in New South Wales*, p. 485; Angas, *Savage Scenes in Australia and New Zealand*, ii, 232.

<sup>5</sup> Wuttke, *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube*<sup>2</sup>, § 449.

<sup>6</sup> *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*, iii, 430.

<sup>7</sup> Boecler-Kreutzwald, *Der Ehsten abergläubische Gebräuche*, p. 110.

the Indians of Canada were asked by the Jesuit missionaries why they planted their swords in the ground point upwards, they replied that the spirit of the thunder was sensible, and that if he saw the naked blades he would turn away and take good care not to approach their huts.<sup>1</sup> This is a fair sample of the close similarity of European superstitions to the superstitions of savages. In the present case the difference happens to be slightly in favour of the Indians, since they did not, like our European savages, delude themselves into seeing the blood of demons on the swords. The reason for the Greek and German custom of putting out the fire during a thunderstorm is, probably, a wish to avoid attracting the attention of the thunder demons. From a like motive some of the Australian blacks hide themselves during a thunderstorm, and keep absolutely silent, lest the thunder should find them out.<sup>2</sup> Once during a storm a white man called out in a loud voice to the black fellow with whom he was working, to put the saw under a log and seek shelter. He found that the saw had already been put away, and the black fellow was very indignant at his master for speaking so loud. "What for," said he, in great wrath, "what for speak so loud? Now um thunder hear, and know where um saw is." And he went out and changed its hiding-place.<sup>3</sup>

One or two more classical superstitions about thunder and lightning may here find a place, though they are not specially Pythagorean. The skins of seals and hyænas were believed by the Greeks to be effective protections against lightning. Hence Greek sailors used to nail a sealskin to the mast-head; and the Emperor Augustus, who was nervously afraid of thunder, never went anywhere without a sealskin.<sup>4</sup> The skin of a hippopotamus buried in

<sup>1</sup> *Relations des Jésuites*, 1637, p. 53 (Canadian reprint).

<sup>2</sup> Oldfield, "The Aborigines of Australia," *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, iii, 229 seq.

<sup>3</sup> *Journ. and Procecd. R. Soc. N. S. Wales*, xvi (1882), p. 171.

<sup>4</sup> Plutarch, *Quæst. Conviv.*, iv, 2, 1, cf. *id.*, v, 9; Suetonius, *Augustus*, 90.

the middle of a field was supposed to prevent a thunderbolt from falling on it.<sup>1</sup>

Another maxim of Pythagoras was this: "On setting out from your house upon a journey, do not turn back ; for if you do, the Furies will catch you."<sup>2</sup> This is a rule observed by superstitious people everywhere, in the heart of Africa and of India, as well as all over Europe. I will mention only the last instance which came under my notice. A Highland servant in our family told my mother lately that in Sutherlandshire, if anyone is going on some important errand and has left anything behind him, he would stand and call for it for a week rather than go back to fetch it.<sup>3</sup>

Once more, Pythagoras observed : " If you meet an ugly old woman at the door, do not go out."<sup>4</sup> Amongst the Wends, if a man going out to hunt meets an old woman, it is unlucky, and he should turn back.<sup>5</sup> Amongst the Esthonians, if a fisherman or anyone else going out on important business happens to meet an old woman, he will turn back.<sup>6</sup> A Tyrolese hunter believes that if he meets an old woman in the morning, he will have no luck.<sup>7</sup> In Pomerania, if a person going out of the house meets a

<sup>1</sup> *Geoponica*, i, 16.

<sup>2</sup> Hippolytus, *Refut. omn. haeres.*, vi, 26 ; Jamblichus, *Adhort. ad philos.*, 21 ; Diogenes Laertius, viii, 1, 17 ; Porphyry, *Vit. Pythag.*, 42 ; Plutarch, *De educ. puer.*, 17.

<sup>3</sup> *Folk-Lore Journal*, vii, 53. For India, see *Indian Antiquary*, i, 170 ; *Indian Notes and Queries*, iv, 270 ; for Africa, see Felkin in *Proceed. R. Soc. Edinburgh*, xiii, pp. 230, 734 seq., 759 ; for Europe, see Burne and Jackson, *Shropshire Folk-lore*, 274 ; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, iii, p. 435 ; Köhler, *Volksbrauch im Voigtlande*, 426 ; Haltrich, *Zur Volkskunde der Siebenbürger Sachsen*, 316 ; Krauss, *Sitte und Brauch der Südslaven*, 426.

<sup>4</sup> *Fragm. Philos. Græc.*, ed. Mullach, i, 510.

<sup>5</sup> Schulenberg, *Wendische Volkssagen und Gebräuche*, 241 ; cp. Bezenberger, *Litauische Forschungen*, 85.

<sup>6</sup> Boecler-Kreutzwald, *Der Ehsten abergläubische Gebräuche*, 71.

<sup>7</sup> Zingerle, *Sitten, Bräuche und Meinungen des Tirder Volkes*, p. 43, No. 371.

woman, he will often turn back.<sup>1</sup> They say in Thüringen that if you are about any weighty affair, and are interrupted by an old woman, you should not go on with it, for it could not prosper.<sup>2</sup> In Norway, if a man goes out to make a bargain, and an old woman is the first person he meets, he will have no luck.<sup>3</sup>

Another saying of Pythagoras was this: "If you stumble at the threshold in going out, you should turn back."<sup>4</sup> In the Highlands of Scotland and among the Saxons of Transylvania it is deemed unlucky to stumble on the threshold in going out on a journey.<sup>5</sup> Amongst the Malays, if a person stumbles on leaving the steps of a house on particular business, it is unlucky, and the business is abandoned for the time.<sup>6</sup> In Sumatra, if a Batta stumbles in leaving the house, it bodes ill-luck, and he thinks it better to abandon the journey and stay at home.<sup>7</sup>

Again, Pythagoras said: "If a weasel cross your path, turn back."<sup>8</sup> This was a common rule in Greece. In the "Characters" of Theophrastus the Superstitious Man would not go on if a weasel crossed his path; he waited till some one else had traversed the road, or until he had thrown three stones across it. The Zulus think that if a weasel crosses their path they will get no food at the place

<sup>1</sup> Otto Knoop, *Volkssagen, etc., aus dem östlichen Hinterpommern*, 163.

<sup>2</sup> Witzschel, *Sagen, Sitten und Gebräuche aus Thüringen*, 284.

<sup>3</sup> *Antananarivo Annual and Madagascar Magazine*, viii, 30.

<sup>4</sup> *Fragm. Phil. Gr.*, l. c.

<sup>5</sup> *Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century*, from the MSS. of John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, edited by Alex. Allardyce (Edinburgh, 1888), ii, 456; Haltrich, *Zur Volkskunde der Siebenbürger Sachsen*, 316.

<sup>6</sup> *Straits Branch R. Asiatic Soc., Notes and Queries*, i, p. 18.

<sup>7</sup> J. B. Neumann, "Het Pane en Bila-Stroomgebied op het eiland Sumatra," *Tijdschrift van het Nederlandsch Aardrijks. Genootschap*, 2de Ser., dl. iii, Afdeeling: Meer uitgebreide artikelen, No. 3, p. 515 seq.

<sup>8</sup> *Fragm. Phil. Gr.*, l. c.

whither they are going.<sup>1</sup> In Ireland, to meet a weasel under certain circumstances is unlucky.<sup>2</sup> A weasel crossing the path was regarded as an omen by the Aztecs.

Further, Pythagoras warned his followers against stepping over a broom.<sup>4</sup> In some parts of Bavaria, housemaids, in sweeping out the house, are careful not to step over the broom for fear of the witches.<sup>5</sup> Again, it is a Bavarian rule not to step over a broom while a confinement is taking place in a house ; otherwise the birth will be tedious, and the child will always remain small with a large head. But if anyone has stepped over a broom inadvertently, he can undo the spell by stepping backwards over it again.<sup>6</sup> So in Bombay they say you should never step across a broom, or you will cause a woman to suffer severely in childbed.<sup>7</sup>

Again, it was a precept of Pythagoras not to run a nail or a knife into a man's footprints.<sup>8</sup> This, from the primitive point of view, was really a moral, not merely a prudential precept. For it is a world-wide superstition that by injuring footprints you injure the feet that made them. Thus, in Mecklenburg it is thought that if you thrust a nail into a man's footprints the man will go lame.<sup>9</sup> The Australian blacks held exactly the same view. "Seeing a Tatūngolūng very lame," says Mr. Howitt, "I asked him what was the matter? He said, 'Some fellow has put *bottle* in my foot.' I asked him to let me see it. I found he was probably suffering from acute rheumatism. He explained that some enemy must have found his foot-

<sup>1</sup> Callaway, *Nursery Tales, etc., of the Zulus*, p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> M'Mahon, *Karens of the Golden Chersonese*, 273.

<sup>3</sup> Bancroft, *Native Races of the Pacific States*, iii, 128.

<sup>4</sup> Hippolytus, *Refut. omn. haeres.*, vi, 27.

<sup>5</sup> Lammert, *Volksmedizin und medizinischer Aberglaube in Bayern*, 38.

<sup>6</sup> Wuttke, *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube*<sup>2</sup>, § 574.

<sup>7</sup> *Indian Notes and Queries*, iv, 104.

<sup>8</sup> *Fragm. Phil. Gr.*, l. c.

<sup>9</sup> Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Mecklenburg*, ii, Nos. 1597, 1598 ; cp. *id.*, No. 1611a seq.

track, and have buried in it a piece of broken bottle. The magic influence, he believed, caused it to enter his foot. When following down Cooper's Creek in search of Burke's party, we were followed one day by a large number of blackfellows, who were much interested in looking at and measuring the footprints of the horses and camels. My blackboy, from the Darling River, rode up to me, with the utmost alarm exhibited in his face, and exclaimed, 'Look at these wild blackfellows!' I said, 'Well, they are all right.' He replied, 'I am sure those fellows are putting poison in my footsteps!'<sup>1</sup> Amongst the Karens of Burma, evil-disposed persons "keep poisoned fangs in their possession for the purpose of killing people. These they thrust into the footmarks of the person they wish to kill, who soon finds himself with a sore foot, and the marks on it as bitten by a dog. The sore becomes rapidly worse and worse till death ensues."<sup>2</sup> The Damaras of South Africa take earth from the footprints of a lion and throw it on the track of an enemy, with the wish, "May the lion kill you."<sup>3</sup> This superstition is turned to account by hunters in many parts of the world for the purpose of running down the game. Thus, a German huntsman will stick a nail taken from a coffin into the fresh spoor of the animal he is hunting, believing that this will prevent the quarry from leaving the hunting-ground.<sup>4</sup> Australian blacks put hot embers in the tracks of the animals they are pursuing<sup>5</sup>; Hottentot hunters throw into the air a handful of sand taken from the footprints of the game, believing that this will bring the animal down<sup>6</sup>; and Ojebway Indians place "medicine" on the first deer's or

<sup>1</sup> Fison and Howitt, *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, 250. Cp. Brough Smyth, *Aborigines of Victoria*, i, 476 seq.

<sup>2</sup> Mason, "The Karens," *Journal R. Asiatic Soc.*, 1868, pt. ii, p. 149.

<sup>3</sup> Josaphat Hahn, "Die Ovaherero," *Zeitschrift d. Gesell. f. Erdkunde zu Berlin*, iv, 503.

<sup>4</sup> Wuttke, *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube*<sup>2</sup>, § 186.

<sup>5</sup> Dawson, *Australian Aborigines*, 54.

<sup>6</sup> Theophilus Hahn, *Tsuni-|| Goam*, p. 84 seq.

bear's track that they meet with, supposing that even if the animal be two or three days' journey off, they will now soon sight it, the charm possessing the power of shortening the journey from two or three days to a few hours.<sup>1</sup> The Zulus resort to a similar device to recover strayed cattle. Earth taken from the footprints of the missing beasts is placed in the chief's vessel, a magic circle is made, and the chief's vessel is placed within it. Then the chief says, "I have now conquered them. These cattle are now here; I am now sitting upon them. I do not know in what way they will escape."<sup>2</sup>

We can now understand why Pythagoras said that when you rise from bed you should efface the impression left by your body on the bedclothes.<sup>3</sup> For obviously the same magical process might be applied by an enemy to the impress of the body which we have just seen to be applied to the impress of the foot. The aborigines of Australia cause magical substances to enter the body of an enemy by burying them either in his footprints or in the mark made on the ground by his reclining body,<sup>4</sup> or they beat the place where the man sat—the place must be still warm—with a pointed stick, which is then believed to enter the victim's body and kill him.<sup>5</sup> To secure the good behaviour of an ally with whom they have just had a conference, the Basutos will cut and preserve the grass upon which the ally sat during the interview.<sup>6</sup> The grass is apparently regarded as a sort of hostage for his good behaviour, since through it they believe they could punish him if he proved false. Moors who write on the sand are superstitiously careful to

<sup>1</sup> Peter Jones, *History of the Ojebway Indians*, 154.

<sup>2</sup> Callaway, *Religious System of the Amasulu*, 346 seq.

<sup>3</sup> Jamblichus, *Adhort. ad philos.*, 21; Plutarch, *Quæst. Conviv.*, viii, 7; Clemens Alexand., *Strom.*, v, 5, p. 661, Pott. Cp. Diogenes Laert., viii, i, 17; Suidas, s. v. "Pythagoras".

<sup>4</sup> A. W. Howitt, "On Australian Medicine Men," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xvi, 26 seq.

<sup>5</sup> Brough Smyth, *Aborigines of Victoria*, i, 475.

<sup>6</sup> Casalis, *The Basutos*, 273.



smooth away all the impressions they have made, never leaving a stroke or a dot of the finger on the sand after they have finished writing.<sup>1</sup> Pythagoras also enjoined his disciples when they lifted a pot from the ashes always to efface the mark left by the pot on the ashes.<sup>2</sup> He probably feared that the persons who ate out of the pot might be magically injured by any enemy who should tamper with the impression left on the ashes by the pot. The obligation of this Pythagorean precept is acknowledged at the other end of the world by the natives of Cambodia. They say that when you lift a pot from the fire you should be careful not to set it down on the ashes, if you can help it; but if it is necessary to do so, you should at least be careful, in lifting it from the ashes, to obliterate the impression which it has made. The reason they give is, that to act otherwise would lead to poverty and want.<sup>3</sup> But this is clearly an afterthought, devised to explain a rule of which the original meaning was forgotten.

Such, then, are specimens, and only specimens, of the savage superstitions which, under the name of the symbols of Pythagoras, passed muster in antiquity as the emanations of a profound philosophy and an elevated morality.<sup>4</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Richardson, *Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara*, ii, 65.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch, *Quæst. Conviv.*, viii, 7; Jamblichus, *Adhort. ad philos.*, 21; Clemens Alexand., *Strom.*, vi, 5, p. 661, Pott; Diogenes Laertius, viii, 1, 17; Suidas, s. v. "Pythagoras".

<sup>3</sup> E. Aymonier, "Notes sur les coutumes et croyances superstitieuses des Cambodgiens," *Cochinchine Française, Excursions et Reconnaissances*, No. 16, p. 163.

<sup>4</sup> Collections, more or less complete, of the "symbols" of Pythagoras will be found in the lives of Pythagoras by Diogenes Laertius (viii, 1), Jamblichus, and Porphyry, the *Adhortatio ad philosophiam* of Jamblichus; Suidas, s. v. "Pythagoras"; Plutarch, *Isis et Osiris*, 10; *id.*, *De educat. puerorum*, 17; *id.*, *Quæst. Conviv.*, viii, 7; Clemens Alexand., *Strom.*, v, 5; Athenæus, p. 452 DE; Hippolytus, *Refut. omn. hæres.*, vi, 26 seq. They are given in a collected form by Mullach in his *Fragmenta philosophorum Græcorum*, i, p. 504 seq., though his references to the authorities are not always complete.

fact that they did so pass muster with the wisest of the ancients conclusively establishes the point I am concerned to prove, namely, that beneath the polished surface of classical civilisation there lay a deep and solid stratum of savagery, not differing in kind from the savagery of Australian blackfellows, Zulus, and Ojebways. It lay beneath the surface, but not far beneath it. There, as everywhere, you had only to scratch civilisation to find savagery. And the helpless bewilderment of classical writers in face of the few specimens of native savagery which cropped up on the surface, shows how little conception they had of the depths of superstition which lay beneath their feet.

I have dwelt at some length on the symbols of Pythagoras, and their resemblance to, or rather identity with, the superstitions of savages at home and abroad, because they furnish a strong proof of the truth of the propositions from which I set out. But it would be unfair to Pythagoras to leave the whole burden of proof upon his shoulders. So, if I have not already taxed the reader's patience too far, I will now give a few specimens of classical superstitions drawn from other sources.

Wherever people are directly and visibly dependent for their daily bread, not on their fellow men, but on the forces of nature, there superstition strikes root and flourishes. It is a weed that finds a more congenial soil in the woods and fields than among city streets. The ancient Greek farmer was certainly not less superstitious than our own Hodge. Amongst the foes whom the husbandman has always to fear are the storms and hail which beat down his corn, the weeds which choke it, and the vermin which devour it. For each and all of these the ancient farmer had remedies of his own. Take hail, for example. At the town of Cleonæ, in Argolis, there were watchmen maintained at the public expense to look out for hail-storms.

On p. 510 Mullach gives, from MSS., a valuable collection of "symbols", many of which are not found in the printed texts of classical writers.

When they saw a hail-cloud approaching they made a signal, whereupon the farmers turned out and sacrificed lambs or fowls. They believed that when the clouds had tasted the blood they would turn aside and go somewhere else. *Hoc rides? accipe quod rideas magis.* If any man was too poor to afford a lamb or a fowl, he pricked his finger with a sharp instrument, and offered his own blood to the clouds; and the hail, we are told, turned aside from his fields quite as readily as from those where it had been propitiated with the blood of victims. If the vines and crops suffered from a hail-storm, the watchmen were brought before the magistrates and punished for neglect of duty.<sup>1</sup> Apparently, it formed part of their duty not only to signal the approach of a storm, but actively to assist in averting it, for Plutarch speaks of the mole's blood and bloody rags by which they sought to turn the storm away.<sup>2</sup> This custom of civilised Greece has its analogue among the wild tribes that lurk in the dense jungles of the Malay Peninsula. Thunder is greatly dreaded by these savages. Accordingly, "when it thunders the women cut their legs with knives till the blood flows, and then, catching the drops in a piece of bamboo, they cast them aloft towards the sky, to propitiate the angry deities."<sup>3</sup> The Aztecs, also, had sorcerers, whose special business it was to turn aside the hail-storms from the maize crops and direct them to waste lands.<sup>4</sup> A Roman way of averting hail was to hold up a looking-glass to the dark cloud; seeing itself in the glass, the cloud, it was believed, would pass by. A tortoise laid on its back on the field, or the skin of a crocodile, hyæna, or seal car-

<sup>1</sup> Seneca, *Quæst. Natur.*, iv, 6 seq.; Clemens Alexand., *Strom.*, vi, § 31, p. 754 seq., Pott.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch, *Quæst. Conviv.*, vii, 2.

<sup>3</sup> *Journal of the Straits Branch of the R. Asiatic Society*, No. 4, p. 48.

<sup>4</sup> Sahagun, *Histoire générale des choses de la Nouvelle Espagne* (Paris, 1880), p. 486. Cp. *id.*, p. 314, with Ellis, *History of Madagascar*, i, 412, (ashes thrown to the clouds to melt the clouds into rain).

ried about the farm, and hung up at the door, was also esteemed effective for the same purpose.<sup>1</sup>

The little town of Methana, in Argolis, stood on a peninsula jutting out into the Saronic Gulf. It felt the full force of the south-west wind, which, sweeping over the bay, wrought havoc among the surrounding vineyards. To prevent its ravages the following plan was adopted. When dark clouds were seen rising in the south-west, and the approach of the storm was marked by a black line crawling across the smooth surface of the bay, two men took a cock with white wings (every feather of the wings had to be white) and rent it in two. Then they each took one-half of the bird and ran with it round the vineyards in opposite directions till they met at the point from which they started. There they buried the cock. This ceremony was believed to keep off the south-west wind.<sup>2</sup> The meaning of the ceremony is perhaps explained by the following East Indian custom. When the sky is overcast the skipper of a Malay prao takes the white or yellow feathers of a cock, fastens them to a leaf of a particular sort, and sets then in the forecastle, with a prayer to the spirits that they will cause the black clouds to pass by. Then the cock is killed. The skipper whitens his dusky hand with chalk, points thrice with his whitened finger to the black clouds, and throws the bird into the sea.<sup>3</sup> Clearly the idea of the Greek husbandman and the Malay skipper is, that the white-winged bird will flutter against and beat away the black-winged spirit of the storm.

To rid a field of mice the Greek farmer was recommended to proceed as follows:—"Take a sheet of paper, and write on it these words: 'Ye mice here present, I adjure you that ye injure me not, neither suffer another

<sup>1</sup> Palladius, *De re rust.*, i, 35 ; *Geoponica*, i, 14. For other remedies, see *Geoponica*, l. c. ; Philostratus, *Heroica*, p. 281, Didot.

<sup>2</sup> Pausanias, ii, 34, 1.

<sup>3</sup> Riedel, *De sluik- en kroesharige rassen tusschen Selebes en Papua*, 412 seq.

mouse to injure me. I give you yonder field' (specifying the field); 'but if ever I catch you here again, by the help of the Mother of the gods I will rend you in seven pieces.' Write this, and stick the paper on an unhewn stone in the field where the mice are, taking care to keep the written side uppermost."<sup>1</sup> It is fair to add that the writer in the *Geoponica* who records this receipt adds, in a saving clause, that "he does not himself believe it all, God forbid!" To keep wolves from his beasts, a Roman farmer used to catch a wolf, break its legs, sprinkle its blood all round the farm, and bury the carcass in the middle of it; or he took the ploughshare with which the first furrow had been traced that year and put it in the fire on the family hearth. So long as the ploughshare remained red-hot, so long no ravening wolf would harry his fold.<sup>2</sup>

Greek farmers were much pestered by a rank weed called the lion-weed, which infested their fields. The *Geoponica*, as usual, comes to the rescue. Here are some of its receipts:—"Take five potsherds; draw on each of them in chalk or other white substance a picture of Hercules strangling the lion. Deposit four of these potsherds at the corners of the field, and the fifth in the middle. The lion-weed will never show face in that field." Here is another receipt taken from the same golden treasury: "A lion is very much afraid of a cock, and sneaks away with his tail between his legs when he sees one. So, if a man will boldly take a cock in his arms and march with it round the field, the lion-weed will immediately disappear."<sup>3</sup>

It was a common superstition in ancient Italy that if a woman were found spinning on a highroad, the crops would be spoiled for that year. So general and firmly rooted was this belief, that in most parts of Italy it was forbidden by law for a woman to spin on a highway, or even to carry her spindle uncovered along it.<sup>4</sup> As a last

<sup>1</sup> *Geoponica*, xiii, 5.

<sup>2</sup> Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxviii, 266 seq.

<sup>3</sup> *Geoponica*, ii, 42.

<sup>4</sup> Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxviii, 28.

instance of these agricultural superstitions, I will mention that when a Greek sower sowed cummin he had to curse and swear all the while he did so, otherwise the crop would not turn out well.<sup>1</sup> Similarly, Esthonian fishermen think that they never have such good luck as when somebody is angry with them and curses them. So, before a fisherman goes out to fish, he commonly plays a rough practical joke on some of his house-mates, such as hiding the key of the cupboard, upsetting a kettle of soup, and so on. The more they curse and swear at him, the more fish he will catch; every curse brings at least three fish into the net.<sup>2</sup>

Under the head of what may be called domestic folklore, I must content myself with a Greek cure for the sting of a scorpion and a couple of Roman superstitions relative to child-birth. If a man has been stung by a scorpion, the *Geoponica* recommends that he should sit on an ass with his face to the tail, or whisper in the ass's ear, "A scorpion has stung me." In either case, we are assured, the pain will pass from the man into the ass.<sup>3</sup> The wood-spirit Silvanus was believed to be very inimical to women in child-bed. So, to keep him out of a house where a woman was expecting her confinement, three men used to go through the house by night armed respectively with an axe, a pestle, and a broom. At every door they stopped, and the first man struck the threshold with his axe, the second with his pestle, and the third swept it with his broom. This kept Silvanus from entering the house.<sup>4</sup> When his wife was in hard labour, a Roman husband used to take a stone or any missile that had killed three animals—a boar, a bear, and a man. This he threw over the roof of the house, and immediately the child was born. A

<sup>1</sup> Theophrastus, *Histor. Plant.*, viii, 3; Plutarch, *Quæst. Conviv.*, vii, 2, 2.

<sup>2</sup> Boecler-Kreutzwald, *Der Ehsten abergläubische Gebräuche*, 90 seq.

<sup>3</sup> *Geoponica*, xiii, 9, xv, 1; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxviii, 155.

<sup>4</sup> Augustine, *De civit. dei*, vi, 9.

javelin which had been plucked from the body of a man, and had not since touched the ground, was the best instrument for the purpose.<sup>1</sup>

Now for war. There is a common belief in modern times that great battles bring on clouds and rain through the atmospheric disturbances set up by the rolling reverberation of the artillery. During the American Civil War it was a matter of common observation that rain followed the great battles. I have been told, by one who took part in the battle of Solferino, that the day was dull and rainy; indeed, the Austrian commander attributed the loss of the battle to a terrific thunderstorm which burst over the field and obscured the movements of powerful masses of the enemy. The belief that heavy firing brings down rain is indeed so rooted, that a civil engineer wrote a book not many years ago to prove it, and a gentleman of scientific tastes read a paper to the same effect before the British Association in 1874.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps they would have spared themselves the trouble if they had been aware, first, that as late as the beginning of this century the belief was just the reverse, and batteries were regularly kept by many French Communes for the sole purpose of dispersing the clouds<sup>3</sup>; and second, that the theory which connects great battles with heavy rain is very much older than the invention of gunpowder. After describing the defeat of the Teutons by the Romans under Marius, Plutarch mentions a popular saying, that great

<sup>1</sup> Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxviii, 33 seq.

<sup>2</sup> "On Disturbance of the Weather by Artificial Influences, especially Battles, Military Movements, Great Explosions, and Conflagrations," by R. B. Belcher. See Report of the meeting of the British Association for 1874, *Transactions of the Sections*, p. 36.

<sup>3</sup> *Journal and Proceedings of the R. Society of N. S. Wales*, xvi (1882), p. 12. The address of the President (p. 11 seq.) contains a judicious discussion of the whole question. The earlier view must have been shared by Southey, for, in describing a naval action in the Mediterranean, he says "the firing made a perfect calm" (*Life of Nelson*, ch. iii).

battles are accompanied by heavy rain, and he suggests as possible explanations of the supposed fact, either that the atmospheric moisture is condensed by the exhalations from the slain, or that some pitying god cleanses the bloody earth with the gentle rain of heaven.

When a Roman army sat down before a city to besiege it, the priests used to invite the guardian gods of the city to leave it and come over to the Roman side, assuring them that they would be treated by the Romans as well as, or better than, they had ever been treated by their former worshippers. This invitation was couched in a set form of prayer or incantation, which was not expunged from the Pontifical liturgy even in Pliny's time. The name of the guardian god of Rome was always kept a profound secret, lest the enemies of Rome should entice him by similar means to desert the city.<sup>1</sup> So, when the natives of Tahiti were besieging a fortress, they used to take the finest mats, cloth, and so on, as near to the ramparts as they could with safety, and there, holding them up, offered them to the gods of the besieged, while the priests cried out, "*Tane* in the fortress, *Oro* in the fortress, etc., come to the sea; here are your offerings." The priests of the besieged, on the other hand, endeavoured to detain the gods by exhibiting whatever property they possessed, if they feared that the god was likely to leave them.<sup>2</sup>

Like modern peasants, the ancients believed that the ghosts of slaughtered warriors appear by night on the battle-field, and fight their battles over again. At Marathon the neighing of horses and the noise of battle could be heard every night.<sup>3</sup> The sound of the sea breaking on the shore in the stillness of night may have originated

<sup>1</sup> Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxviii, 18; Macrobius, *Saturn.*, iii, 9, 2 *seq.*; Servius on Virgil, *Æn.*, ii, 351; Livy, v, 21. On the secret name of Rome itself, see Macrobius, *l. c.*; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, iii, 65; Joannes Lydus, *De Mensibus*, iv, 50.

<sup>2</sup> Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, i, 316, cp. 280 (ed. 1832).

<sup>3</sup> Pausanias, i, 32, 4.



or confirmed the belief. In Bœotia there was a place called "The Horses of Pyræchmes", and the local legend ran that Pyræchmes was a King of Eubœa who had fought against Bœotia long ago, and, being defeated, had been bound to horses and torn in two. A river ran by the spot, and in the rush of the river people fancied that they heard the snorting of the phantom steeds.<sup>1</sup> Again, the whole plain of Troy was haunted ground. The shepherds and herdsmen who pastured their flocks and herds on it used to see tall and stately phantoms, from the manner of whose appearance they presaged what was about to happen. If the phantoms were white with dust, it meant a parching summer. If beads of sweat stood on their brows, it foretold heavy rains and spates on the rivers. If they came dabbled in blood, it boded pestilence. But if there was neither dust nor sweat nor blood on them, the shepherds augured a fine season, and offered sacrifice from their flocks. The spectre of Achilles was always known from the rest by his height, his beauty, and his gleaming arms, and he rode on a whirlwind.<sup>2</sup> In the late Roman empire legend told how, after a great battle fought against Attila and the Huns under the walls of Rome, the ghosts of the slain appeared and fought for three days and nights. The phantom warriors could be seen charging each other, and the clang of their weapons was distinctly heard.<sup>3</sup> Stories of the same sort, which it would be needless to cite at length, are told about battle-fields to this day. Terrified peasants have seen the spectral armies locked in desperate conflict, have felt the ground shake beneath their tread, and have heard the music of the fifes and drums.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch, *Parallela*, 7.

<sup>2</sup> Philostratus, *Heroica*, iii, § 18, 26.

<sup>3</sup> Damascius, *Vita Isidori*, 63.

<sup>4</sup> K. Lynker, *Deutsche Sagen und Sitten in hessischen Gauen*, pp. 11-13; P. Sébillot, *Traditions et Superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne*, i, 222; E. Veckenstedt, *Die Mythen, Sagen, und Legenden der Zamaiten* (Litauer), ii, p. 140; *Indian Antiquary*, ix (1880), p. 80. Cf. F. Liebrecht, *Gervasius von Tilbury*, 195 seq.

A word about were-wolves, and I have done. Few superstitions are more familiar in modern times than this one. Certain men, it is believed, possess the power of turning themselves into wolves and back again at pleasure. Or they are forced to become wolves for a time, but may, under certain conditions, recover their human shape. All this was believed as firmly by superstitious people in antiquity as it has been believed by the same class of persons in modern times. There is a certain mountain in Arcadia which towers over its sister peaks, and commands from its top a prospect over a great part of the Morea. The mountain was known to the ancients as the Wolf Mountain (Mt. Lycæus), and on its summit stood the earthen altar of the Wolf God (Zeus Lycæus). East of the altar stood two columns, surmounted by gilt eagles. Once a year a mysterious sacrifice was offered at the altar, in the course of which a man was believed to be changed into a wolf. Accounts differ as to the way in which the were-wolf was chosen. According to one account, a human victim was sacrificed, one of his bowels was mixed with the bowels of animal victims, the whole was consumed by the worshippers, and the man who unwittingly ate the human bowel was changed into a wolf.<sup>1</sup> According to another account, lots were cast among the members of a particular family, and he upon whom the lot fell was the were-wolf. Being led to the brink of a tarn, he stripped himself, hung his clothes on an oak-tree, plunged into the tarn, and, swimming across it, went away into desert places. There he was changed into a wolf and herded with wolves for nine years. If he tasted human blood before the nine years were out he had to remain a wolf for ever. But if during the nine years he abstained from preying on men, then, when the tenth year came round, he recovered his human shape.<sup>2</sup> Similarly, there is a negro

<sup>1</sup> Plato, *Repub.*, 565 DE.

<sup>2</sup> Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, viii, 81 ; Pausanias, vi, 8, viii, 2. On the altar at the top of Mt. Lycæus, see Pausanias, viii, 38, 7.

family at the mouth of the Congo who are supposed to possess the power of turning themselves into leopards in the gloomy depths of the forest. As leopards, they knock people down, but do no further harm, for they think that if, as leopards, they once lapped blood, they would be leopards for ever.<sup>1</sup>

In the "Banquet of Trimalchio" there is a typical were-wolf story,<sup>2</sup> with which I will conclude this paper. Some points in it are explained by the belief of the Breton peasants, that if a were-wolf be wounded to the effusion of blood, he is thereby obliged to resume his human form, and that the man will then be found to have on his body the very same wound which was inflicted on the wolf.<sup>3</sup> The story is put in the mouth of one Niceros. Late at night he left the town to visit a friend of his, a widow, who lived at a farm five miles down the road. He was accompanied by a soldier, who lodged in the same house, a man of Herculean build. When they set out it was near dawn, but the moon shone as bright as day. Passing through the outskirts of the town they came amongst the tombs, which lined the highroad for some distance. There the soldier made an excuse for retiring among the monuments, and Niceros sat down to wait for him, humming a tune and counting the tombstones. In a little he looked round at his companion, and what he saw froze him with horror. The soldier had stripped off his clothes to the last rag and laid them at the side of the highway. Then he performed a certain ceremony over them, and immediately was changed into a wolf, and ran howling into the forest. When Niceros had recovered himself a little he went to pick up the clothes, but found that they were turned to stone. Almost dead with fear, he drew his sword, and, striking at every

<sup>1</sup> A. Bastian, *Die deutsche Expedition an der Loango-Küste*, ii, 248.

<sup>2</sup> Petronius, 61 *seq.*

<sup>3</sup> Sébillot, *Traditions et Superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne*, i, 291 *seq.*

shadow cast by the tombstones on the moonlit road tottered to his friend's house. He entered it like a ghost, to the surprise of the widow, who wondered to see him abroad so late. "If you had only been here a little ago," said she, "you might have been of some use. For a wolf came tearing into the yard, scaring the cattle and bleeding them like a butcher. But he did not get off so easily, for the servant speared him in the neck." After hearing these words, Niceros felt that he could not close an eye, so he hurried away home again. It was now broad daylight, but when he came to the place where the clothes had been turned to stone, he found only a pool of blood. He reached home, and there lay the soldier in bed like an ox in the shambles, and the doctor was bandaging his neck.

J. G. FRAZER.

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## LEGENDS FROM TORRES STRAITS.

### II.

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#### X.—THE STORY OF GREEDY GOBA.

*(As narrated by Kanai (now Gizu), the Chief of Badu.)*

**I**N former days, on the leeward side of Badu, lay the village of Ergan, and Wakaid was situated to windward, that is to say, on the south-eastern side of the island.

The men of Wakaid told their women to go to Ergan to sell *biuu* (1) for turtle meat, but Goba volunteered, saying, "Give me. I go to Ergan and sell for you," and they permitted him. Halfway across the island are two hills; arriving between them, he sat down and ate all the *biuu*; when he had finished he proceeded on his way to Ergan. The inhabitants of this village had just caught a considerable number of turtle, and they gave him a large supply to sell to the Wakaid folk.

Having slept that night at Ergan, Goba set off in the early morning, and when he came to the spot between the two hills he again rested and ate up all the turtle. When he arrived at the camp the Wakaid men asked him where the turtle was, and he replied that they had none at the other village. He slept.

The first thing in the morning the Wakaid men said, "Who will go to Ergan?" Goba said, "I will go again," and they filled up a basket with *biuu*. Again he rested halfway and ate as much of the *biuu* as he could. On arriving at Ergan the men there asked him where the *biuu* was, and Goba told a lie, and said none was sent. As they had been fortunate in their turtle-fishing they gave him a load

of the meat to carry back to Wakaid. He made a good supper off turtle and slept there.

At "small daylight" he marched off to windward with his turtle-meat, but once more he ate it all up, and then concluded his repast with a mixture of turtle-oil and the mangrove he had left over on the previous occasion. The old lie of the bad luck of the Ergan people was told on his return home.

Next morning he again started with biiu for Ergan. When he had satisfied his hunger at his usual halting-place he hid what remained over. The Ergan men once more inquired after the biiu which Goba should have brought in payment of the turtle they had previously given to him, but they were put off with the ordinary excuse. On this occasion they gave him a segment of bamboo filled with turtle-oil (2), but this was utilised by Goba on his way home as a relish to the biiu he had hidden in the bush. He arrived home empty-handed as usual.

The first thing next morning the men in the men's quarters (or *kwod*) said, "Which man want to go to Ergan?" Goba said, "Me, I go"; and the old story was repeated. In the meantime the Ergan men yarned, "We send some turtle, he no sell biiu, we think he eat it all." Turtle-meat was again given to Goba, and on the following morning two men were sent after him to play the spy. When Goba sat down in his accustomed halting-place the two men hid themselves in the bush and watched. When Goba left the two men examined the remains of the feast, and made their report on their return to Ergan. Goba returned to Wakaid and slept, all unknowing that his trick had been found out.

Once more Goba was commissioned to trade, but toll was again taken, and he went down empty-handed to Ergan. Although the men knew all about his goings-on they gave him some turtle-meat.

Next morning, "when wild fowl he sing out"(3), a

number of Ergan men went to Goba's resting-place and hid themselves. When he was ready to start the women gave Goba his turtle, and he set out for home with his burden. Arriving halfway he sat down and feasted on the turtle and on the biiu which he had previously put on one side. The Ergan men stealthily came close to him, and having no weapons, they armed themselves with sticks and stones. Goba kept on eating, and, when gorged, fell asleep. Seizing this favourable opportunity, they attacked him. Goba called out, "You, no good you kill me," and he did not know how to fight. After explaining the reason for their conduct they killed him. Then they erected a cairn of sticks and stones over his corpse (4).

The Ergan men commissioned two young men to go to Wakaid to tell the people there all about it. The Wakaid men said, "Very good job you kill him."

#### XI.—THE MIGRATION OF BIA.

Bia, a native of Badu, one day walked to leeward of his village to the mangrove swamp; there he made an earth oven, *amai*, and cooked himself two portions of mangrove biiu, which he put into a basket, and walked on till he came to a creek—"sesa." Finding a nice stretch of sand, he cut himself a small javelin of the hard *dukun* wood; when finished, he threw it vigorously with his *kobai* (throwing-stick), and it penetrated some distance into the ground. On pulling it up water gushed forth, and there is still a permanent water-hole at the spot (1). For sport Bia kept on throwing the spear, till at length he accidentally transfixed a man through the chest who was lying on the sand, and whom he had not observed. The wounded man, Itar of Gradz, a small island south of Badu, immediately ran into the bush, the blood streaming from him. Bia followed and caught him, and threw him into the sea, saying, "A hole in the rock is your house," and straightway Itar swam away as a small dogfish ("*Itar*"—

*Chiloscyllium*), which to this day bears the mark of Bia's spear-thrust.

Bia then walked on the water southward, on and on ; he looked behind him at his old home Badu ; he also caught a *gapu* (sucker fish), which he put in his basket. Then on and on again till he came to Waiben (Thursday Island), where he fished with the natives. They only caught an Itar, but Bia secured a gapu, and thus was able to catch a turtle. The same good fortune attended him at Muralug, which he next visited. At length he came to the mainland, and went up a river (? Jardine River) ; seeing a female turtle, he seized and had connection with her, and in due time she bore him a child. Bia became permanently affixed to the turtle, and still lives in a deep hole in the river.

## XII.—THE SAD END OF YAWAR.

*(As told by Kirer of Badu.)*

Yawar of Badu was a famous gardener, and the yams and bananas grew rapidly in his garden, which was situated on the hill Gizö, on the windward side of the island.

The yams of the Madub men who lived at Samun grew only during the north-west season, whereas Yawar always had a good supply. So, one day, the Madub men sent a deputation of two of their number to discover the secret of Yawar's success. The two men said to Yawar, "How you make a garden? When you make him, he grow quick ; when we make him, he take long time—not till *Kuki* (the nor-west or rainy season) comes ; best thing you learn us." "Very well," replied Yawar, "see you no forget ; you Madub men put yam in ground, you see me, I make heap first, then I put yam in, now you savvy." And he showed them how he did it, until they understood it. The men returned home, but soon forgot what Yawar had told them ; so that year their yams did not do well.

Next year a deputation of four men was sent to Yawar, and Yawar cut a flat stick and shovelled up the earth



into a hillock, and explained fully his method of setting yams ; but the men forgot everything on their way home. On their return they were asked, "You fellow got him?" (*i.e.*, "Know how to do it"). "No," they replied, "we forget again."

In the following year a third party was sent, consisting this time of six men. Yawar said to them, "How many times am I to teach you?" and again he carefully instructed them. The men forgot all the information as they were travelling homewards.

Lastly, all the Madub men set out for Gizö, each carrying his throwing-stick suspended from the collar-bone by its hook. Yawar did not notice them ; they came like spirits. On their arrival they hooked Yawar, and dragged him along the ground, he crying out, "Very good, you leave me now, I got woman and children, no kill me." First they took him to Moa, where they informed him they would transport him to Mer, and Yawar said, "No good you kill me, I got woman and children. I learn you good to make garden, and you forget ; no fault along me." But the men paid no heed to him, and dragged him along the ground, and took him in a canoe to Mer. On their arrival at Mer they dragged him, raw and bleeding, up the steep, smooth side of the hill Gelam.

### XIII.—HOW TIAI INAUGURATED FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

*(As told by Kirer of Badu.)*

On a small sand-beach named Boigu, amongst the mangrove swamps on the western side of Moa, lived a married woman named Aukwũm, and Wauwà, her unmarried sister.

One day Aukwũm put her baby boy, Tiai, into a basket and hung him up on a tree outside her house whilst she went to spear fish, it then being low tide. She found a pool on the reef full of big fish, so she soon filled up her basket and returned home. After cooking and eating some fish

she erected a light framework (*noi*) over the fire on which to dry and smoke the remainder. This done, she slept.

During the night "Wauwa's inside tell herself, 'Why she no give me fish—I sister?'"

At daybreak, after Tiai was suspended from the tree, Aukwŭm again went on the reef, and speared plenty of fish, and brought them home in a basket. On her return she cleaned the fish, and put most of them on the *noi* to dry; the remainder she boiled in the shell she used as a saucepan, and ate them; but did not give any to Wauwa.

Next day Aukwŭm once more started for the reef, and Wauwa, being "wild inside", took an arrow, and thrusting it through one of the eyes of Tiai, killed him. Meanwhile Aukwŭm was vainly looking for fish. At last she said, "It's a bad day for me, there's something wrong somewhere." When the tide turned she ran home, anxious to get back to Tiai, as she had left him for so long. "Ulloa," she exclaimed, on reaching home, "my boy is dead; I think Wauwa has killed him."

The *mari*, or spirit, of Tiai went to the island of Boigu, and having the appearance of a man, he stopped along with the grown-up men. When Tiai mari arrived, the Boigu men were playing with small spears, which they heaved with both hands, and they received him kindly.

Aukwŭm having prepared the bones of Tiai, hung them in front and behind her, and rubbed her body all over with mud (1). Leaving Boigu, she went to Dabu, a place where the channel between the islands of Moa and Badu was at its narrowest. On the opposite shore of Badu resided a man named Baigoa, who was possessed of more than human powers. Aukwŭm called out to him to ask him to help her to cross the strait between the two islands. At this spot it is a little over a mile wide, and she had no canoe. By his assistance she crossed the channel (2). Baigoa is still to be seen on the shore of Badu, but now he appears as a long rock close to deep water.

In reply to Aukwŭm's inquiries, Baigoa said Tiai was

not there, but had probably stopped at Kulkwoi. Aukwũm at once proceeded to Kulkwoi, and found the men playing at throwing the spear. On seeing Aukwũm they were much alarmed, thinking she was a dorgai; she assured them as to her identity, and showed them Tiai's bones. They informed her that Tiai was not there, but they thought he might be at Zauma. She travelled northward to Zauma, where the men were also practising spear-throwing, but with the same result as before. Following her directions, she went on to Bokũn, and thence to Tulö, the most northerly point of Badu. In both places the spear-throwers could give her no information.

From Tulö Aukwũm walked over the sea (3) to Sipunga on Mabuiag, thence she walked along the beach to Bau (the present village), and lastly went to Dabonai, where the water-hole is on the northern side of the island. Her search was as bootless in Mabuiag as in Badu. She then walked across the sea to Dauan, but with no result; finally she arrived at Boigu.

The men at Boigu were playing at spear-throwing, and Aukwũm stood watching them. When the old men looked round and saw her they called out and said she was a dorgai, but Aukwũm maintained her humanity and made her usual inquiry. It so happened that Tiai was standing close by, and he looked at the bones slung round his mother's neck, and spoke to himself, "I think I am a spirit, and not a man, though I took myself to be one," but he said nothing, and kept on thinking. When all the men had retired to the men's quarters (*kwod*), Tiai, having fully considered the problem, said to them, "Well, old men, you must cut four wooden posts for a *sara* and carry them to a clear space, and not one of you must speak. When the wood is ready you must dig four holes and raise all four posts into them at the same time, then put sand round the base of the posts, and press in tightly, and mind all four are done at the same time. The *sara* posts are to be painted red round the middle and black above

and below ; a roof is to be built over the platform which is to be erected on the four posts."

When all this was done Tiai placed a dugong harpoon on the top and crept inside the erection, he being watched by a crowd of men. Some of the men then softly beat their drums and Tiai made the *sara* shake. When he stopped, the men beat their drums more loudly, and Tiai stood up on the roof, having a dugong harpoon on one side of him and a bow on the other. As the drums were again beaten Tiai seized hold of the dugong harpoon and bow. Once more the drums were beaten and Tiai leaped on to the ground. More loudly still sounded the drums, and Tiai danced his own funeral dance. As Tiai advanced Aukwũm followed ; soon Tiai reached a hole in the ground made by some sorcery-men (*maidēlaig*), which he entered. Aukwũm said, "Well, Tiai, do you leave me now?" Tiai replied, "You come too"; and his mother followed Tiai into the bowels of the earth.

XIV.—NAGA, THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES IN NAGIR.

(*Informant, Kuduma of Nagir.*)

Now Naga of Nagir was learned in the cult of his tribe, he knew how to manufacture the large dance-masks (1), he instructed the people in singing and dancing, and, moreover, he possessed the knowledge of everything relating to the *kwod*, or place set apart for various ceremonies.

Hearing of his fame, a Mabuiag native, Waiāt by name, came to Nagir in order to be instructed how to beat the drum. Naga taught Waiāt what he required, but the latter was mean enough to steal a large mask. Then Naga gave a mask to the inhabitants of Tud, another to those of Waraben, a third to the natives of Moa, and reserved one for his own island. To all the islands Muralug, Waraber, Tud, Yam, Moa, Badu, Mabuiag, Masig, Purma, Aurid, he gave a valve of the "akul". Naga was "wild" because Waiāt stole his mask.

Naga taught the men how to "make *taiai*". He was unmarried, and did not live at the *Taiiai kwod*, but in his own kwod.

#### XV.—WHAT TABU DID IN MURALUG.

Tabu swam from Nagir to Muralug, and arrived at the *kwod* at Waiiza (near Port Lihon, on the south side of Muralug). Tabu, who was a man with a snake's head, went inside the kwod. He made a *buk* (or small mask), and started a dance on an open space. He stayed there for a month and three days (1), and when tired he stopped the dance. He got a *padotu* and *mūri* (2); in the afternoon he ran; all the women were afraid. After that "he made *warup* (a large drum), all the same dance, night and day, get food."

#### XVI.—THE TWO DORGAI OF MURALUG.

(Told by Tuigana, Chief of Muralug.)

Gilukerni, a native of Muralug, walked like a fish—*Mor-baigorābini* (1). One day he was going along the sand-beach to leeward of the island, and opposite to Gialūg (Friday Island). Two Dorgai, who lived closely by, perceived him, and one said, "That man belong to you and me—come, we take him." The Dorgai decked themselves up "flash", caught Gilukerni, and carried him into the bush, where they put him in a rock (probably a cave or crevice), which served as their home.

They then left him, walked about, worked in their yam garden, caught some fish, and made a road. On returning home they found that Gilukerni had taken their absence as his opportunity, and fled. He escaped, and swam to Gialūg, where certain of his people lived, and persuaded some friends to return with him to Muralug, and, taking a couple of stone clubs with them, they killed both the Dorgai. They pulled an arm off one of the Dorgai, but

not from the other ; both then appeared in the sky as stars. Hence the constellation *Mūgi Dorgai* ("small dorgai") is only composed of two stars (body and arm), while the *Kai Dorgai* ("large dorgai") constellation has three stars.

#### XVII.—THE DROWNING OF ADI AND HIS WIVES.

The only tradition which Macgillivray collected was from Muralug, and is as follows:— "The first man created was a great giant named Adi, who, while fishing off Hammond Island, was caught by the rising tide and drowned—Hammond Rock springing up immediately after to mark the spot. His wives, who were watching him at the time, resolved to drown themselves, and were changed into some dry rocks upon an adjacent reef, named after them Ipīle, or the Wives." (*Voyage of the "Rattlesnake"*, ii, p. 30.)

#### XVIII.—THE LEGEND OF MALU.

Four brothers, Malu, Seo, Sigar, and Kulka, left their native island, Muralug, each in his own canoe, and came to a coral reef near Waraber. The wind rose, and soon it blew so hard that the anchor-rope of Sigar's canoe broke, and he called out to his brothers, "I drift away." Ultimately he was stranded on Yam.

The three other canoes went on to Aurid, where Kulka said he would remain.

Malu and Seo proceeded to Masig. Now Malu, the eldest of the four brothers, was a bad man, and misbehaved himself with the women of that island. Seo expostulated with him. This so enraged Malu that he took a long spear (*bager*) and thrust it through Seo from behind, with such vigour that the spear came out in front ; he then threw the body into the sea. The inhabitants of Masig, however, took it up and put it in the bush.

Malu set sail for Mer, but, encountering bad weather, the

canoe broke all to pieces on Saper reef, which lies south-west of Mer. With the assistance of the gunwale boards he swam to Bëgegiz, a village at the south-west of Mer. The men of the Dauerle clan, who inhabit that part of the island, seized him and said, "You stop here, we look for food." They made a stone fence round Bëgegiz, but, as Malu did not get much food, he swam off to Dauar, and landed at the sand-spit, Giar. All the Dauar men who were there caught Malu and put him in a house. They informed him they were going to look for food, and put a rope fence (*bëribei kār*) round him:

Malu looked about him, but could find no food, so he swam round to the south side of the island of Dauar, and landed in the bay of Orme. Here also the men seized him, and made a stone fence round him.

The old story was repeated, but this time he recrossed the channel between Dauar and Mer, and landed at Aund, on the south side of the latter island. There was only a single house, inhabited by a man named Dorg, and his wife, Kabur, in this little cove.

Kabur was line-fishing on the reef at Terker, when Malu swam across the channel. As Malu was pushing the gunwale-board of his wrecked canoe before him, and being all but submerged, he escaped the sight of Kabur, who thought it was merely a drifting canoe. Then Malu changed into an octopus (*ati*), and swam to Kabur, and crawled up her, entwining his arms round her body and neck. He left her with a retreating wave, and then returned; but this time Kabur killed him with the small fish-spear she had, and putting him in her basket, secured the mouth of it with the spear, and deposited the basket in a rock-pool.

Kabur went home and called her husband, and together they went to look at the octopus. She said to him, "This is your zogo" (1). Dorg took the octopus to his house, and hung the basket up which contained it.

At sundown they went to bed, and the wife told her husband all about the catching of it. During the night they

watched the basket, and saw the octopus crawl out of the basket, its eyes shining brightly, while it made a clicking noise. The octopus fell to the ground, and immediately was transformed into the man Malu, who picked up all the shells lying in the house and hit them together. When Malu heard the frogs and cicadas making their respective noises outside [? in response to the rattle Malu made with the shells] (2), he left the house and went all round the island; when he returned he went into the basket as an octopus.

"Dorg think to himself, 'What I do now? I am glad I've got him.'" In the morning he painted himself red all over, put on his gauntlet (*kadig*) and belt, and decorated his head with feathers of the cassowary and of the Torres Straits pigeon. Kabur also painted herself, and remained in the house. Dorg went out and followed the track of Malu all round the island. All the men of the island agreed that Dorg had got a good zogo, and they had a long yarn over it. They instigated Dam and Samekëp, Kabur's younger brothers, to inquire into the matter. The two brothers agreed between themselves to take some food to Kabur, and to have a look at the octopus, and to steal it if they could. So they went to see Kabur, and brought her a present of food without asking for anything; they yarned and yarned. At sundown Kabur asked, "You two go?" "No," they replied, "it's too dark, we sleep here; to-morrow we go." "That best," their sister replied, and they retired to rest, the two brothers occupying a separate bed. They did not sleep, but kept watch. In due time they saw the light shining from the eyes of the octopus. "Ulloa!" they said, "we find him out now." They painted themselves. Dam said, "No talk." Malu came out, walked round the island, and returned into his basket. Then the brothers went into the bush and yarned. "Now we catch him," Dam said; "I take him." The other said "No!" "Yes," he replied, "I take him now."

In the morning Kabur said, "When you two go?" "We



go now," they replied. Kabur gave them some food, and they went into the bush and hid the food. Dorg once more painted himself with red, put on a large gauntlet, and carried five sticks, while he again followed Malu's track. Kabur painted herself, put on plenty of petticoats and ornaments, and stayed behind.

The two brothers returned to the house. Dam entered, and cut the string which suspended the basket, and gave the latter to Samekëp to hold. When Dam got outside he wanted Samekëp to give up the basket as he had taken it; but Samekëp said to Dam, "You go and get a drum and we will dance." Samekëp put on the *ati* (3). Dam took a drum, and Samekëp danced. Dam again asked for the *ati* or octopus. Samekëp said, "No, the drum is good enough for you." The brothers left the *bomai* at the village of Las (4). As they were returning thither the men called out to the brothers, "You got him now?" To which they received this satisfactory answer, "Yes."

Dorg went round the island as far as Gizo, and having run quickly, was very tired. "Heart along him think, these two fellows steal my thing." Then he walked home, and took his bow and arrows, and further armed himself with sharks' teeth fastened on to a stick (5). Kabur took a *kubager*, or sharp piece of wood, and together they went to Las, and talked to the people of that village.

The Las men gave Dorg a pipe of tobacco to smoke, "and they friends." They said, "This belong man, send woman away." Dorg said, "All right, you keep him."

Canoes came from all islands to see Malu, so great did the fame of the zogo become.

#### XIX.—THE MYTH OF THE TAGAI CONSTELLATION.

"One star, Tagai, he got a canoe. Tagai he captain, stop in forehead [bow] of canoe and look out and spear fish. Karëg he mate, stop in stern, plenty men crew. They go over reef, Karëg he pole canoe (1). Tagai spear fish. Sun hot on reef, all men thirsty, and steal water in canoe

belong to captain. Tagai say, 'Why you no pole canoe good? I no spear fish.' By-and-bye he say, 'Where water-bamboo?' (2). He take bamboo and shake it; it empty. 'Who drink water?' Men no talk. Tagai get wild. He get one rope 'gogob' (3), and make fast round neck of six men and chuck into sea; he put name to them, 'all you fellow "Usiam".' Tagai take two *kěf* (4) and call other men in canoe, and kill plenty, and stick the *kěf* through their necks and chuck them in the sea, and call them 'Sěg'. Karěg he live. Tagai tell Karěg, 'You stop, you no steal my water, you push canoe all time.' Man stop in sky all the time. Tagai, Karěg, and canoe stop in one place, Usiam stop in another place, and Sěg stop another place."

XX.—THE ORIGIN OF FIRE AND TOTEMS.

The following legend is from Mr. E. Beardmore's paper on "The Natives of Mowat, Daudai, New Guinea":—"Eguon, described as a large bat, is fabled to have introduced fire to Mowat. A legend goes that a tribe once inhabited Double Island, one of whose members showed fire to come from the left hand, between the thumb and forefinger, whereupon dissension arose and the people were all transformed into animals, birds, reptiles, fish (including dugong and furtle). Eguon found his way to Mowat, the others to different places in the Straits and New Guinea. There appears to have been some friendly arrangement amongst the snakes whereby some took to the land and others to the water." (*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, vol. xix, 1890.)

The Rev. Dr. S. MacFarlane has the following MS. note from Erub:—"A man named Sarkak took it from between his forefinger and thumb."

XXI.—THE MOON.

Dr. MacFarlane also gave me the following note:—"The moon belongs to two men at Erub, and is the

shadow of two stones in their possession, one for the new moon and the other for the full moon. One stone on one side of the island is round like the full moon, the other on the opposite side of Erub is crescentic, like the new moon."

XXII.—NAM ZOGO ; OR, THE MYTH OF THE TURTLE-SPIRITS.

Once upon a time, a number of Murray Islanders, belonging to the clans known as Meurum-le and Komet-le, went in several canoes to the sandbank known as Kerget, to get shell-turtle and *wauri* (1). Though they stayed several days, no turtle were obtained. One man, "Mairuer", said to the coral zogo on the sandbank, "What, you zogo, you ! You no help me get turtle". The spirit was "wild", and numerous spirits of the place combined together and sent a pair of turtle in deep water. A canoe went to catch the turtle. Two men tied some rope on their arm and went to the bow, Mairuer steering. The turtle looked up, and, seeing that Mairuer was not prepared to swim, they dived down. Two other men came forward, with the same result, until Mairuer was alone left. The men said to him, "Mairuer, you only are left. We all try ; we think turtle no want us to catch them. Good thing you try ; we all got bad luck." So Mairuer tied the rope on his arm (2), and went into the boat, and the other men pulled. The turtle saw that Mairuer was ready, and they did not move, but hung down their heads as if they were dead. Mairuer dived into the water and swam to the turtle, and jumped on to the back of the male turtle and caught him. The turtle, however, dived to the bottom, and the other turtle went on the top of Mairuer and took the rope off his arm. The men, to their surprise, hauled up a burdenless rope.

The two turtles, with Mairuer between them, came up near the bow of the canoe, and Mairuer called out, "You

help me!" They sank, but soon came up again, Mairuer being in the state of "no skin, all meat". Two more turtle took him and dived deep. When Mairuer re-emerged he could just move his arms, being nearly dead. Plenty turtle came up again and exhibited Mairuer dead and red all over; then they carried him to another sandbank, "Garboi." The turtle buried him in the middle of the sandbank (3).

The men returned to Kerget sandbank and cried. Then they went home to make a funeral feast. That night they all anchored on a reef. The west wind, *Giai*, came; "it meet all canoe on reef." There were two brothers, each the headman of a canoe; "the rope of them two fellows strong." Some canoes broke their rope, and the brothers sang out, "You make fast to stern of our canoes." They all did it. The names of the two brothers were Wakai and Kuskus. The men "no sleep too much" on account of the wind and rain. They kept watch. At length the rope of Wakai's canoe broke, and Wakai sang out, "Brother, my rope broke; better we go back to the sandbank." This they attempted to do, but, owing to the bad weather, they lost Kerget and made Garboi (4).

At daylight they went ashore and hauled their canoes on to the beach, only to find there was "no food, no water, no nothing"; and, though they had sufficient turtle, they were hard up for water. That day there was a dead calm, and the sun shone with a fierce heat. All the men put their mats over the canoes to serve as screens, and they had only salt-water to drink.

It so happened that Mairuer's friend had unwittingly discovered the ill-fated man's bones and put them together, and, without knowing whose bones they were, spoke to them, and asked them to show him some water (5). He then went into the canoe again and slept. In his sleep he dreamt Mairuer came to him in the likeness of a small paraquet-like bird, "the *kris kris*," who perched on the top of the canoe and made a chattering

noise, like the knocking of the teeth together. Mairuer then no longer appeared as a bird, but as a man, and said to his friend, "You no find water ! He close to small stone, dry bushes on top. You no drink at high tide ; two thing come. Only drink at low water. No drink all day, or harm come to you." The man awoke, got up, and looked out ; but Mairuer was no longer a man, but a bird. The *krīs krīs* said, "You follow me ; you watch me good ; get up—run." The bird showed him where the water was. When he returned to his canoe he felt sorry for his comrades, who were beside themselves for want of water. ["They half-tight—hard up for water."] He got some red and black paint and ornamented himself therewith, making himself like the bird. He then took a belt out of the canoe and tied it round his waist, sticking a bunch of cassowary feathers behind ; in his hands he took a small shell, and danced and jumped like a bird. Thus accoutred, he went and awakened the men, telling them to wake up and he would show them where there was water. When they had rubbed the sand off their bodies he told them to bring all their vessels for holding water—shells, bamboo-stems, or coco-nut shells—and be quick and follow him, or they would not see the water. They gladly followed him and drank the water, and he told them not to drink all day ; they might drink in the morning, but not in the afternoon, and concluded by saying, "The spirit (*lamar*) told me about two thing, I no savvy ; we watch him." The men filled all their vessels with water ; all men cut wood, "cut like face," and called each after his own name, and put in canoe (6). In the afternoon the men said to one another, "You and me go watch." They went and waited, and heard the "two thing" go into the water-hole. *Babat* was their name, and they made the water red (7). Two of the *Komet-le* took a mat, caught the *Babat*, rolled them up, and made all secure with wooden skewers, and finally deposited them in the stern of their canoe. That night they slept where they were.

Next morning they started for Mer, and slept in the evening on the Kerget sandbank. The following morning they sailed for Mer with a fair wind.

One old woman stayed by herself at the village of Werbadu, on the west side of Mer. The other women sat on the seashore, and bewailed their men-folk, deeming them to be lost ; and they cried over the things belonging to the men (8). The old woman went to root up the tubers of a kind of yam, known as *kétai*. She followed the root in the ground, but could not find the tuber. Right along the length of the island the marvellous root extended ; right over the high hill of Zaumo, across to the opposite side of the island at Korkor. Being tired, she sat down under a big tree, on the beach she sat down. Then she espied the canoes, and she told the women that "Canoe come from deep water". So the women sang and went to get food and roasted yams. The first canoe landed on the sand-beach at Meuram. The men took a paddle, went to the bush by the beach, and thrust the paddle into the ground ; returning to the beach, they picked up a long stone, and, taking out the paddle, put the stone in the hole and covered the stone with a mat. They waited for the next canoe, the men in which repeated the process (9). The crews of all the canoes did the same. The middle canoe carried the *Babat*, and the crew also erected a stone ; finally, the friend of Mairuer hung up on to a tree the mat containing the *Babat*. Thenceforth the Meuram-le and Komet-le had the zogo in common.

Some Erub men were staying at Mer, and they asked that this zogo might be given to them. This was not done, but they were given instead two long coco-nuts, the "eyes" of which were painted red, to be their zogo (10).

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## NOTES ON THE PRECEDING LEGENDS.

## X.—THE STORY OF GREEDY GOBA.

The interest in this story lies in the illustration it affords of a systematic exchange of commodities between two villages: one people exchanging a vegetable product for the turtle caught by the inhabitants of a more favourably situated village. We also see the death of a man for double perfidy by men of another village would not be avenged, as the punishment was just.

(1) Biiu is a slimy paste made from the buds of a species of mangrove; these are baked and steamed, then beaten between two stones, and the scraped-out pulp is ready for use. (2) Sections of bamboo, consisting of one or several segments, were commonly used as vessels for holding and carrying water or oil. (3) The wild fowl crow at daybreak, thus the one comes to be the common synonym of the other. (4) The only other account of a cairn being erected is in the case of Kwoiam. That for the latter—which, by the way, is still to be seen—was raised to his honour; in the case of Goba it was evidently raised to his dishonour.

## XI.—THE MIGRATION OF BIA.

This short story cost me a good deal of trouble, and there were several small details of Bia's wandering across the Straits that I could not make sense of. I gather that Bia was the introducer of the *gapu*, or sucker fish (*Echeneis naucrates*), as a means of catching turtle, and his journey possibly indicates that the Queenslanders learnt this art from the Papuans. This method of fishing is as follows: A gapu is caught, and a long fishing-line is fastened to and through its tail, the fish is further suspended in the water by means of a short string, which is passed through the mouth and out at the gills of the fish. When a turtle is sighted the latter cord is slipped, and away the gapu swims, dragging the long cord after it, till it finally adheres to the carapace of the turtle. One end of the long cord is fastened to the canoe in which the fisherman is; the latter ties a rope (*uru*) round his right arm, and dives into the water, using the gapu cord as a guiding line. As soon as he reaches the turtle he lies on its carapace, passing his arms below the fore-flippers from behind, and his legs below the hind-flippers from in front. The gapu has by this time shifted its position to the underside of the turtle. Both man and turtle are then drawn up quickly by the crew of the canoe; usually

they turn over and over in the water during the ascent like a "spinner". The turtle is then hauled into the canoe. Except during the pairing season, turtle, I was assured, are almost, if not quite, invariably caught in this manner. The ordinary turtle are too large and heavy to be actually drawn up by the gapu alone, though possibly this may sometimes be done with quite small turtle. If a rough sketch be made of a man fastened on to a turtle in the way I have described, it will readily account for the ending of the story. The conclusion was a natural, almost inevitable one. This, and an incident in the story of Tiai, are the only really indelicate situations in the series of legends which I collected.

(1) Kwoiam, the legendary warrior of Mabuiag, is also credited with having produced a permanent water-hole by means of a spear-thrust. (2) This spotted dog-fish, with a large dark mark behind the gills, is common in Torres Straits.

#### XII.—THE SAD END OF YAWAR.

Yawar was evidently the culture-hero who introduced a new method of gardening. It is interesting to note that he was badly treated by those he had instructed, and was finally transported to Mer. Gelam, we are told, also migrated from Moa to Mer, carrying various edible plants with him. May one understand this as meaning that agriculture was taught to the Eastern by the Western tribe of Torres Straits? I found that both legends, with small variations, were current in Mer; and the inhabitants of the latter island further acknowledged their indebtedness to the Western tribe, for, according to the sacred legend of Malu, the grand initiation ceremonies resulted from the arrival of Malu from the Western islands. I further procured in Mer a large block of granite which was a powerful sorcery-stone or charm (*wiwar*), and which probably came from Nagir, certainly from one of the Western islands. It is now in the British Museum.

#### XIII.—HOW TIAI INAUGURATED FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The title I have given to this legend indicates my opinion as to its significance. I have little doubt that this is the reason given for the ceremonies connected with the *sara* (*i.e.*, platform supported on four posts on which the corpses were laid out).

(1) Coating the body with mud was a sign of mourning. A special costume, called *soger*, was also worn by the women. This consisted of a long fringe, which hangs down in front and behind, being suspended round the neck, and smaller fringes encircling the arms and legs. Aukwum is reported as having worn the bones of her infant son, after having probably rubbed them over with red ochre. The wearing of a



relative's bones in this manner, so far as I could learn, was not at all characteristic of the Torres Straits Islanders. Macgillivray (*Voyage of the "Rattlesnake"*, 1852, vol. ii, p. 32) says that a Muralug widow would carry about with her, in a bag, the skull of her husband during her widowhood. The inhabitants of Moa (Aukwum was a native of that island) were closely connected by marriage and trade with the people of Muralug, more so than with any of the other islanders. This will, perhaps, explain the similarity of this practice. I suspect that it will be found that this custom has been introduced from Cape York, as it is common in Australia. (2) Baigoa had an enormously long development of part of his body, which he kept coiled up, like a rope, by his side. This he took in his hand and tried to fling across to Aukwum, but it fell far short, and a shoal still marks the spot where it first fell into the water. A second and a third attempt was made, each trial reaching further than its predecessor, as the shoals still testify. At last a cast was successful, and, Aukwum having been made "fast", was hauled across. (3) In the story of the six blind brothers the Dorgai also had the power of walking on the water.

#### XIV.—NAGA, THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES IN NAGIR.

It is evident that this legend perpetuates the memory of a true culture-hero. Naga appears to have been the reputed inventor or introducer of the initiation ceremonies, for such I believe *taiai* to mean. He appears to have improved the arts of dancing and singing, and the accessories to the *kap* or dance.

(1) The large turtleshell masks (*krar*) of the Torres Straits Islanders are well-known objects. They were only worn on certain occasions, and had a distinctly religious significance. I have described one of the dances, in which masks were worn, in my paper to the Anthropological Institute. (2) The *akul* is a small clam shell, which was used as a knife in the making of masks and other objects. The only reason I could gather for his giving the shell was that, by showing other islanders how to make masks, they could in future make them for themselves.

#### XV.—WHAT TABU DID IN MURALUG.

This short legend is as unsatisfactory as it could well be, my informant being a bad story-teller. "Tabu" is the name of a kind of snake. Possibly this legend is connected with a *kap* ordinance of the *Tabu* clan. I sketched and photographed a snake-woman in Mabuiag who had the representation of her token (*angüd*) cut on her back. (See fig. 15, pl. vii, *Jour. Anthropol. Inst.*, vol. xix.)

(1) The time specified is probably untrustworthy. (2) I cannot now discover what these are.

XVI.—THE TWO DORGAI OF MURALUG.

This is a star myth, and probably refers to the two Dorga constellations which are referred to in the second and third of this series of legends.

(1) I suspect that this is the jumping fish, *Periophthalmus*, which is found hopping about among the roots of mangroves.

XVII.—THE DROWNING OF ADI AND HIS WIVES.

I also obtained this legend from a Muralug man. Unfortunately, I did not copy it down accurately at the time, and so I cannot compare the two versions.

XVIII.—THE LEGEND OF MALU.

This is a sacred and important legend, as it was imparted to lads at Mer during initiation into manhood. Although neither particularly clear nor interesting in its present form, it evidently embodies the traditional history of the origin of a portion at least of the rite in question.

If we had fuller information we would probably find that these four brothers play an important part in the mythical history of the islanders. Malu, as this legend shows, is intimately connected with one of the most sacred institutions of the natives of Mer. Of Seo, no further information is to hand. Sigar is reported to have drifted to Yam. Now Yam is practically the "garden" of Tud, a small, scrubby islet, about twelve miles off. When at Tud, I heard of a renowned warrior of old named Sigai or Singai, who was doubtless the same as Sigar. [It must be remembered that I heard the legend of Malu at Mer, where the language is quite different from that spoken at Tud.] The place where Sigai had buried his navel-cord (*kupai*) was pointed out to me in Tud [it was close by the *Tai ai Kwod*, or sacred spot where initiation was practised], and here, before going to fight, the warriors were accustomed to dig their weapons in the ground, in order to give them more deadly effect, and when hard pressed in the fight, the men would call on the name of Sigai, in the hope that they might be endued with his courage. The umbilical cord had peculiar significance, at all events in some islands of the Straits. Sigai's burial of his navel-string was tantamount to his planting himself in a new locality. Kulka is the eponymic hero of the small islands in the central area of Torres Straits, as the inhabitants of these islands are known as the *Kulkalaig* or "Kulka-folk".

I have previously referred to the easterly migration of culture in Torres Straits. In this particular legend it is to me a matter for great

surprise that Muralug should be the reputed home of the culture-heroes, for, as I have elsewhere shown, the natives of that island, or Kauralaig, are lower in culture than the other islanders in some respects, and approach the Australians. I suspect that Malu and his brothers really came from Nagir; the legends of Naga and Tabu certainly support this view.

(1) It is difficult to find an equivalent for the term *zogo* of the Eastern tribe. On a future occasion I shall have more to say on this and other "religious" matters. A *zogo* appears to be a sort of charm, or fetish, and the same name is apparently applied to its shrine or location. It may have great or small powers, and may belong to one or more clans, or even to a single individual. (2) This part was very obscure. (3) There is some confusion here between the octopus, *ati*, and the mask, *Bomai*, which subsequently represented it. On a later occasion I shall describe the sacred initiation masks and ceremonies. In Mer one mask was named *Bomai* and the other *Malu*. These were the hidden names which it was not lawful to mention, save to those already initiated, and never to any woman under penalty of death. The masks were, I believe, collectively known as *Agud*, and this general term was known to men and women alike. I take it that *Agud* is the same as *Augūd* of the Western tribe, and thus it would mean a totem, using that term in a general sense. (4) The village of Las was the main scene of the initiation ceremonies. (5) This weapon was occasionally used in fighting. I believe it was formed by simply fastening to a stick the cartilage of a shark's jaw with the teeth attached. (6) No women were allowed at the real initiation ceremony.

#### XIX.—THE MYTH OF THE TAGAI CONSTELLATION.

Tagai is the largest constellation of Torres Straits stellar mythology. The Miriamle pick out stars to form a gigantic figure of a man, Tagai, standing on a row of stars, which represents the canoe. Tagai stands, with uplifted and outstretched arms, bearing aloft a spear. Each hand is indicated by four stars (*takpēm*). There is a star for each elbow (*takok*), two stars (*poni*) stand for the eyes, and one (*imur*) for the mouth; a pair represent the depression above the collar-bone (*glid*). The heart (*merkef*) and the navel (*kopor*) are single stars; other stars constitute the legs. Three or four stars stand for the fish-spear (*baur*), and a group of three stars surmounts the head like a coronet of feathers (*daumer lub*). Below the bow of the canoe (*nar*) is a single star, the *par* or anchor; and near the stern end of the canoe a red star represents Kareg. The bound half of the crew, to which the name Usiam was given by Tagai, is the constellation of the Pleiades; while Orion's belt and sword are the

transfixed remnants of the crew, or the Sëg. By the sides of Tagai are a large number of small stars, which are collectively called *pirsoë* (*i.e.*, locusts).

Tagai is an important constellation, not only as an indication of the approach of certain seasons, but also for navigation purposes.

"Usiam he '*mëk*' (*i.e.*, sign or mark) for new yams." Seg for next kind of yam. "Tagai he *mëk* for time turtle he fast."

When Usiam is some way from the horizon at sundown, men say, "Close up new yam time"; and when at horizon at sunset, "Yam time he come."

Tagai, "Two hand he come first ; all turtle at islands to leeward, and they '*kaikai*' [eat] turtle first. By-and-bye face he come up ; Dauärle and Dowërle of Mer [*i.e.*, the inhabitants of Dauar and of the west end of Mer] get turtle, and then all rest of Mer."

"Kareg he come last ; turtle rotten, meat inside good, skin of neck rotten and stink and eaten by *küpër* (maggots)."

In sailing by night from Erub to Mer, they steer for the left hand of Tagai, "the right hand stop outside Mër."

(1) Canoes are pushed with bamboo poles over the shallow water on the reef. (2) Water is usually carried in pieces of bamboo, or more frequently in coco-nut shells. (3) A *gobgob* is a ring of rope formerly used in fixing the mat-sails ; "gromet" is the nautical equivalent. (4) A *këf* is a pointed stick which was used to skewer together the mats of which the sails were composed.

## XX.—THE ORIGIN OF FIRE AND TOTEMS.

I have quoted this legend from Mr. Beardmore's interesting paper, as it is primarily a Torres Straits legend. It is apparently a totem as well as a fire-myth. Mr. Beardmore also gives a Daudai myth on the origin of death. The plucking of the first fire from between the thumb and forefinger of the left-hand is worthy of note, as it is a widely spread myth in the Straits.

## XXI.—THE MOON.

Dr. MacFarlane, the pioneer missionary of the London Missionary Society in Torres Straits, has with great kindness allowed me to make what use I please of his unpublished memoranda. The one here given is, I believe, a new contribution to lunar mythology.

## XXII.—NAM ZOGO, OR THE MYTH OF THE TURTLE-SPIRITS.

This myth accounts for the possession of a particular zogo by two clans in Mer. I cannot say what this zogo really is.

(1) The *wauri* is the cone-shell known to naturalists as *Conus*

*millepunctatus*. When cut transversely and polished it forms the shell armlets (also called *wauri*) [the *waiwi* of the Western tribe], which were so much prized that a fine one was worth a canoe or a wife. The cut-off, polished end of the shell formed the common circular breast ornament, or *dibidibi*. (2) In diving or swimming for turtle the fisher had a long rope tied to his right arm, so that when he had caught hold of a turtle both might be drawn in together. (3) The narrator said, "I think him (the turtle) *lamar*" (spirits). (4) In this paragraph I have largely retained the words of my informants. (5) Here we have divining with the loose bones of a dead man, the only instance I heard of. (6) I do not understand the significance of this custom. (7) So far as I could make out, these mythical beings were like an octopus, but without arms. (8) Quite a pathetic touch, and illustrating that black women behave just as white women would under similar circumstances. (9) Another incident of which I could not get a rational explanation. (10) The Erub men were evidently dismissed in a supercilious manner—as coco-nut water-bottles usually have two of the "eyes" painted red; and in an island containing innumerable coco-palms these objects can have but the slightest value.

ALFRED C. HADDON.

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*A HIGHLAND FOLK-TALE*  
*COLLECTED BY THE LATE J. F. CAMPBELL;*  
*AND ITS ORIGIN IN CUSTOM.*

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MR. J. F. CAMPBELL printed the following tale in the second volume of the *Transactions of the Ethnological Society* (p. 336). It was sent to him in Gaelic by John Davan, in December 1862—that is, after the publication of the fourth volume of his *Highland Tales*. The tale is only given in outline, but in quite sufficient fulness for my present purpose.

There was a man at some time or other who was well off, and had many children. When the family grew up the man gave a well-stocked farm to each of his children. When the man was old his wife died, and he divided all that he had amongst his children, and lived with them, turn about, in their houses. The sons and daughters got tired of him and ungrateful, and tried to get rid of him when he came to stay with them. At last an old friend found him sitting tearful by the wayside, and learning the cause of his distress, took him home; there he gave him a bowl of gold and a lesson which the old man learned and acted. When all the ungrateful sons and daughters had gone to a preaching, the old man went to a green knoll where his grandchildren were at play, and pretending to hide, he turned up a flat hearthstone in an old stance,<sup>1</sup> and went out of sight. He spread out his gold on a big stone in the sunlight, and he muttered, “Ye are mouldy, ye are hoary, ye will be better for the sun.” The grandchildren came sneaking over the knoll, and when they had seen and heard all that they were intended to see and hear,

<sup>1</sup> “Standing-place.”

they came running up with, "Grandfather, what have you got there?" "That which concerns you not, touch it not," said the grandfather; and he swept his gold into a bag and took it home to his old friend. The grandchildren told what they had seen, and henceforth the children strove who should be kindest to the old grandfather. Still acting on the counsel of his sagacious old chum, he got a stout little black chest made, and carried it always with him. When anyone questioned him as to its contents, his answer was, "That will be known when the chest is opened." When he died he was buried with great honour and ceremony, and then the chest was opened by the expectant heirs. In it were found broken potsherds and bits of slate, and a long-handled white wooden mallet with this legend on its head:

"So am favioche fiorm,  
Thabhavit gnoc aunsach cheann,  
Do n'fhear nach gleidh maoin da' fein,  
Ach bheir a chuid go leir d'a chlann."

"Here is the fair mall  
To give a knock on the skull  
To the man who keeps no gear for himself,  
But gives his all to his bairns."

Wright, in his collection of Latin stories, published by the Percy Society (No. xxvi, p. 28), gives a variant of this tale (orally collected in 1862 by Mr. Campbell from the Scottish peasant), and, so far as can be judged by the abstract, the parallel between the two narratives, separated by at least five centuries of time, is remarkably close. The latter part is apparently different, for the Latin version tells how the old man pretended that the chest contained a sum of money, part of which was to be applied for the good of his soul, and the rest to dispose of as he pleased. But at the point of death his children opened the chest. "Antequam totaliter expiraret ad cistam currentes nihil invenerunt nisi malleum, in quo Anglicè scriptum est:

“‘Wyht suylc a betel be he smyten,  
That al the werld hyt mote wyten,  
That gyfht his sone al his thing,  
And goht hym self a beggyn.’”

Here, then, is a case whereby to test the problem of the origin of folk-tales. Did the people adopt this tale from literature into tradition and keep it alive for five centuries; or did some early and unconscious folk-lorist adapt it into literature? The literary version has the flavour of its priestly influence, which does not appear in the traditional version; and I make the preliminary observation that if literature could have so stamped itself upon the memory of the folk as to have preserved all the essentials of such a story as this, it must have been due to some academic influence (of which, however, there is no evidence), and this influence would have preserved a nearer likeness to literary forms than the peasant's tale presents to us. But the objection to this theory is best shown by an analysis of the tale, and by some research into the possible sources of its origin.

The story presents us with the following essential incidents:—

- (1) The gift of a well-stocked farm by a father to each of his children
- (2) The surrender of all property during the owner's lifetime.
- (3) The living of the old father with each of his children.
- (4) The attempted killing of the old man.
- (5) The mallet bearing the inscription.
- (6) The rhyming formula of the inscription.

Mr. Campbell notes the 1st and 3rd of these incidents in his original abstract of the story,<sup>1</sup> but of the remaining 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 6th, no note has hitherto been taken.

Of the first incident, the gift of a well-stocked farm by a

<sup>1</sup> *Journ. Ethnol. Soc., loc. cit.*



father to each of his children, Mr. Campbell says : " This subdivision of land by tenants is the dress and declaration put on by a class who now tell this tale." But it also represents an ancient system of swarming off from the parent household when society was in a tribal stage. The incident of the tale is exactly reproduced in local custom. In the island of Skye the possessor of a few acres of land cut them up only a few years ago into shreds and patches to afford a separate dwelling for each son and daughter who married.<sup>1</sup> In Kinross, in 1797, the same practice prevailed. " Among the feuars the parents are in many instances disposed to relinquish and give up to their children their landed possessions or the principal part of them, retaining only for themselves some paltry pendicle or patch of ground."<sup>2</sup> In Ireland and in Cornwall much the same evidence is forthcoming, and elsewhere I have taken some pains to show that these local customs are the isolated survivals in late times of early tribal practices.

We next turn to the second essential incident of the tale—the surrender of the estate during the owner's lifetime. This is a well-marked feature of early custom, and M. Du Chaillu has preserved something like the survival of the ritual observances connected with it in his account of the Scandinavian practice. On a visit to Husum he witnessed the ceremonial which attended the immemorial custom of the farm coming into possession of the eldest son, the father still being alive. The following is M. Du Chaillu's description, and the details are important:—" The dinner being ready, all the members of the family came in and seated themselves around the board, the father taking, as is customary, the head of the table. All at once, Roar, who was not seated, came to his father and said, ' Father, you are getting old ; let me take your place.' ' Oh no, my son,' was the answer, ' I am not too old to work ; it is not yet time : wait awhile.' Then, with an entreating look, Roar

<sup>1</sup> *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, xiv, 273.

<sup>2</sup> *Ure's Agriculture of Kinross*, 57.

said, 'Oh, father, all your children and myself are often sorry to see you look so tired when the day's labour is over: the work of the farm is too much for you; it is time for you to rest and do nothing. Rest in your old age. Oh, let me take your place at the head of the table.' All the faces were now extremely sober, and tears were seen in many eyes. 'Not yet, my son.' 'Oh yes, father.' Then said the whole family, 'Now it is time for you to rest.' He rose, and Roar took his place, and was then the master. His father, henceforth, would have nothing to do, was to live in a comfortable house, and to receive yearly a stipulated amount of grain or flour, potatoes, milk, cheese, butter, meat, etc."<sup>1</sup> Without stopping to analyse this singular ceremony in detail, it is important to note that old age is the assigned cause of resignation by the father of his estate; that the ceremony is evidently based upon traditional forms the meaning of which is not distinctly comprehended by the present performers; that the father is supported by his successor. As a proof that we have here a survival of very ancient practice, it may be noticed that in Spiti, a part of the Punjab, an exact parallel occurs. There the father retires from the headship of the family when his eldest son is of full age, and has taken unto himself a wife; on each estate there is a kind of dower-house with a plot of land attached, to which the father in these cases retires.<sup>2</sup> In Bavaria and in Wurtemberg the same custom obtains.<sup>3</sup>

Of the third incident in the tale, the living of the father with his children, Mr. Campbell says this points to the old Highland cluster of houses and to the farm worked by several families in common,<sup>4</sup> and I think we have here the explanation why the father in Scotland did not have his "dower-house", as he did in Scandinavia and in Spiti.

<sup>1</sup> Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*, i, 393.

<sup>2</sup> Tupper, *Punjab Customary Law*, ii, 188.

<sup>3</sup> *Cobden Club Essays—Primogeniture*.

<sup>4</sup> *Journ. Ethnol. Soc.*, ii, 336.

We next come to the fourth incident, the attempted killing of the old father. Now, from the famous Greek work of Hecataëus on the Hyperboreans, we know that the death of the aged by violence was a signal element of their customs. "They die only when they have lived long enough; for when the aged men have made good cheere and anoynted their bodies with sweet ointments they leape off a certain rocke into the sea." That we have in this the tradition of customs which once existed in the North, Mr. Elton affords proof both from saga-history and from the practice of comparatively modern times, when "the Swedes and Pomeranians killed their old people in the way which was indicated by the passage quoted above."<sup>1</sup> It is the custom of many savage tribes, and the observances made use of are sometimes suggestive of the facts of the tale we are now analysing. Thus, among the Todas of the Nilgiri Hills, they place the old people in large earthen jars with some food, and leave them to perish<sup>2</sup>; while among the Hottentots, Kolben says, "when persons become unable to perform the least office for themselves they are then placed in a solitary hut at a considerable distance, with a small stock of provisions within their reach, where they are left to die of hunger, or be devoured by the wild beasts."<sup>3</sup>

The important bearing of these incidents of barbarous and savage life upon our subject will be seen when we pass on to our fifth incident, namely, the significant use of the mallet. Some curious explanations have been given of this. Mr. Thoms once thought it might be identified with *Malleus*, the name of the Devil.<sup>4</sup> Nork has attempted with more reason to identify it with the hammer of Thor.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Elton, *Origins of English History*, 91 ; cf. Du Chaillu, *Land of the Midnight Sun*, i, 393.

<sup>2</sup> Brecks, *Hill Tribes of India*, 108.

<sup>3</sup> Mavor's *Collection of Voyages*, iv, 41.

<sup>4</sup> *Anecdotes and Traditions* (Camden Soc.), 85.

<sup>5</sup> *Mythologie der Volkssagen und Volksmärchen*.

But the real identification is closer than this. Thus, it is connected with the Valhalla practices already noted by the fact that if an old Norseman becomes too frail to travel to the cliff, in order to throw himself over, his kinsman would save him the disgrace of dying "like a cow in the straw", and would beat him to death with the family club.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Elton, who quotes this passage, adds in a note that one of the family clubs is still preserved at a farm in East Gothland. Aubrey has preserved an old English "countrie story" of "the holy mawle, which (they fancy) hung behind the church dore, which, when the father was seaventie, the sonne might fetch to knock his father in the head, as effoete, & of no more use."<sup>2</sup> That Aubrey preserved a true tradition is proved by what we learn in similar practices elsewhere. Thus, in fifteenth century MSS. of prose romances found in English and also in Welsh, Sir Perceval, in his adventures in quest of the Holy Grail, being at one time ill at ease, congratulates himself that he is not like those men of Wales, where sons pull their fathers out of bed and kill them to save the disgrace of their dying in bed.<sup>3</sup> Keyser cites several instances of this savage custom in Prussia, and a Count Schulenberg rescued an old man who was being beaten to death by his sons at a place called Jammerholz, or "Woful Wood"; while a Countess of Nansfield, in the fourteenth century, is said to have saved the life of an old man on the Lüneberg Heath under similar circumstances.<sup>4</sup>

Our investigation of barbarous and savage customs which connect themselves with the essential incidents of this Highland tale has at this point taken us outside the framework of the story. The old father in the tale was not killed by the mallet, but he is said to have used it as a warning to others to stop the practice of giving up their property during lifetime. We have already seen that this

<sup>1</sup> Geijer, *Hist. Sweden*, 31, 32.

<sup>2</sup> Aubrey, *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, 19.

<sup>3</sup> Nutt, *Legend of the Holy Grail*, 44.

<sup>4</sup> Elton, *Origins of English History*.

practice was an actual custom in tribal society, appearing in local survivals both in England and Scotland. Therefore the story must have arisen at a time when this practice was undergoing a change. We must note, too, that the whole story leads up to the finding of a mallet with the rhyming inscription written thereon, connecting it with the instrument of death to the aged, but only upon certain conditions. If, then, we can find that the rhyming inscription on the mallet has an existence quite apart from the story, and if we can find that mallets bearing such an inscription do actually exist, we may fairly conclude that the story which, in Scotland, is the vehicle of transmission of the rhyme is of later origin than the rhyme itself.

First of all it is to be noted under this head that Wright, in a note to the Latin story we have already quoted, gives from John of Bromyard's *Summa Predicantium* another English version of the verse—

“ Wit this betel the smieth  
And alle the worle thit wite  
That thevt the ungunde alle thing,  
And goht him selve a beggyng,”

which shows, I think, the popularity of the verse in the vernacular. Clearly, then, the Latin version is a translation of this, and not *vice versa*. It must have been a rhyming formula in the vernacular which had a life of its own quite outside its adoption into literature.

This inferential proof of the actual life of the English rhyming formula is proved by actual facts in the case of the corresponding German formula. Nork, in the volume I have already quoted, collects evidence from Grimm, Haupt, and others, which proves that sometimes in front of a house, as at Osnabrück, and sometimes at the city gate, as in several of the cities of Silesia and Saxony, there hangs a mallet with this inscription :

“ Wer den kindern gibt das Brod  
Und selber dabei leidet Noth  
Den schlagt mit dieser keule todt”—

which Mr. Thoms has Englished thus :

“ Who to his children gives his bread  
And thereby himself suffers need,  
With this mallet strike him dead.”<sup>1</sup>

These rhymes are the same as those in the Scottish tale and its Latin analogue, and that they are preserved on the selfsame instrument which is mentioned in the story as bearing the inscription is proof enough, I think, that the mallets and their rhyming formulæ are far older than the story. They are not *mythical*, the story is; their history is contained in the facts we have above detailed; the history of the folk-tale commences when the history of the mallet fades from the facts of life.

To these rhyming formulæ, then, I would trace the rise of the mythic tale told by the Highland peasant in 1862 to Mr. J. F. Campbell. The old customs which we have detailed as the true origin of the mallet and its hideous use in killing the aged and infirm had died out, but the symbol of them remained. To explain the symbol a myth was created, which kept sufficiently near to the original idea as to retain evidence of its close connection with the descent of property; and thus was launched the dateless, impersonal, unlocalised story which Mr. Campbell has given as a specimen of vagrant traditions which “must have been invented after agriculture and fixed habitations, after laws of property and inheritance; but it may be as old as the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, or Egyptian civilisation, or Adam, whose sons tilled the earth.”<sup>2</sup> I would venture to rewrite the last clause of this dictum of the great master of folk-tales, and I would suggest that the story, whatever its age as a story, tells us of facts in the life of its earliest narrators which do not belong to Teutonic or Celtic history. The Aryan, with his traditional reverence for parental authority, at once patriarchal and priestly, would have stamped upon his memory, with

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1850, i, 252.

<sup>2</sup> *Journ. Ethnol. Soc.*, ii, 337.

singular clearness, traditions, or it may be observations, of an altogether different set of ideas which belonged to the race with which he first came into contact, namely, the Iberic. But whether the story is a mythic interpretation by Aryans of non-Aryan practices, or a non-Aryan tradition, varied, as soon as it became the property of the Aryan, to suit Aryan ideas, it clearly takes us back to practices very remote, to use Mr. Elton's forcible words, from the reverence for the parents' authority which might have perhaps been expected from descendants of "the Aryan household".<sup>1</sup> These practices lead us back to a period of savagery which we are only just beginning to understand. Far back in this period we become aware of a central conception of the savage mind upon the shedding of blood; namely, the blood that alone calls for vengeance is blood that falls on the ground; and so we often find the idea, says Professor Robertson Smith, that "a death in which no blood is shed, or none falls upon the ground, does not call for vengeance".<sup>2</sup> Thus certain "piacula were simply pushed over a height, so that they might seem to kill themselves by their fall"; and we are not only reminded of the Valhalla of the Scandinavians, and of the Tarpeian Rock of the Romans, but of the recent sacrifice of Professor Palmer by the Arabs in this rude and savage manner.<sup>3</sup> "But", says Professor Robertson Smith, "applications of this principle to the sacrifice of sacrosanct and kindred animals are frequent; they are strangled or killed with a blunt instrument"; in which connection we are to note the club or mallet that appears in sacrificial scenes on ancient Chaldean cylinders, and the club or mallet that Aubrey tells us of in his "countrie story" of English peasants in the seventeenth century, and that Mr. Campbell tells us of in his folk-tale of Scottish peasants in the nineteenth century.

<sup>1</sup> Elton's *Origins*, 92.

<sup>2</sup> *Religion of the Semites*, 397.

<sup>3</sup> The legend of a Scottish Saint relates how a certain King of Lothian condemned his daughter, Thenew, to be precipitated from the summit of a rock.

## PEEPING TOM AND LADY GODIVA.

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IN an article which appeared in one of the later numbers of the *Archæological Review*, I discussed at some length the stories of midwives who have assisted lady fairies in the hour of their need. The chief points of interest were the necessity for human help, the danger of accepting fairy food, the gratitude of these supernatural beings, and the conditions involved in the acceptance of their gifts. There remains, however, another class of tale similar in its general tenor to these, but wherein we are led by a new turning-point to a different catastrophe. The plot no longer hinges upon fairy gratitude, but upon human curiosity and disobedience.

The typical tale is told, and exceedingly well told—though, alas! not exactly in the language of the natives—by Mrs. Bray in her Letters to Southey, of a certain midwife of Tavistock. One midnight, as she was getting into bed, this good woman was summoned by a strange, squint-eyed, little, ugly old fellow to follow him straightway, and attend upon his wife. In spite of her instinctive repulsion she could not resist the command; and in a moment the little man whisked her, with himself, upon a large coal-black horse with eyes of fire, which stood waiting at the door. Ere long she found herself at the door of a neat cottage; the patient was a decent-looking woman who already had two children, and all things were prepared for her visit. When the child—a fine, bouncing babe—was born, its mother gave the midwife some ointment, with directions to “strike the child’s eyes with it”. Now the word *strike* in the Devonshire dialect means not to give a blow, but to rub, or touch, gently; and as the woman obeyed she thought



the task an odd one, and in her curiosity tried the effect of the ointment upon one of her own eyes. At once a change was wrought in the appearance of everything around her. The new mother appeared no longer as a homely cottager, but a beautiful lady attired in white ; the babe, fairer than before, but still witnessing with the elvish cast of its eye to its paternity, was wrapped in swaddling clothes of silvery gauze ; while the elder children, who sat on either side of the bed, were transformed into flat-nosed imps, who with mops and mows were busied to no end in scratching their own polls, or in pulling the fairy lady's ears with their long and hairy paws. The nurse, discreetly silent about what she had done and the wonderful metamorphoses she beheld around her, got away from the house of enchantment as quickly as she could ; and the sour-looking old fellow who had brought her carried her back on his steed much faster than they had come. But the next market-day, when she sallied forth to sell her eggs, whom should she see but the same ill-looking scoundrel busied in pilfering sundry articles from stall to stall. So she went up to him, and with a nonchalant air addressed him, inquiring after his wife and child, who, she hoped, were both as well as could be expected. "What !" exclaimed the old pixy thief, "do you *see* me to-day ?" "See you ! to be sure I do, as plain as I see the sun in the skies ; and I see you are busy into the bargain," she replied. "Do you so ?" cried he ; "pray, with which eye do you see all this ?" "With the right eye, to be sure." "The ointment ! the ointment !" exclaimed the old fellow ; "take that for meddling with what did not belong to you : you shall see me no more." He struck her eye as he spoke, and from that hour till the day of her death she was blind on the right side, thus dearly paying for having gratified an idle curiosity in the house of a pixy.<sup>1</sup>

The earliest writer who mentions a story of this type is Gervase of Tilbury, Marshal of the kingdom of Arles, who wrote about the beginning of the thirteenth century. He

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Bray, *The Tamar and the Tavy*, i, 174.

professes to have himself met with a woman of Arles, who was one day washing clothes on the banks of the Rhone, when a wooden bowl floated by her. In trying to catch it she got out of her depth, and was seized by a Drac. The Dracs were beings who haunted the waters of rivers, and dwelt in the deep pools, appearing often on the banks and in the towns in human form. The woman in question was carried down beneath the stream, and made nurse to her captor's son. One day the Drac gave her an eel pasty to eat. Her fingers became greasy with the fat, and she happened to put them to one of her eyes. Forthwith she acquired a clear and distinct vision under the water. After some years she was allowed to return to her husband and family, and going early one morning to the market-place of Beaucaire, she met the Drac. Recognising him at once, she saluted him and asked after the health of his wife and child. "With which eye do you see me?" inquired the Drac. The woman pointed to the eye she had touched with the eel-fat; and thrusting his finger into it, the Drac vanished from sight.<sup>1</sup>

Here the only punishment suffered is the deprivation of the power of seeing fairies, or banishment from their society. This seems mild enough: much more was generally inflicted. The story first quoted relates what seems to be the ordinary form of vengeance for disregard of the prohibition to use the fairy eye-salve, namely, loss of sight in the offending eye. Spitting or striking is usually the means adopted by the elves to effect this end. Sometimes, however, the eye is torn from its socket. Whether there is much to choose between these different ways of undergoing the punishment is doubtful; but it should be noted that the last-mentioned mode is a favourite one in Brittany, and follows not so much on recognition as on denunciation by the virtuous mortal of the elf's thieving propensities. "See what thieves these fairies are!" cried a woman who watched one of them putting her hand into the pocket of a country

<sup>1</sup> Gervase of Tilbury, *Otia Imperialia*, *Decisio III*, c. 85.

woman's apron. The fairy instantly turned round and tore out her eye. "Thieves!" bawled another on a similar occasion, with the same result.<sup>1</sup> In a Cornish tale a woman is entrusted in her own house with the care of an elf-child. The child brought remarkable prosperity to the house, and his foster-mother grew very fond of him. Finding that a certain water in which she was required to wash his face made it very bright, she determined to try it on her own, and splashed some of it into her eye. This conferred the gift of seeing the little people, who played with her boy, but had hitherto been invisible to her; and one day she was surprised to meet her nursling's father in the market—stealing. Recognition followed, and the stranger exclaimed:

"Water for elf, not water for self,  
You've lost your eye, your child, and yourself."

From that hour she was blind in the right eye. When she got home the boy was gone; and she and her husband, who had once been so happy, became poor and wretched.<sup>2</sup>

Here poverty and wretchedness, as well as the loss of an eye, were inflicted. In a Northumbrian case the foster-parent lost his charge and both eyes.<sup>3</sup> So in a story from Guernsey, the midwife, on the Saturday following her attendance on the lady, meets the husband and father in a shop filling his basket to right and left. She at once comprehends the plenty that reigned in his mysterious dwelling. "Ah, you wicked thief, I see you!" she cried. "You see me; how?" he inquired. "With my eyes," she replied. "In that case I will soon put you out of power to play the spy," he answered. So saying, he spat in her face, and she

<sup>1</sup> Sébillot, *Contes*, ii, 42; *Litt. Orale*, 23; *Traditions et Superstitions*, i, 109. But in these cases the operation was performed painlessly enough, for the victims were unaware of their loss until they came to look in the glass. In one of Prof. Rhys's stories the eye is pricked with a green rush. *Y Cymmrodor*, vi, 178.

<sup>2</sup> Hunt, 83. See also Sébillot, i, 119.

<sup>3</sup> Keightley, 310.

became blind on the spot.<sup>1</sup> A Danish story also relates that a midwife, who had inadvertently anointed her eyes with the salve handed to her by the elf-folk for the usual purpose, was going home afterwards and passed by a rye-field. The field was swarming with elves, who were busy clipping off the ears of rye. Indignantly she cried out, "What are you doing there?" The little people thronged round her, and angrily answered: "If thou canst see us, thus shalt thou be served;" and suiting the action to the word, they put out her eyes.<sup>2</sup>

Human beings, however, betray their meddling with fairy ointment in other ways than by speech. The following curious story was related as current at his native place, by Dr. Carré of St. Jacut-dela-Mer, to M. Sébillot. A fisherman from St. Jacut was the last to return one evening at dusk from the scene of his labours; and as he walked along the wet sand of the seashore, he suddenly came upon a number of sea-fairies in a cavern, talking and gesticulating with vivacity, though he could not hear what they said. He beheld them rub their eyes and bodies with a sort of pomade, when, lo! their appearance changed, and they were enabled to walk away in the guise of ordinary women. Hiding carefully behind a large rock, he watched them out of sight; and then, impelled by curiosity, he made straight for the cave. There he found what was left of the pomade, and taking a little on his finger, he smeared it around his left eye. By this means he found himself able to penetrate the various disguises assumed by the fairies for the purpose of robbing or annoying mankind. He recognised as one of that mischievous race a beggar-woman whom he saw a few days afterwards going from door to door demanding charity. He saw her casting spells on certain houses, and peering eagerly into all, as if she were

<sup>1</sup> *Revue des Trad. Pop.*, iii, 426.

<sup>2</sup> Thorpe, ii, 129, quoting Thiele. In another Danish tale given on the same page, the woman's blindness is attributed to her having divulged what she had seen in Fairyland.

seeking for something to steal. He distinguished, too, when out in his boat, fish which were real fish from fish which were in reality "ladies of the sea", employed in entangling the nets and playing other tricks upon the seamen. Attending the fair of Ploubalay, he saw several elves who had assumed the shapes of fortune-tellers, showmen, or gamblers, to deceive the country folk ; and this permitted him to keep clear of their temptations. But as he smiled to himself at what was going on around him, some of the elves, who were exhibiting themselves on a platform in front of one of the booths, caught sight of him ; and he saw by the anger in their looks that they had divined his secret. Before he had time to fly, one of them, with the rapidity of an arrow, struck his clairvoyant eye with a stick and burst it. That is what happened to him who would learn the secrets of the sea-fairies.<sup>1</sup>

Such was the punishment of curiosity ; nor is it by fairies alone that curiosity is punished. Cranmere Pool on Dartmoor is, we are told, a great penal settlement for refractory spirits. Many of the former inhabitants of the parish are supposed to be still there expiating their ghostly pranks. Of the spirit of one old farmer it is related that it took seven clergymen to secure him. They, however, succeeded at last in transferring him into a colt, which was given in charge to a servant-boy with directions to take him to Cranmere Pool, and there on the brink of the pool to slip off the halter and return instantly without looking round. He did look round, in spite of the warning, and beheld the colt in the form of a ball of fire plunge into the water. But as the mysterious beast plunged he gave the lad a parting kick, which knocked out one of his eyes, just as the Calender was deprived of his eye in the *Arabian Nights*. Still worse was the fate that overtook a woman, who, at midnight on New Year's Eve, when all water is turned into wine, was foolhardy enough to go to a well. As she bent over it to draw, one came and plucked out her eye, saying :

<sup>1</sup> Sébillot, *Litt. Orale*, 24.

"All water is wine,  
And thy two eyes are mine."

A variant of the story relates that the woman herself disappeared, and gives the rhyme as

"All water is wine,  
And what is thereby is mine."<sup>1</sup>

It is thus obviously a common belief that supernatural beings, without distinction, dislike being watched, and are only willing to be manifested to humanity at their own pleasure and for their own purposes. In the stories of the magical ointment it is not so much the theft as the contravention of the implicit prohibition against prying into fairy business that rouses elfin anger. This will appear more clearly from the fuller consideration of cases like those mentioned in the last paragraph, in which punishment follows directly upon the act of spying. In Northamptonshire, we learn that a man whose house was frequented by fairies, and who had received many favours from them, became smitten with a violent desire to behold his invisible benefactors. Accordingly, he one night stationed himself behind a knot in the door, which divided the living-room of his cottage from the sleeping-apartment. True to their custom, the elves came to disport themselves on his carefully-swept hearth, and to render to the household their usual good offices. But no sooner had the man glanced upon them than he became blind ; and so provoked were the fairies at this breach of hospitality that they deserted his dwelling, and never more returned to it.<sup>2</sup> In Southern Germany and Switzerland, a mysterious lady known as Dame Berchta is reputed to be abroad on Twelfth Night. She is doubtless the relic of a heathen goddess, one of whose attributes was to be a leader of the souls of the dead, and as such she is followed by a band of

<sup>1</sup> "Choice Notes," *Folk-Lore*, 170 ; Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, iii, 8.

<sup>2</sup> Sternberg, 132. See also Thorpe, *op. cit.*, ii, 12.

children. For her the peasants on Twelfth Night set a repast, of which, if she be pleased, she and her troop partake. A servant boy at a peasant's farm in the Tyrol on one such occasion perceived Lady Berchta's approach, and hid himself behind the kneading-trough to watch what she would do. She immediately became aware of his presence as he peeped through a chink, and called to one of her children to go and stop that chink. The child went and blew into it, and the boy became stark-blind. Thus he continued for a year, nor could any doctor help him, until an old experienced man advised him to go to the same place on the following Twelfth-tide, and, falling down on his knees behind the kneading-trough, to bewail his curiosity. He accordingly did so. Dame Berchta came again, and taking pity on him, commanded one of her children to restore his sight. The child went and blew once more through the chink, and the boy saw. Berchta, however, and her weird troop he saw not ; but the food set out for them had disappeared.

The tradition of the goddess Hertha lingered until recently, and perchance lingers still, in the island of Rügen. She had her dwelling, it is believed, in the Herthaburg ; and often yet, in the clear moonlight, out of the forest which enfolds that hill, a fair lady comes surrounded by her maids to bathe in the lake at its foot. After awhile they emerge from the waters, and, wrapt again in their long white veils, they vanish flickering among the trees. But to the belated wanderer, if any such there be, who looks upon this scene, it is a vision of dread ; for he is drawn by irresistible might to the lake wherein the white lady is bathing, to be swallowed up in its depths. And it is said that every year the lady must lure one unhappy mortal into the flood.<sup>2</sup> So in the classic mythology, if Ovid report aright,

<sup>1</sup> Von Alpenberg, 63. See a similar story in Grimm's *Teut. Mythology*, 276, from Börner's "Folk-tales of the Orlagau". In the latter case, however, the punishment seems to have been inflicted for jeering.

<sup>2</sup> Jahn, 177, quoting Temme's *Volkssagen*.

Actæon met the fearful fate of transformation into a stag by "gazing on divinity disrobed", and was torn in pieces by his own hounds. Hertha was, indeed, according to Tacitus, more terrible than Diana, since death was the penalty even when duty called her slaves to the awful sight.

These traditions lead us naturally to the legend of Lady Godiva. As generally told to-day, that legend bears an unmistakable resemblance to the foregoing stories ; but there seems some difficulty in classing it with them, because Peeping Tom is wanting in the most ancient version known to us.

Godiva, properly Godgifu, was an undoubted historical personage, the wife of Leofric, Earl of the Mercians, and mother of the Earls Morcar and Edwin, and of Edith, wife first of Gruffydd, Prince of North Wales, and afterwards of King Harold the Second. The earliest mention of her famous ride through Coventry is by Roger of Wendover, who wrote in the beginning of the thirteenth century, or a hundred and fifty years or thereabout after her death. His account of the matter is as follows: "The countess Godiva, who was a great lover of God's mother, longing to free the town of Coventry from the oppression of a heavy toll, often with urgent prayers besought her husband, that from regard to Jesus Christ and his mother, he would free the town from that service, and from all other heavy burdens ; and when the earl sharply rebuked her for foolishly asking what was so much to his damage, and always forbade her evermore to speak to him on the subject ; and while she, on the other hand, with a woman's pertinacity, never ceased to exasperate her husband on that matter, he at last made her this answer: 'Mount your horse, and ride naked before all the people, through the market of the town from one end to the other, and on your return you shall have your request.' On which Godiva replied, 'But will you give me permission if I am willing to do it?' 'I will,' said he. Whereupon the



countess, beloved of God, loosed her hair and let down her tresses, which covered the whole of her body like a veil, and then mounting her horse and attended by two knights, she rode through the market-place without being seen, except her fair legs ; and having completed the journey, she returned with gladness to her astonished husband, and obtained of him what she had asked, for Earl Leofric freed the town of Coventry and its inhabitants from the afore-said service, and confirmed what he had done by a charter."<sup>1</sup> The modern version adds, in the Laureate's words :

"And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,  
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers who wait  
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misus'd."

It is not my business now to prove that the legend is untrue in fact, or I should insist, first, that its omission by previous writers, who refer both to Leofric and Godgifu and their various good deeds, is strong negative testimony against it ; and I should show, from a calculation made by the late Mr. M. H. Bloxam, and founded on the record of Domesday Book, that the population of Coventry in Leofric's time could scarcely have exceeded three hundred and fifty souls, all in a greater or less degree of servitude, and dwelling probably in wooden hovels each of a single story, with a door, but no window.<sup>2</sup> Nobody, however, now asserts that Roger of Wendover's narrative is to be taken seriously. What therefore I want to point out in it is, that Godgifu's bargain was, that she should ride naked *before all the people*. And this is what the historian understands her to have done ; for he states that she rode through the

Roger of Wendover's *Flowers of History*, *sub anno* 1057. I quote from Dr. Giles' translation.

<sup>2</sup> See his Presidential Address to the Warwickshire Naturalists' and Archæologists' Field Club, 1886.

market-place without being seen, *except her fair legs*, all the rest of her body being covered by her hair like a veil. He tells us nothing about a proclamation to the inhabitants to keep within doors ; and of course Peeping Tom is an impossibility in this version of the tale.

Coventry has for generations honoured its benefactress by a periodical procession, wherein she is represented by a girl dressed as nearly like the countess on her ride as the manners of the day have permitted. When this procession was first instituted, is unknown. The earliest mention of it seems to be in the year 1678. Its object then was to proclaim the Great Fair, and Lady Godiva was merely an incident in it. The Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum contain an account of a visit to Coventry by the "captain, lieutenant, and ancient" of the military company of Norwich who travelled in the Midland Counties in August 1634. These tourists describe St. Mary's Hall as adorned at the upper end "with rich hangings, and all about with fayre pictures, one more especially of a noble lady (the Lady Godiva) whose memory they have cause not to forget, for that shee purchas'd and redeem'd their lost infringed liberties and ffreedomes, and obtain'd remission of heavy tributes impos'd upon them by undertaking a hard and unseemly task, w'ch was to ride naked openly at high noone day through the city on a milk white steed, w'ch she willingly performed, according to her lord's strict injunction. It may be very well discussed heere whether his hatred or her love exceeded. Her fayre long hayre did much offend the wanton's glancing eye." In this record we have no additional fact except the mention of "high noone day" as the time of the journey ; for the allusion to "the wanton's glancing eye" is too vague to be interpreted of Peeping Tom, and the writer does not refer to any commemorative procession. It is possible, therefore, that the carnival times of Charles the Second both begot the procession and tacked Peeping Tom to the legend. But it is more likely that the procession is as old as the fair, which was held

under a charter of Henry the Third, granted in 1217. Such pageants were not uncommon in municipal life, and were everywhere to the taste of the people. Whether Lady Godiva was a primitive part of it is another question: there seems no improbability in supposing that she was, since the legend was then current. Much more doubt exists as to the episode of Peeping Tom. Looking out of a house at the corner of Smithford Street is a wooden figure called by the name of the notorious tailor. It is in reality a statue of a man in armour, dating no further back than the reign of Henry the Seventh; and it could not have been appropriated to its present purpose until its original design had been forgotten, and the incongruity of its costume passed unrecognised. This is said to have been in 1678, when a figure, identified with the one in question, was put up in Grey Friars Lane by Alderman Owen.<sup>1</sup>

It must not be overlooked that there may have been from the first more than one version of the legend, and that a version rejected by, or perhaps unknown to, Roger of Wendover and the writers who followed him may have always included the order to the inhabitants to keep within doors, of which Peeping Tom would seem to be the necessary accompaniment. Unfortunately, we have no evidence on this point; and in such a case it becomes of importance to inquire whether there are any traditions in other places from which we may reason. In the *History of Gloucestershire*, printed by Samuel Rudder of Cirencester in 1779, we read that the parishioners of St. Briavels, hard by the Forest of Dean, "have a custom of distributing yearly upon Whitsunday, after divine service, pieces of bread and cheese to the congregation at church, to defray the expenses of which every householder in the parish pays a penny to

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted to Mr. Samuel Timmins, F.S.A., and also through him to Mr. William George Fretton, F.S.A., for the local information in this paragraph, and for much trouble which they have kindly taken on my behalf.

the churchwardens ; and this is said to be for the privilege of cutting and taking the wood in Hudnolls. The tradition is that the privilege was obtained of some Earl of Hereford, then lord of the Forest of Dean, at the instance of his lady, upon the same hard terms that Lady Godiva obtained the privileges for the citizens of Coventry."<sup>1</sup>

I am fortunately able to correct this account by a statement most obligingly made to me by the Rev. W. Taprell Allen, M.A., the vicar of St. Briavels, whence it would appear that the payment was probably made, not to the churchwardens, but to the constable of the castle as Warden of the Forest of Dean. In other respects Rudder seems to have accurately related both custom and tradition, but I have been unable to obtain any further details.

I am not aware of any other European tradition that will bear comparison with that of Godiva, but Liebrecht relates that he remembers in his youth, about the year 1820, in a German newspaper, a story according to which a countess frees her husband's subjects from a heavy punishment imposed by him. She undertakes to walk a certain course clad only in her shift, and she performs it, but clad in a shift of iron.<sup>2</sup> The condition is here eluded rather than fulfilled ; and the point of the story is consequently varied. It would be interesting to have the tale unearthed from the old newspaper, and to know where its scene was laid, and whether it was a genuine piece of folklore.

Eastern tales, however, furnish us repeatedly with incidents in which a lady parades the streets of a city, and during her progress all folk are bidden to close their shops and withdraw into their houses on pain of death. The example of the Princess Badroulboudour will occur to every reader of the *Arabian Nights*. This, however, is by no means a solitary example. In the story of Kamar Al-Zaman and the Jeweller's Wife, one of the stories of the

<sup>1</sup> Rudder, 307.

<sup>2</sup> Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, 104.

*Nights* rejected on moral grounds by Lane and translated by Burton, a dervish relates that he chanced one Friday to enter the city of Bassorah, and found the streets deserted. The shops were open, but neither man nor woman, girl nor boy, dog nor cat was to be seen. By-and-bye he heard a sound of drums, and hiding himself in a coffee-house, he looked out through a crevice and saw forty pairs of slave girls, with uncovered heads and faces displayed, come walking through the market, and in their midst a lady riding unveiled and adorned with gold and gems. In front of her was a damsel bearing in baldric a great sword with haft of emerald and tassels of jewel-encrusted gold. Pausing close to the dervish, the lady said to her maidens : " I hear a noise of somewhat within yonder shop ; so do ye search it, lest haply there be one hidden there, with intent to enjoy a look at us whilst we have our faces unveiled." Accordingly they searched the shop opposite the coffee-house, and brought forth a man. At the lady's command the damsel with the sword smote off his head, and leaving the corpse lying on the ground, the procession swept on. It turned out that the lady was the wife of a jeweller to whom the King of Bassorah was desirous of granting a boon, and at her request the boon obtained was a proclamation commanding that all the townsfolk should every Friday enter the mosques two hours before the hour of prayer, so that none might abide in the town, great or small, unless they were in the mosques or in the houses with the doors locked upon them ; but all the shops were to be left open. Then the lady had permission to ride with her slave-women through the heart of the town, and none were to look on her from window or lattice ; and everyone whom she found abroad she was at liberty to kill.<sup>1</sup> A similar incident is related in the life of Kurroglú, the robber-poet of Persia, where a beautiful princess passes in state through the bazaars every Friday on her way to the

<sup>1</sup> Burton's *Arabian Nights*, ix, 255.

mosque, while all the men are banished.<sup>1</sup> Here, again, someone was of course found playing the spy.

A version of the incident, which can be traced much further back in literary form than either of the foregoing, occurs in the *Ardshi-Bordshi*. This book is a Mongolian recension of a Sanskrit collection of stories concerning Vikramāditya, a monarch who, if he ever lived, seems to have flourished about the beginning of the Christian era. He was celebrated, like Solomon, for his wisdom and his might ; and his name became the centre of a vast accretion of legends. Some of these legends were translated into Mongolian late in the middle ages, and formed a small collection called after *Ardshi-Bordshi*, the nominal hero. In the story to which I wish to direct attention, a certain king has a daughter bearing the name of Sunshine, of whom he was so jealous that if anyone looked upon her his eyes were put out, and the man who entered her apartments had his legs broken. Naturally, the young lady got tired of being thus immured, and complained to her father that, as she had no opportunity of seeing man or beast, the time hung heavily on her hands ; and she begged him to let her go out on the fifteenth of the month and look about her. The king agreed to this ; but, the sly old rascal ! nothing was further from his intention than to gratify his daughter's longing for masculine converse. Wherefore he issued a decree that all objects for sale were to be exposed openly to the view, all cattle to be left indoors, the men and women were to withdraw into their houses and close their doors and windows, and if anyone came forth he should be severely punished. On the appointed day, Sunshine, surrounded by her ladies, and seated in a brand-new chariot, drove through the town, and viewed the merchandise and goods exposed for sale. The king had a minister, named Moon, who could not restrain his curiosity ; and he

<sup>1</sup> Burton's *Supplemental Nights*, iii, 570 (Appendix by Mr. W. A. Clouston). Kurroglú flourished in the second half of the seventeenth century.

peeped at her from a balcony. The princess, as he did so, caught sight of him and made signs to him, which were interpreted by the penetration of his wife to be an invitation to meet her clandestinely. The wife hardly displayed what most ladies would deem "a proper spirit" in advising compliance; and the consequence of taking that advice would have been serious trouble both to himself and to the princess, had it not been for the ready wit of the two women, who got over the difficulty by contriving an ingenious equivocation not unknown in other stories, by which the princess cleared herself and her lover on oath.<sup>1</sup>

It is true that in these tales the lady who rides forth is not naked; but to ride openly and unveiled would be thought almost as immodest in countries where strict seclusion is imposed upon women. We have therefore tales including the Peeping Tom incident, from sources unknown in Europe in the seventeenth century, when the Coventry legend had certainly attained its full development. And the incident appears so obvious a corollary to the central thought of Lady Godiva's adventure that it is hardly likely to have required centuries for its evolution. There is, however, an Indian legend from which the incident in question is absent. It is related that the inhabitants of Chamba were under the necessity of digging a canal for irrigation, but when it was dug, owing to the enchantments of an evil spirit, not a drop of water could be got to flow along its course. A magician at last found out that the spell could be dissolved if the beautiful and virtuous young princess of Chamba would consent to

<sup>1</sup> This story is edited by Jülg in Mongolian and German (Innsbruck, 1867). Miss Busk gives a free adaptation rather than a translation of the German version, in *Sagas from the Far East*, 315. Prof. De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i, 138, of course interprets it as a sun-myth—an interpretation to which the names Sunshine and Moon, and the date of the adventure (the fifteenth of the month), lend themselves.

traverse a given distance of the plain entirely naked, in full view of the populace, and to lose her head when the journey was accomplished. After much hesitation, her compassion triumphed over her shame, and she undertook the task. But lo! as she advanced, a thick line of young trees arose to right and left, completely hiding her from cynical eyes. And the shady canal is shown to-day by the good people of Chamba as one of the most authentic monuments of their history.<sup>1</sup>

Before leaving the East, let me advert to a curious religious ceremony which may have some bearing upon the legend under discussion. A potent spell to bring rain was reported as actually practised during the Gorakhpur famine of 1873-4. It consisted of a gang of women stripping themselves perfectly naked, and going out by night to drag the plough across a field. The men were kept carefully out of the way, as it was believed that peeping by them would not only vitiate the spell, but bring trouble on the village.<sup>2</sup> It would not be a long step from this belief to a story in which peeping was alleged to have taken place with disastrous effects, either to the village, or (by favour of the deities intended to be propitiated) to the culprit himself. If we seek further analogue in India, we learn that at the festival of the local goddess in the village of Serúr, in the Southern Mahratta country, the third and fourth days are devoted to private offerings. Many women, we are told, on these days walk naked to the temple in fulfilment of vows, "but they were covered with leaves and boughs of trees, and surrounded by their female relations and friends."<sup>3</sup> The performance of religious rites by women alone, when men are required under heavy penalties to absent themselves, is, indeed, not very uncommon in savage life; and probably a little search would discover in different parts of the world many such as the foregoing. In all

<sup>1</sup> *Tour du Monde*, xxi, 342, quoted by Liebrecht, *op. cit.*, 105.

<sup>2</sup> *Panjab Notes and Queries*, iii, 41, 115.

<sup>3</sup> *Journal Ethnol. Soc. London*, N.S., i, 98.



countries ceremonies of a special character are frequently dramatic. They represent, or are believed to represent, actions of the deities in whose honour they are performed. The Coventry procession is admittedly a representation of Godgifu's ride. It is not now connected with any professed act of worship, but may it not be the long-descended relic of some such observance as those I have just described? There does not appear from Rudder's account to have been, in his time at least, any pageant at St. Briavels commemorative of the achievement of the lady to whom the parishioners reckoned themselves to owe their privileges, nor have I been able to trace one by local inquiries. But the tradition is there unmistakably connected with a religious and social rite. The distribution of food on a day of high and holy festival in the church to the congregation, and paid for by a levy upon every householder in the parish, can point to nothing else than a feast of the whole community as a solemn act of worship. The point requiring elucidation is the intimate relation of this feast with a story apparently so irrelevant as that of the countess's ride. To explain this, we must suppose that the feast was only part—doubtless the concluding part—of a ceremony, and that the former portion was a procession, of which the central figure was identical with that familiar to us at Coventry. But such a procession, terminating in a sacred feast, would have had no meaning if the naked lady represented a creature merely of flesh and blood. It is only explicable on the hypothesis that she was the goddess of a heathen cult, such as Hertha (or Nerthus), whose periodical progress among her subject tribes is described by Tacitus,<sup>1</sup> and yet survives in the folk-lore of Rügen. Now the historian tells us that Hertha was Mother Earth, the goddess of the soil, whose yearly celebration would appropriately take place in the spring or early summer. To her the produce of the land

<sup>1</sup> *Germania*, c. 40 ; cf. c. 9.

would be ascribed ; and in her name and by her permission would all agricultural operations be performed. Such a goddess it is who must have been honoured by the ceremonies already noticed in India, and to such a goddess we may readily believe would be ascribed the privilege of cutting wood. It is quite consistent with this that the payment by every household at St. Briavels should be made to the warden of the forest, and that it should be spent by him on the goddess's festival. Whether the tolls and burdens vaguely referred to by Roger of Wendover were of an equivalent character we can only surmise.

On the whole, then, I am disposed to think that the legend and procession of Lady Godiva are survivals of a pagan belief and worship located at Coventry ; that the legend was concerned with a being awful and mysterious as Dame Berchta, or Hertha herself ; and that the incident of Peeping Tom, in spite of the absence of direct evidence in its favour, was from the first, or at all events from an early date, part of the story. The evidence upon which these conclusions rest may be shortly recapitulated thus :—

1. The absence of historical foundation for the tradition.
2. The close resemblance between the tradition and other stories which unquestionably deal with heathen goddesses.
3. The equally close analogy between the procession and that described in Eastern stories, which, so far as we know, could not have reached England at the latest period when the procession could possibly have been instituted ; and between the procession and certain heathen rites practised not only in the East, but as near home as Germany.
4. The connection between the analogous legend at St. Briavels and the remains of a sacred communal feast that can hardly be anything else than the degraded remnant of a pagan observance.

I have not ventured to refer to the mysteries of Dêmêtêr, equated by many writers with Tacitus' account of the wor-

ship of Hertha and another goddess whom he calls Isis. To argue from them, tempting though it is, would necessitate the introduction of too much debatable matter. I have endeavoured to rely on parallels not so readily disputed.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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## “*HOW THEY MET THEMSELVES.*”

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**I**L y a quelques années, en feuilletant l'œuvre du poète peintre Gabriel Dante Rossetti, je fus frappé d'un dessin étrange : un couple (costume florentin renaissance) rencontre au coin d'un bois un couple qui lui ressemble traits pour traits, mais entouré d'une ligne de feu qui annonce qu'il n'appartient pas à ce monde : la femme, affolée de peur, tombe dans les bras de l'homme, qui lui-même recule terrifié : la scène est intitulée *How they met themselves* (Comment ils se rencontrèrent eux-mêmes). Des personnes, qui avaient connu intimement Rossetti, ne purent me donner d'explication sur le sujet et l'intention de l'œuvre.

M. Barth, à qui je montrai le dessin et demandai s'il connaissait quelque légende analogue, me dit qu'en Alsace rencontrer son ombre est signe de mort. Il m'envoie à ce sujet des documents des plus intéressants que je ne puis mieux faire que de communiquer à *Folk-Lore*, et qui s'étendent au double cycle des apparitions de l'homme à lui-même et de l'homme à autrui. Je lui passe donc la parole : j'ajouterai seulement, pour compléter tout ce que j'ai à dire des apparitions du premier genre, celles de l'homme à lui-même, qu'il y a un exemple illustre en Angleterre correspondant au cas du relieur de Strasbourg : c'est celui de Shelley. Shelley, quelques jours avant sa mort, en se promenant, rencontra sa propre image, qui lui demanda : “How long do you mean to be content?” (*Lettre de Mrs. Shelley à Mrs. Gisborne*, 11 août 1822.<sup>1</sup>) Est-ce dans

<sup>1</sup> Vers le même époque, Shelley avait apparu également à son amie Mrs. Williams, autre signe de mort (*même Lettre*). Ceci rentre dans le second ordre de traditions racontées par M. Barth.

le *folk-lore* anglais, ou ailleurs, que Shelley s'était préparé à ces visions, qui le hantaient depuis longtemps, car on les retrouve déjà dans son *Prometheus Unbound* :

" Ere Babylon was dust,  
The Magus Zoroaster, my dear child,  
Met his own image walking in the garden.  
That apparition, sole of men, he saw."

JAMES DARMSTETER.

"S'apparaître à soi-même, se voir soi-même" (*sich selbscht erschiene, sich selbscht sehn*<sup>1</sup>), passe en Alsace pour le présage infaillible d'une mort prochaine. Le fait suivant, arrivé il y a quelque quarante-sept ans et dont je garantis la parfaite authenticité, est un bon exemple des récits assez nombreux qui courent à ce sujet et qui se ressemblent tous quant aux circonstances essentielles.

Un relieur de Strasbourg, du nom de K——, homme jeune et robuste, et que je ne sache pas avoir été particulièrement superstitieux, revenait d'un incendie où il s'était fort échauffé. Voulant se désaltérer, il descendit à la cave pour tirer une canette de vin ; quand, en ouvrant la porte du réduit, il s'aperçut lui-même, accroupi devant le tonneau et tirant du vin. A son approche, le spectre tourna la tête de son côté, le regarda d'un air indifférent, et disparut. La vision n'avait duré qu'un instant. Il remonta pâle et chancelant. Le soir même il fut pris de frissons, se mit au lit et mourut peu de jours après, emporté par une fièvre aiguë.

J'ignore quelle explication on donne de cette sorte de dédoublement du moi ; je crois même qu'on n'en donne aucune ; mais il est certain qu'on ne le regarde pas comme un simple fait d'hallucination.

Il y a un lien étroit entre cette croyance et d'autres qui, à première vue du moins, s'accordent mieux avec les notions de la psychologie vulgaire. "Se voir soi-même" est un

<sup>1</sup> C'est-à-dire, *sich selbst erscheinen, sich selbst sehen*.

fait rare. Rien de plus fréquent, au contraire, que l'apparition d'un mourant à une autre personne. Dans ce cas, l'apparition proprement dite est très souvent remplacée par quelque autre manifestation mystérieuse, par un bruit insolite, étrange, par la chute ou la rupture inexplicable d'un objet, surtout si cet objet est en quelque rapport avec le mourant, s'il lui appartient ou s'il a été donné par lui. Tous ces faits sont exprimés par la locution *sich ergai'e*,<sup>1</sup> "se montrer, se manifester," qui ne s'emploie que dans ce sens-là. On les distingue du simple pressentiment, de la préoccupation sans motif assignable que peut nous causer un absent. Ces derniers faits s'expriment par des locutions telles que *I hab kenn rui mé k'hett*,<sup>2</sup> "je n'avais plus de repos," ou *S'hett m'r kenn rui mé gelosse*,<sup>3</sup> "cela ne me laissait plus de repos," en employant la tournure neutre et en évitant surtout d'attribuer directement le fait à la personne en question. Ils sont considérés comme l'indice d'un danger grave encouru par cette personne en ce même moment, mais auquel il peut encore y avoir remède ; tandis que le fait d'apparaître ou de se manifester par quelque autre signe sensible, est un arrêt de mort sans appel. Celui qui "se montre" se meurt ou vient de mourir. En général, ces manifestations sont considérées comme se produisant d'une façon inconsciente : ce ne sont pas des actes résultant d'une volonté déterminée du mourant. On raconte bien de diverses façons l'histoire de deux amis qui, en se séparant, se seraient promis réciproquement que le premier qui viendrait à mourir le ferait savoir à l'autre par un signe convenu. Mais je doute qu'aucune des variantes de cette anecdote, d'ailleurs fort répandue, soit originale chez nous. Tout ce que nos récits vraiment authentiques s'attachent à constater, c'est qu'au moment même, le mourant était vivement préoccupé de la personne à laquelle il s'est manifesté. Il est à supposer que s'ils étaient en général plus véridiques ou plus exacts, ils constateraient plus fréquem-

<sup>1</sup> *Sich erscheinen.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ich hatte keine Ruhe mehr.*

<sup>3</sup> *Es liess mir keine Ruhe mehr.*

ment chez cette dernière une préoccupation non moins vive. Mais c'est là une circonstance qu'ils ne relèvent que rarement : presque toujours les faits en question sont représentés comme s'étant produits à l'improviste. Fort nombreux autrefois, ces récits commencent à se perdre. Les vieux s'oublient et il n'en vient plus de nouveaux. Il doit pourtant encore s'en trouver dans la plupart des familles d'Alsace où il y a des souvenirs remontant à trois ou quatre générations. Comme specimen du genre, je donne le suivant, parce que, de même que pour le premier, je puis en affirmer la parfaite authenticité. La personne, morte depuis longtemps, à qui le fait est arrivé et de qui je le tiens directement, était incapable, je ne dirai pas de mentir, mais d'ajouter quoique ce soit à la stricte vérité. Je dois ajouter que, très intelligente, joignant à une grande piété beaucoup de fermeté d'esprit et de caractère, elle n'ajoutait que médiocrement foi à cette sorte d'histoires, sans, toutefois, les rejeter absolument.

Mariée à Strasbourg et sachant que son frère, qui habitait Bischwiller, était à toute extrémité, elle n'avait pas pu se rendre auprès de lui, ayant elle-même à soigner un de ses enfants gravement malade. Elle veillait à son chevet, lisant la Bible, quand, vers une heure du matin, elle entendit dans la pièce d'à côté un bruit singulier. C'était, disait-elle, comme si quelqu'un, chaussé simplement de ses bas, eût parcouru la chambre, allant et venant, à pas précipités. Un peu émue de ce bruit étrange, à une heure où elle savait tout le monde endormi dans la maison, elle prit la lumière et passa dans la pièce voisine. Tout y était tranquille ; mais, presque aussitôt, le même marcheur reprit sa course et, cette fois, dans la chambre qu'elle venait de quitter. Elle frémit, mais resta maîtresse d'elle-même. Elle retourna auprès de son enfant et le bruit repassa aussitôt de l'autre côté. Le petit malade, que la fièvre tenait éveillé, paraissait, lui, ne rien entendre. Tout en priant, elle arrangea sa couchette et ne manqua pas de lui donner sa médecine au moment prescrit. Pendant ce temps, avec quelques

rare intervalles, le bruit de la terrible marche continuait, tantôt plus faible, tantôt redoublant de précipitation et de violence. Enfin, au bout d'une longue demi-heure, elle sentit comme un souffle passer sur elle ; après quoi tout rentra dans le silence. Le matin, à l'ouverture des portes de la ville, un messenger vint lui annoncer la mort de son frère : l'agonie avait commencé un peu après minuit : elle avait duré une heure et demie environ et, dans la dernière période, le mourant avait à maintes reprises et avec un air d'anxieuse insistance répété le nom de sa sœur.

J'ai déjà indiqué un trait caractéristique de ce récit : le fait que la personne était prévenue, pour ainsi dire préparée. La persistance de la manifestation en est un autre. Les phénomènes de ce genre peuvent se répéter ; mais d'ordinaire, ils durent peu. Quant aux apparitions proprement dites, elles sont toujours instantanées. Les autres circonstances rentrent dans le cadre commun, notamment l'immunité de l'enfant. Dans la plupart des cas où des fait de ce genre doivent s'être passés en présence de plusieurs personnes, ils n'ont eu qu'un seul témoin, et ce témoin est toujours un adulte ; presque toujours, une femme.

Enfin voici une troisième croyance, bien moins répandue que les précédentes, auxquelles elle touche de très près, bien qu'elle en diffère beaucoup quant au fond. On admet que certaines personnes ont une privilège tout spécial pour voir ces apparitions *in extremis*. De ce nombre était une domestique originaire du Palatinat, du nom de Kätt, créature honnête et dévouée, mais d'intelligence très bornée, au service d'une famille de Strasbourg maintenant éteinte. Quand, parmi les relations de la famille, il y avait quelqu'un de gravement malade, on envoyait demander à la vieille Kätt "si elle l'avait vu." Répondait elle non ? on gardait de l'espoir. Disait elle oui ? on se préparait à une mort désormais inévitable. J'ai encore connu cette femme dans ma première enfance. Elle était alors extrêmement vieille, presque aveugle, à moitié paralysée et à peu près idiote. Elle n'avait plus de visions. Ses maîtres



l'avaient gardée auprès d'eux, lui donnant le *gnadenbrod*, "le pain de merci."

Les trois sortes d'apparitions que nous venons de passer en revue, présentent toutes un trait commun : la parfaite indifférence de ces êtres mystérieux pour ce qui les entoure. C'est là un point sur lequel tous les récits paraissent être d'accord. L'ombre un instant entrevue est en quelque sorte un simple signe ; elle ne fait qu'apparaître, elle n'essaie pas de se communiquer. Elle passe muette, sans avoir l'air de connaître la personne pour laquelle elle est venue, la plupart du temps sans même la regarder. Ce ne sont pas, ce ne sont plus des créatures de ce monde. Le même trait se retrouve chez nos revenants. Ils n'agissent qu'après avoir disparu ou, du moins, qu'après avoir changé de forme et, alors, leur action est presque toujours malfaisante. Les spectres communicatifs et loquaces comme celui du père d'Hamlet, sont étrangers à notre tradition populaire. Ce trait tient sans doute à des notions de psychologie traditionnelle, à des conceptions *à priori* touchant la vie de l'âme dans ces conditions anormales. Mais il est probable aussi qu'il tient davantage encore à la nature même de l'hallucination, qui s'adresse rarement à plusieurs sens à la fois. Car il s'en faut de beaucoup que tous ces récits soient de simples inventions, et l'on sait combien ces deux ordres de faits sont aptes à s'engendrer réciproquement. De tout temps on a vu ce que l'on appréhendait de voir et on a cru ce qu'on l'on voyait.

Dans ces récits l'explication immédiate des faits relève donc de la physiologie, et cette explication ne paraît pas difficile à trouver, quand les récits sont sincères. Quant aux croyances que ces faits impliquent, on a là un exemple entre bien d'autres, du nombre de notions diverses en leur origine, disparates, parfois contradictoires, que la tradition populaire sait réunir autour d'un point restreint. Il est évident, en effet, que les trois ordres de faits résumés plus haut ne sont pas susceptibles d'une seule et même interprétation. Le plus simple, le deuxième, se rapporte à la

croyance si répandue que, aux approches de la mort, l'âme est déjà plus ou moins affranchie du corps ; que sa pensée peut agir à distance, et qu'elle participe par avance aux facultés de sa condition future. De là aussi le don de prescience qu'on lui reconnaît d'ordinaire. Il est sans doute peu de familles où l'on n'ait souvenir de quelque mourant ayant prédit d'une façon plus ou moins explicite l'heure précise de sa mort. Pour les quelques points que cette explication laisserait obscures, il faudrait se retourner vers cette deuxième âme, image ou effluve plus ou moins matérielle de l'âme pensante et immortelle, que les philosophes n'ont pas été les seuls à imaginer, et dont la trace se retrouve dans beaucoup de nos traditions populaires. Aucune de ces conceptions, par contre, ne suffit à expliquer les récits du troisième ordre. Ceux-ci rentrent dans les croyances relatives à la "seconde vue" (peut-être avec quelque immixtion de divination et de sorcellerie), qui se retrouvent également dans nos contrées, bien que notre langue n'ait pas de mot propre pour exprimer la chose. Quant aux récits du premier ordre, les plus bizarres de tous, s'il m'était permis de prêter une interprétation à la conscience populaire qui paraît se taire à cet égard, je dirais qu'on y voit une intervention directe d'un pouvoir supérieur à l'homme. C'est un signe de Dieu, avertissant le pécheur de sa fin prochaine, afin qu'il rentre en lui-même et fasse pénitence. Ce peut être aussi un avis donné par le "Méchant", afin de lui procurer un avant-goût du sort qui l'attend. Dans ce cas, dit-on, on se voit *Kohleschwartz*, "noir comme charbon."

AUGUSTE BARTH.

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## CELTIC MYTH AND SAGA.

### REPORT UPON THE PROGRESS OF STUDY DURING THE PAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

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IN an article which appeared in these pages (*Arch. Review*, Oct. 1888), and which this present one supplements and continues, I expressed the opinion that, "except the Hellenic, the Irish sagas are the only considerable mass of Aryan epic tradition almost entirely uninfluenced by Christianity. As evidence of the most

archaic side of Aryan civilisation, the *Tain bó Cuailgne* is only inferior to the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*."

This is one way of looking at the remains of early Irish mythic and saga literature, and, if it be the correct one, it is not easy to over-estimate the importance of this literature to the folk-lorist in general, and in especial to students of British folk-lore. For if we hold that the beliefs and customs of archaic Ireland are to a large extent preserved in the early literature, it is natural to assume that these beliefs and customs were also shared by the inhabitants of archaic Britain, and it is an equally natural assumption that some of these beliefs and customs are still enshrined in the folklore current in the islands. This series of assumptions underlies a number of works which have been written of late years, notably Professor Rhys's Hibbert Lectures, of which I gave a full account in the above-cited article, and the papers by Mr. G. L. Gomme, which have appeared in these pages.<sup>1</sup> With certain modifications and reservations, I hold that these assumptions are sound and legitimate, and that, better than any other hypothesis, they fit in with all the facts at present known to us. It cannot be denied, however, that they are open to attack from various sides. In the first place, there is the preliminary question whether there is an Aryan race-group and consequently an "Aryan epic tradition" at all. If the Aryan speech was imposed by one race upon other and different races, may not the complex of myths and customs which we are accustomed to call Aryan, be likewise the exclusive property of one race, and have been accepted with the Aryan speech by the inferior races whom the Aryans dominated, and upon whom they impressed their civilisation, whether that civilisation be regarded as a special product of the Aryans or as taken over by them from older, presumably Eastern, civilisations? Putting this consideration aside, we have further to face the hypothesis that the inhabitants of

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Totemism in Britain," *Arch. Rev.*, June and July 1889, and "Conditions for the Survival of Archaic Custom," *Arch. Rev.*, January 1890.

North-Western Europe, whether Celts or Teutons, had, before this contact with Greco-Roman civilisation, no culture of their own worth speaking of, and that whatever we find of myth, custom, or institution in the early records of both these races is, if not a direct loan from classic culture, at all events profoundly and radically influenced by it. Here the folk-lorist and the student of literature cannot dispense with the aid of the archæologist, using that word in its restricted sense as designating a student of material antiquities. If the folk-lorist, working on the same lines and using the same methods as the palæontologist, reconstructs from existing survivals the picture of a past civilisation, if the student of literature confirms the results thus arrived at, the archæologist has still to have his say. Well-nigh every civilisation has left some material traces of its nature, and if these are found to justify other conclusions from those arrived at by the folk-lorist, the latter must pause and reconsider both his facts and his deductions from those facts. Thus, if early Irish literature, both legendary and legal, gives us an idea of archaic Celtic civilisation altogether different from that derived from the material remains of Celtic antiquity, there will be reason for suspecting the influence of an alien and more highly developed civilisation upon that literature.

These general considerations involve the principle and system of this and succeeding annual reports upon Celtic myth and saga. In setting forth the results arrived at by Celtic scholars, I shall endeavour to bear in view the general trend of anthropological and archæological research. If Celtologists differ in a very marked degree from workers in other fields of study, it will be evident that their methods and results require very careful examination before they can be accepted.<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, as one of the

<sup>1</sup> It would by no means follow that such a difference necessarily implied error upon the part of Celtic scholars. It has happened before now that a generalisation, which obtained in many and varying branches of research, has been disproved by the results reached in

main, if not the main source of the knowledge respecting Celtic antiquity consists of the pre-mediæval and mediæval literature of Gael and Brython (*i.e.*, Irish and Welsh) it will be my endeavour to show in what degree the researches of students of literary history affect our estimate of that literature ; in other words, to what extent it may be looked upon as a genuine exponent of Celtic culture. The relations between that early literature and current folk-lore will also demand special attention ; and the work of the historian and the archæologist must be examined to see how far it proves, or disproves, the results arrived at by other methods.

Professor Zimmer's essay upon the Brendan legend is at once the most considerable and the most important contribution of the past year to the history of Irish literature. It is a worthy continuation of the masterly researches which I noticed so fully in my former article. It is difficult to give the pith of studies so complicated and detailed, and injustice can hardly fail to be done to the master's methods and results in the attempt to summarise them. Briefly speaking, Professor Zimmer may be held to have proved that the mediæval Latin legend of St. Brendan is a Christian adaptation of a *genre* of Irish story-telling, one example of which, dating from a much earlier period and comparatively little influenced by Christianity, has come down to us in the "Seafaring of Mael Duin", known to all English-speaking peoples through the Laureate's imitation. Another, and yet earlier fragment of this, one of the favourite categories of Irish story-telling, is probably preserved in the opening to the "Seafaring of the O'Corras", a text only known to us in a much later and, as regards the body of the tale, in a

one special branch. So many new facts are coming within the ken of scholars, that a certain amount of over-hasty systematisation is inevitable, and even those who champion most warmly the fashionable theories of the day respecting the early history of mankind and the growth of human civilisation, can hardly feel that they are building a very solid edifice.

completely Christianised redaction. Professor Zimmer detects in the 11th century Middle Irish texts of these two tales as we now have them, traces of old Irish syntax and vocabulary, and in virtue of this and of numerous considerations drawn from his wide knowledge of Irish history and literary history, he assigns them substantially to the 7th and 8th centuries. He argues that the presentment of the *terra repromissionis* in the Brendan voyage, although modified in a Christian sense, still retains the main outline of Celtic belief concerning the Otherworld, and in section C of his essay he brings together, in support of this contention, a number of instances in which the older Saga literature describes the voyaging of mortal heroes to the Otherworld in a way almost entirely free from all traces of Christianity. It is, to my knowledge, the fullest presentment and discussion of the texts upon which rests our knowledge of early Celtic eschatology.

In the course of his essay, Professor Zimmer gives full summaries of the Latin *Navigatio S. Brendani*, of the Seafaring of Mael Duin, of the Three O'Corras, and of Snegdus and Mac Riagla, as well as of the Irish Brendan, a composition of the 12th century, in which the Christian eschatological element is even more fully developed than in the *Navigatio*. In this respect his work can be supplemented by the translations of Snegdus and Mac Riagla, and of Mael Duin, which Mr. Whitley Stokes has published in vols. ix and x of the *Revue Celtique*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Whilst Professor Zimmer was investigating the Brendan story, Dr. Schirmer of Leipzig was similarly engaged. He deals with the later mediæval history of the legend, which is left unnoticed by the Greifswald professor, as well as with its origin, and the two works should be read together. It is indeed unfortunate for Dr. Schirmer that his sound and conscientious essay should have appeared at the same time as Professor Zimmer's; whatever may be the faults of the latter—and they are not likely to be left unnoticed by his fellow Celtologists—he makes every subject he touches his own by his gigantic industry and his amazing ingenuity. The Brendan literature has been enriched within the last few weeks by Mr. Whitley Stokes' translation

The outcome of this and of the preceding studies of Professor Zimmer is that the Irish Saga literature preserved in the great 11th century MSS. assumed substantially the form under which it has come down to us in the 7th and 8th centuries, that this form is practically altogether pagan, and that it gradually become more and more contaminated by Christianity. This, if true, is a result of the highest importance. A pagan 7th century Irish saga of the variety and complexity of the 11th century texts presupposes a vigorous, complex, and fairly advanced national culture; it is furthermore evident that this must have existed before the introduction of Christianity. The paradoxical opinion has been advanced that Ireland owes its literary and social culture entirely to the Christian missionaries, but surely these had other work on hand than to invent an immense body of literature, pagan both in its general spirit and in its details, for no other purpose, as it would seem, than to afford their successors the opportunity of gradually modifying it in a Christian sense—a task never thoroughly carried out, but which engaged the energies of monkish scribes well on into the 13th century. Surely, too, however fertilising the effect of the new culture upon the pagan bards and medicine men, it could not have enabled them to create, *ex nihilo*, such a coherent and complex body of mythic and heroic traditions.

Professor Zimmer thus represents what may be styled the "Liberal-Conservative" view of Irish antiquity, which, whilst rejecting the "High-Tory" claim to the 3,000 years of authentic history found in the mediæval annalists, yet admits the archaic character of the earliest Irish tradi-

of the Irish Brendan Voyage in the *Book of Lismore* (*Lives*, pp. 240-261), and by the Abbé Duchesne's critical study on the Lives of St. Malo, in the Jan.-April number of the *Revue Celtique*. As is well known, an episode in the legend of this saint stands in very close connection with the Brendan voyage. The present writer hopes, before long, to give the pith of all these researches in a general study of the Brendan legend.



tions. Such criticism as he has received has been Conservative rather than Radical in its tendency. I ventured in my former article to dispute some of his conclusions respecting the influence of Teutonic upon Celtic tradition, conclusions supported by desperate but unconvincing ingenuity. Professor Kuno Meyer has since shown that many of the philological arguments upon which these conclusions were grounded are open to considerable doubt.<sup>1</sup>

To the "Liberal-Conservative" view, again, belongs Mrs. Bryant's bright and ingenious sketch of early Irish history, ethnology, and sociology. She essays to find a meaning in the Irish traditions of successive immigrations from the East and South (traditions which Mons. D'Arbois de Jubainville explained by purely mythological considerations<sup>2</sup>), by interpreting them in the light of current ethnological theories. The Tuatha dé Danann are an early immigration, probably Gaelic, from the North-East, and to them the stone circles and circular tombs may be assigned; the Firbolgs, another Gaelic invasion from the South-East through Britain; whilst the Milesian immigration from the South, from Spain, is accepted as fact. The undeniable traces of pre-Celtic population, both in physical characteristics and in social institutions, are accounted for by the pre-Firbolg immigration mentioned in the traditional annals. I cannot but think that the time for any such synthesis is still far off, and the many erroneous, or at least doubtful, statements to be found in the first few pages of Mrs. Bryant's book strengthen my conviction. Is it "certain that at the dawn of Irish tradition all the peoples of Erin spoke one language, and were settling down together side by side

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Celtique*, vol. x. At the same time, Prof. Meyer tells me that his studies upon the text of the *Tochmarc Emer* have convinced him that this saga exists in two redactions, a pre-Norse and a post-Norse invasion one; and he bears witness to the value of the method by which Professor Zimmer has distinguished various strata in the development of the Irish sagas.

<sup>2</sup> *Le Cercle Mythologique Irlandais*, Paris, 1884; and cf. my notice, *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii.

under one set of social ideas and institutions"?<sup>1</sup> Nothing less so, I should say. Again, is it safe to draw any conclusions as to the race-connections of the Firbolgs from the fact that the Firbolg Ferdiad is described as a blonde in the *Tain bó Cuailgné*? There is the same uncertainty respecting his personal appearance as there is respecting that of Cuchullain,<sup>2</sup> and until we can satisfactorily explain this uncertainty no conclusion can be drawn, one way or another, respecting the races to which either hero is assigned by tradition. Moreover, what does Mrs. Bryant mean by the statement on p. 15, that the Irish Gael had no traces of matriarchalism? If there is a Gaelic kingly hero *par excellence*, it is Conchobor, and he is always described by his matronymic, Mac Nessa—Nessa's son.

The pinch of salt which the reader should bring with him to the consideration of Mrs. Bryant's first chapter must ever be at hand through the remainder of the book. A fascinating and coherent account of early Irish culture is attained by the simple process of passing over the shadows and the difficulties. But with this *caveat* the book may be warmly recommended. It groups clearly and suggestively the facts of early Irish society as they may be gathered from texts which are, in part at least, as old as the ninth century. Mrs. Bryant gives, in fact, a modern rendering of the views which the great Irish mediæval scholars (down to and including O'Curry) held concerning the social past of the race. Some of these views depart at times widely from actual fact, but their existence constitutes a fact of first-rate importance in the history of Ireland throughout the last 1,000 years, and it is as much the duty of the historian to investigate the rise and development of opinions as to ascertain the nature and sequence of events.

This statement would not commend itself to Archdeacon O'Rorke, a vehement champion of Radical views respecting the early history of Ireland. He quotes in his preface from

<sup>1</sup> Bryant, *op. cit.*, p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. my remarks *ante*, *Arch. Rev.*, iii, 212.

Mommsen that it is ridiculous to inquire "into what is neither capable of being known or worth the knowing", for instance, the legendary history of Rome. The straitest historian may well be staggered by such a proposition; the archæologist and folk-lorist will simply pass it by with a smile, knowing full well that it is far more important to understand the genesis and growth of Roman traditional history than to ascertain, could it be ascertained, the year in which some obscure families first settled on the site that was to be Rome, and the names of those families. Be this as it may, the author's quotation indicates his standpoint, that of confirmed scepticism with regard to the pre-Christian history of Ireland, and in especial with regard to the age of the rude stone monuments which are such a characteristic feature of County Sligo. "Ireland in pre-Christian times was utterly unlettered and barbarous . . . the outcome of research before long will probably be to bring all or nearly all the existing antiquities of the County within the Christian era."<sup>1</sup> Such are the propositions to which, in the course of a rambling, higgledy-piggledy, but, as regards mediæval and modern Ireland, most instructive and suggestive work, he commits himself with the utmost ingenuity of special pleading. Take, for instance, his treatment of the Carrowmore rude stone monuments. These have hitherto been regarded as pre-historic by sober-minded antiquaries, or, by the older school of Irish historians, have been brought into connection with various events of the legendary annals, such as the battle of the Southern Moytura. Dr. O'Rorke looks upon the monuments as commemorating the battle of Sligo, fought about 540 A.D., between the invading Ulstermen, comprising both branches of the Northern Hy Neill, and Eoghan Bel, King of Connaught, at the head of all the forces of Connaught. The Connaught men were routed and Eoghan Bel was slain; his head, according to the account preserved in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, here, as usual, favourable to the Hy Neill, being carried off

<sup>1</sup> O'Rorke, *op. cit.*, i, p. xi.

by the invaders. A Connaught account of the battle, contained in the Life of St. Ceallach, preserved to us by the great Sligo antiquary of the 15th century, Gilla Isa Mor Mac Firis in his *Tribes and Customs of Hy Fiachrach*, states, on the contrary, that the Connaught men buried this monarch, according to his orders, "with his red javelin in his hand . . . his face towards the north on the side of the hill by which the Northerners passed when flying before the hosts of Connaught." This was done, and ever after the invading Northerners were routed, panic-stricken, until at last they made a great hosting and raised the body of Eoghan and carried it northwards, and "buried it with the mouth down, so that it might not be the means of causing them to fly before the Connaught men."<sup>1</sup> Dr. O'Rorke finds this monument of Eoghan Bel in a cairn upon the top of Knockarea, a hill overlooking the Carrowmore plain, and looks upon the cromlechs and other monuments of the plain as funereal memorials to the Connaught chiefs. It should be noted that Dr. O'Rorke's identification of the site of this battle differs from that of previous writers, and is chiefly determined by his preconceived notion that the Carrowmore monuments do commemorate it (though it must be admitted that he has other and ingenious arguments in favour of his theory); that one account of the battle makes the whole hypothesis untenable, and that the other account, whilst speaking of the cairn to the king, says no word about the countless other monuments, described by Petrie, "as the most remarkable collection of the kind in the British islands."<sup>2</sup> By a kind of afterthought Dr. O'Rorke notices the absence of any bronze or iron weapons found in connection with these monuments ("but they may have been picked up in the last thirteen centuries"), the presence of fire-marks on objects connected with the cromlechs ("but then the Connaught men had their camp-fires for cooking and heating in all directions"), the bones and shells of animals met with in excavations (the "remains of the rabbits and

<sup>1</sup> O'Rorke, *op. cit.*, i, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 42.

oysters upon which the Connaught men regaled themselves during their stay on the battle-field"), as possible arguments against the modern date he claims for the monuments. I have bracketed his airy brushings aside of such arguments; they are at least of value as evidence that humorous ingenuity still remains an Irish characteristic. To fully characterise the scientific method and spirit upon which he plumes himself, it only remains to be added that he does not attempt to cite from the very rich Irish battle literature of the 8th-11th centuries a single parallel to what he conceives to have taken place at this 6th century battle. I do not wish to assert that he may not be right in his contention. I only claim that it must be supported by far more serious arguments before it can be accepted.

In the same spirit the so-called Druid's Altar or Giant's Grave at Deerpark is explained as being either the remains of a 6th century ecclesiastical foundation, or else the grave to which the remains of Eoghan Bel were transferred, as stated in the passage quoted above from the Life of St. Ceallach; or again, "which the writer ventures to think its real destination," it may have been a stone enclosure put up for the purpose of public games, such as we know were held in the district throughout the mediæval period, most probably an arena for dog or other animal fights.

Guessing of this kind is as useful or as useless as the imaginings of the older Celtomaniac antiquaries; but when the author applies his system to the elucidation of the mythic stories found in the annals, he runs the risk of gravely misleading. The mythic conflicts between the Tuatha dé Danann and the Firbolgs were early localised at Moytura, the localisation probably dating back to the time, 7th-8th. centuries, when the mythology of the race was euhemerised and made to do duty as pre-Christian history. Into the artificial annalistic scheme thus framed various mythic details were gradually adjusted, and in this way the very rich Saga literature belonging to the so-called mythological cycle took shape. Thus Eochaidh hua

Flainn, an Irish antiquary of the 10th century, has a poem about the battle of Moytura, which gives the framework of the later prose tale; whilst a passage in Cormac's glossary (Cormac was slain in 918) shows that a prose tale, substantially the same in character as the existing one, must have been extant at least fifty years before the date of Eochaidh's poem. In the face of all these facts, Dr. O'Rorke gravely maintains that a battle, fought in 1398 between the O'Connors and the MacDonoughs, "was the source of all the high-sounding traditions connected with the place."<sup>1</sup> Perhaps an even more remarkable instance of his way of treating the most patent facts connected with pre-Christian Ireland may be found in his account of the battle of Cooldruman, the famous fight in which the Ulster clans, at the instigation of their kinsman, St. Columba, invaded Connaught and routed the Connaughtmen. The Four Masters have preserved an ancient verse, professedly Columba's invocation before the battle, in which the Saint calls upon Christ, as "his Druid", to side with his kinsmen. The obvious inference from this passage is that the Druid must have been a revered personage, and his power recognised as a mighty one, for the greatest of Irish saints to use the word in addressing Christ. To Dr. O'Rorke it only suggests the doubt that Druidism ever existed in Ireland as a specific organised religion.<sup>2</sup>

In one sense, indeed, Dr. Rorke stands on the same level as the older Irish antiquaries; they accepted as literal truth what they found in the early annals, he rejects it as literal truth, but never seems to think that it has a meaning and an importance of its own, and that, if this meaning can be properly ascertained, more light will be thrown upon the Irish race and upon Irish culture than if the date and sequence of all the petty chiefs that ever held sway in that island since man first dwelt in it could be found out.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> O'Rorke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 268.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 8.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. O'Rorke's statements respecting the rude stone monuments of Sligo should be carefully checked by Colonel Wood-Martin's admirable work upon the same subject (Dublin, 1888).

For those who like to look upon Irish myth, saga, and history as so much raw material for poetic treatment, the new edition of Lady Ferguson's *Story of the Irish before the Conquest* may be recommended. The bardic tales are repeated with the unquestioning belief of past ages ; but, alas ! it is largely in the words of modern poets, especially in those of Sir Samuel Ferguson. Thus, whilst delightful reading, the book is deprived of such value as attaches to a simple and faithful retelling of the bardic stories, for instance, to Keating's history. The legends of the Irish race are as valuable to the student of Celtic civilisation as the historic or the monumental record, if not more so, provided always that we have them in their earliest forms and are enabled to trace their growth. Lady Ferguson's work unfortunately fulfils neither requirement, and can only contribute to perpetuate false ideas, both about archaic and mediæval Irish culture.

Apart from records of a self-evident mythical or legendary nature, the folk-lorist must keep his eye fixed upon other documents, the interest of which is mainly historical, or theological, as the case may be, but which supply the most valuable hints towards reconstructing the beliefs and practices of our ancestors. Chief amongst these must be reckoned Lives of Saints. Especially is this the case among Celtic peoples. The Celtic "Golden Legend" is perhaps not richer than that of other races in references to pre-Christian myth and cult ; its value rather lies in its witness to the infinitesimal difference that separated the pagan "druid"—soothsayer and medicine-man—from the Christian "saint"—medicine-man and soothsayer. Strip the legend of the one of the alien accessories, and it reveals to us a most archaic conception of religion and of social life. Such a story as that of the cleric who "performed fasting against the Lord"<sup>1</sup> because he thought a fellow-cleric had been better treated than he, speaks volumes for the state of the men who told and believed it. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Stokes, *Lives*, p. xi.



Whitley Stokes' latest publication will thus be welcomed by all who wish to have a clear idea of the mental and social condition of our forefathers, as well as by all lovers of the mystical, charming Celtic genius. Many of the incidents recorded in these *Lives* are well-nigh unsurpassed for their mingling of *naïve* humanity and mystical spirituality. Needless to say that the editor has done everything to facilitate the understanding and criticism of his texts. Especially noteworthy from our point of view are pp. xci-cxix of the Introduction, in which the testimony of the *Lives* to the history and social conditions of Ireland is summarised under commonplaces—pp. cv-cx being given to "Religion and Superstition", pp. cxi-cxii to the "Family", pp. cxiii-cxix to the "State".

Hitherto we have been considering Irish evidence for the existence and nature of early Celtic culture, and chiefly that afforded by literary monuments. It is upon documents, partly literary, partly historical, collated with and controlled by folk-usage, that a suggestive and brilliant attempt to penetrate to the myth and ritual of the Continental Celts is based. I allude to the late M. Cerquand's second series of articles, "Taranous et Thor", in which he supplies and discusses the evidence for the thesis maintained in the first series.<sup>1</sup> The value of these articles lies not so much in the conclusion reached—that the Continental Celts possessed a god of thunder, whose *rôle* and attributes were much the same as those of the Teutonic Thor—nor in the principle upon which the argument rests, which is, that the pre-Roman and pre-Christian Gaulish culture was not annihilated by the alien and higher elements, but struggled long against them, and was compromised with rather than eliminated—but in the penetrating sagacity with which the most unlikely texts are cross-examined and made to yield witness to this principle. This latter, indeed, was, not so long ago, a quasi-axiomatic assumption with most investigators, but of late it has been

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Celtique*, vol. vi, vol. x.



sadly beaten in breach by a school, the tenets of which, if accepted, would reduce our Celtic and Teutonic forefathers to a lower stage of development than that of the contemporary Australian. For I do not know that anyone has essayed to deny the latter's claim to the mythic conceptions which, with his clan and family rules, make up his religion. But as well-nigh every fragment of mythic or heroic fancy found amongst the Teutons (it is against *their* mythology, as being best known, that the attack has been chiefly directed) has been set down as borrowed from Greco-Roman culture, whether Pagan or Christian, it would indeed seem that our barbaric ancestors must, when they came in contact with ancient civilisation, have occupied as low a place in the culture scale as any we know of.<sup>1</sup> M. Cerquand's articles are a protest, the more valuable because it is implicit, against these doctrines. They demonstrate, upon an important point, that similarity of Celtic and Teutonic myth which we should naturally expect, and they demonstrate it by the analysis of documents—sermons of Christian apologists, decisions of synods, official citations of or references to local usage—which are above all suspicion, and against which none of the arguments urged against purely mythological texts are valid.

The transition from the Continental to the Brythonic branch of the insular Celts is easy. Professor Rhys has again affirmed the view held by the majority of scholars, that the Gaulish tribes (at least those ruling classes among them which came in contact with Rome) and the Brythons belong to a secondary wave of Celtic settlement throughout the west of Europe, and he has connected this wave with the Dorian settlement in Greece, and with the entry of the Oscan tribes into Italy.<sup>2</sup> His arguments are

<sup>1</sup> I do not of course attribute this extreme view to any one member of the "borrowing school". But each one signalises himself by picking out some special feature as a proof of the general thesis, and the effect of accepting all their contentions would be as I have stated.

<sup>2</sup> "Early Brit. Ethnology," *Scott. Rev.*, April.

mainly philological ; I greatly doubt whether they could be supported from the myth and custom-store of these races. As far as such portions of Brythonic (Welsh) literature are concerned, which are in any measure entitled to be called mythic, I should not be at all surprised if future research connected them directly with Gaelic (Irish) myth.<sup>1</sup> The problems involved are of the utmost complexity. The literary documents on the Brythonic side fall, broadly speaking, into two classes, the one consisting of poems and tales, found only in Welsh, to which all manner of dates from the 6th to the 12th centuries have been assigned ; the other, the Arthurian romance, comprising Welsh, Latin, and French tales and poems, the subject-matter of which is British. It is still disputed whether the heroic and mythic traditions of the first class belong to the North or the South of our island. The former theory, worked out independently by Mr. Skene and Mr. Stuart Glennie, is generally accepted. It assumes that the traditions preserved by the poems associated with the names of Aneurin, Merlin, and Taliessin originated in Southern Scotland and North-Western England, and were transplanted to Wales in the fifth and following centuries ; in which case they would seem to be more worthy of attention from the investigator of Celtic *origines* than if they belonged to the South of England, which was longer subjected to Roman and Christian influence. How fundamentally this affects our usage of the early Welsh documents is evident. No recent contribution has been made towards the settlement of this question. It is to be hoped that Professor Rhys in his forthcoming work on Arthur will discuss the Welsh sources, the genuine pre-Christian character of which was assumed by him in the Hibbert Lectures.

The second class of documents, the Arthurian romance,

<sup>1</sup> It is significant in this connection to note that Professor Thurmeyen finds Irish characteristics in the Juvenius glosses, hitherto regarded as one of the oldest specimens of Welsh (*Rev. Celt.*, Jan., April, 91).

gives rise to further complication. The majority of the texts are in French, the oldest, paleographically speaking, are in Latin. That the whole superstructure is Celtic no one would affirm, but even the fact that it rests in any large measure upon a Celtic basis is denied by a school at the head of which stands Professor W. Förster of Bonn, and which counts among its ranks, *inter alios*, the most distinguished German disciple of Professor Bugge, Dr. Wolfgang Golther of Munich. The latter's article, cited at the head of this report, sums up tersely and ably the views of this school. Moderate opposition thereto is made by the greatest living authority in this field of scholarship, Mons. Gaston Paris, and his group of pupils, chief among them Mons. E. Muret. The French school by no means advocates the Celtic nature of the Arthurian romance in such a thorough-going way as, say, Professor Rhys, perhaps because it has paid less attention to the Irish sources, the examination of which reveals with such startling clearness the fact that well-nigh all the leading scenes and situations of the Arthur myth have their parallels in the Irish saga of the 11th and preceding centuries, and may therefore be considered Pan-Celtic.

The most important work that has recently appeared in this field of research is undoubtedly Mons. Gaston Paris' survey of the Arthurian metrical romance (*Hist. Lit.*, vol. xxx). Nor is its interest exclusively or even mainly confined to the Celtic student; every "storyologist" should have it at hand. I may be permitted to trench for a moment on Mr. Hartland's province, and to point out that a theory deriving the current European folk-tales from mediæval romance has far more to say for itself than the Indian importation hypothesis championed by Benfey and Mons. Cosquin and Mr. Clouston. Needless, then, to insist upon the value to the student of a work which affords a bird's-eye view, admirable in its clearness and precision, over the most important and most intricate section of mediæval romance. One instance must suffice to illustrate how

investigations, which at first blush seem to belong wholly to literary history, may involve the wider problems of comparative mythology and folk-lore. A fragmentary German Arthurian poem of the 12th century, "Manuel et Amande," the translation of a now lost French work, tells of Arthur's death, caused, it would seem, by a cat. Now Arthur's combat with a great cat is an episode often alluded to in the later romance, and is fully described in the Vulgate Merlin.<sup>1</sup> The cat was fished up on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, nourished by its captor, whom in return it strangled, together with the rest of the family, and became thereafter the terror of the country side. Only after a desperate conflict was Arthur successful. This is one version. But André de Coutances, an Anglo-Norman poet of the early 13th century, is at some pains to refute the idle tales current in his days how Arthur was overcome and slain by *Capalu*. This name turns up in other poems of the same date, *e.g.*, in the *Bataille Loquifer*, the title of which reveals its Celtic provenance (Loquifer=Lok Ifern and Ifern=Hell). Now the oldest series of Welsh triads, which can be carried back, paleographically, to the first quarter of the 13th century, tells anent the *Cath Palug* a story almost precisely similar to that of the Vulgate Merlin,<sup>2</sup> and we can hark back still further on Welsh ground. The *Black Book of Caermarthen* is a Welsh MS. of the last quarter of the 12th century; a poem therein, unfortunately incomplete, describes how Cai warred against the *Cath Palug*, "nine score before | dawn would fall for its food | nine score chieftains."<sup>3</sup> In this instance, at least, the priority of the Welsh version of the episode cannot be seriously questioned. The *Black Book* poem belongs to the very oldest stage of the Arthur-saga, that wherein Arthur himself is the chief protagonist, and Kai and Bedwer his chief and constant companions; a stage, be it

<sup>1</sup> Ch. lxxiii of the E.E.T.S. edition.

<sup>2</sup> *Y Cymmrodor*, vii, 131-132.

<sup>3</sup> Skene, *Four Ancient Books*, i, 264.

noted, almost unrepresented by the French romances, which for the most part picture Arthur as a *roi fainéant*, and profoundly degrade the characteristic figure of Kai. Here, too, philology lends us her aid: Cath Palug (Old Welsh Paluc) would readily become Capalu or Chapalu—the reverse process is impossible.<sup>1</sup> Is then the combat of the race hero and the monstrous cat a genuine fragment of Brythonic saga? Another possibility must be faced before this is granted. The already cited *Bataille Loquifer* describes the monster as having “tête d’un chat, pieds d’un dragon, corps d’un cheval, queue d’un lion.”<sup>2</sup> If this description goes back to a Welsh original, it would seem that the Cath Palug was a sort of Chimæra. Are we then to look upon this episode as a Brythonic variant of a Pan-Aryan myth descriptive of a strife between the hero and a tempest-demon, or only as the creation of some classically read Welshman?

These considerations have carried us away somewhat from Mons. Gaston Paris’ work, some *obiter dicta* in which I would specially notice. *A propos* of the *Vengeance de Raguidel*, he says: “D’ailleurs cette exaltation conventionnelle de la femme est inconnue à la plus ancienne poésie Celtique à laquelle appartient cette malicieuse histoire, comme aussi celle de la Corne enchantée ou du Court Manteau.”<sup>3</sup> But do these chastity-test stories belong to “la plus ancienne poésie Celtique”, and was it not Celtic poetry, on the contrary, that largely inspired the conventional exaltation of woman in mediæval romance? Again, the dragon-fight in Tristan induces the remark, “l’épopée Celtique contient comme toutes les épopées des éléments adventices à côté de données nationales.”<sup>4</sup> Granted, but how are these to be distinguished? Is every element to be set down as adventitious that

<sup>1</sup> But for the lucky preservation of this *Black Book* fragment our German friends would, doubtless, have stood out for the priority of the Merlin version over that of the Triads.

<sup>2</sup> G. Paris, *op. cit.*, 220.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, 64.

<sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.*, 119.

can be widely paralleled from other cycles? If so, the "données nationales" may safely be set down as the least portion, not only of the Celtic but of every other epic cycle.

The determination of earlier Celtic elements in the Arthurian romances has unfortunately been complicated by questions respecting the relations between some of the *Mabinogion* and the poems of Crestien de Troies. As is well known, the Welsh tales (found complete in the *Red Book of Hergest* and fragmentarily in much older MSS.) to which the title *Mabinogion* is commonly though incorrectly applied, fall into four classes. One, comprising the Lady of the Fountain, Peredur, and Geraint, is obviously connected with the Chevalier au Lion, the Conte du Graal, and the Erec of the French poet.<sup>1</sup> The connection is manifestly closest in the case of Geraint. Herr K. Othmer's exhaustive, elaborate, and careful demonstration that the Welsh tale is directly taken from the French poem, of which indeed it is in many parts a simple translation, has thus somewhat the nature of a breaking in of open doors. But Herr Othmer, a pupil of Professor Förster's, draws far wider conclusions from the fact he has proved than he is at all entitled to. Because the 13th century Welshman adapted Crestien's poem, it by no means follows that the latter may not be based upon earlier Celtic lays. The merit of the 12th century French poets lay largely in the unity they gave to independent and often discordant episodic ballads or tales, and it is easily conceivable that the superior literary qualities of their works should win acceptance for them even in the original home of the Arthur cycle. Moreover, on Herr Othmer's own showing, the Welsh tale has retained traits of early Celtic

<sup>1</sup> The other three classes are (1) what may be called the non-French Arthurian Mabinogion, Kilhwch, and the Dream of Rhonabwy; (2) The Mabinogion proper, Pwyll, Branwen, Manawyddan, Math; (3) Maxen Wledig and Lludd, which apparently represent the stratum of Welsh legend which Geoffrey worked up in the *Hist. Brit.*

manners which are missing in the French poem. When Geraint is contending against the Knight of the Sparrow Hawk, the latter is incited to do valiantly by the exhortations of his dwarf, and Geraint is in like manner spurred on by the reproaches of the dispossessed earl. Herr Othmer remarks that this episode, wanting in Crestien, is contrary to the usages of French chivalry. Be this as it may, the combatants in the Welsh tale bear themselves as do rival warriors in the oldest Irish sagas. "If it be I that shall begin to yield this day, thou art to excite, reproach, and speak evil to me, so that the ire of my rage and anger may grow more upon me," says Cuchullain to his charioteer, Laeg, in the *Tain bo Cuailné*. And the Highland peasant of to-day, when he tells of the marvellous feats of Conall Gulban, places Duanach at his side to spur and egg him on.<sup>1</sup> Is it not more likely that the Welsh story-teller was following an early lay, describing a combat of Geraint's, than that he introduced this Celtic trait into his translation from the French?

This is not the only instance in which ignorance of Celtic history and literature has led Herr Othmer astray. In proof that Geraint is derived from Crestien's poem, he justly cites the fact that the Welshman took his heroine's name, Enid, from the French poet; but when he explains this on the ground that "older Celtic tradition had no heroines", he is wholly in the wrong. On the contrary, nowhere is the influence of the "heroine" more preponderating than in the Irish heroic sagas, nor do the epic traditions of any race offer heroines of more individual energy and character than Medhbh, and Deirdre, and Blathnaid, to cite the first names that come to hand.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Campbell, No. lxxvi.

<sup>2</sup> Indeed "Das Ewig-weibliche" in the early sagas moves Professor Zimmer, writing from the chaste shores of the Baltic, to a four-page-long lamentation over "den ausgeprägten sinnlichen Zug" in Irish literature (*op. cit.*, 281 *et seq.*). Lest any should feel tempted to learn old Irish in consequence, I hasten to add that they would find the Irish sagas, *pace* Professor Zimmer, of by no means such an exciting character as, let us say, Lemprière.



Again to explain the method of abridging Crestien, found in the Welsh tale, on the ground that "der Kelte liebt nicht ausführliche Darstellungen", is to go dead against the facts. If there is one thing the "Kelte" does like it is "ausführliche Darstellungen"; indeed, no better instance of the detailed and vividly picturesque descriptive passages which characterise Celtic traditional literature in all its stages could be found than in one of the *Mabinogion*, the Dream of Rhonabwy.

My strictures upon Herr Othmer's essay must not be misinterpreted; I most cordially recognise the value of the patient and laborious researches by which he and so many other German scholars are determining the correct nature of mediæval texts. But to decide problems in which the most intricate ethnological and sociological factors are concerned something more is needed than the method of acute and patient comparison by which a magazine writer justifies a charge of plagiarism against a popular novelist.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I may cite here the titles of a few pamphlets and articles relating to the Tristan story, which has been one of the best studied sections of the Arthur-cycle during the past few years:—E. Muret, *Eilhart d'Oberg et sa source française* (*Romania*, xvi, 288-363); W. Golther, *Die Sage von Tristan und Isolde* (Munich, 1887); F. Novati, *Un nuovo ed un vecchio frammento del Tristran di Tommaso* (*Studi di filologia rom.*, vi, 369-515); H. Warnecke, *Metrische und sprachliche Abhandlung ueber das dem Berol zugeschriebene Tristran fragment* (Erlangen, 1881); E. Löseth, *Tristran romanensgammelfranske prosahandskrifter in Pariser Nationalbibliotheket* (Christiania, 1888). These various treatises are briefly reviewed by Prof. M. Wilmotte (*Moyen-Age*, Jan. 1890), who leans unduly, in my opinion, to the side of Dr. Golther, but whose article enables a clear and succinct view of the very perplexing questions connected with the earliest French versions. To conclude the enumeration of "Arthurian" monographs, I must note Geheimrath Alb. Schulz' (San-Marte) *Ueber den Bildungsgang der Gral und Parzival Dichtung in Frankreich und Deutschland* (*Zeits. für deutsche Philologie*, xxii, 3, 4). Written in the veteran's eighty-eighth year, this essay testifies to the undying love of its author for the studies of which he was the pioneer sixty years ago. It is



Turning aside from mediæval Celtic documents, let us see what has been done towards the collection and the elucidation of living folk-lore. Lady Wilde, in her new book, at once adds to the debt which all who cherish Irish tradition owe to her, and places her reviewer in a somewhat embarrassing position. Much of the matter is excellent, but the arrangement is even faultier, and the lack of all those indications which the student desiderates even more complete than is usual with her. Her work can hardly be recommended save to the scholar, capable himself of the critical task which the author should have performed for him, or to the general reader, to whom any book stands on the same level as a page of *Tit-bits*; the one will be thankful for the materials, the other for charm and entertainment. I must confess, however, my doubts as to how far Lady Wilde faithfully reproduces the facts of living Irish tradition, and whether she does not unconsciously lend them the tone and colouring of her own imaginative and poetic temperament.

Mr. Curtin's *Myths and Folk-lore* is a most welcome addition to the small stock of folk-tales collected in Ireland. Although no information is given about the narrators, the tales are obviously genuine, and as obviously translated with spirit and verve. It is interesting to compare them with the West Highland tales collected by Mr. MacInnes and annotated by myself (cited below as *Tales*), concerning which I think it unnecessary to say anything, as the volume is in the hands of most readers of *Folk-Lore*.

Mr. Curtin's tales are twenty in number. No. I. The Son of the King of Erin and the Giant of Loch Léin is a variant of *Tales*, No. I. No. II. The Three Daughters of King O'Hara: a Beauty and Beast tale. No. III. The Weaver's Son and the Giant of White Hill: a task story, in which a brother has to seek his three sisters, carried off before his birth. No. IV. Fair, Brown, and Trembling,

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to be regretted that the purely critical portion of the essay should be based upon Birch-Hirschfeld's erroneous exposition of the relations between the works which make up the Grail-cycle.

is a Cinderella tale. No. V. The King of Erin and the Queen of Lonesome Island: mysterious love-child who accomplishes the task which the legitimate son fails in. No. VI. The Shee an Gannon and the Gruagach Gaire: a variant of *Tales* VIII, with intercalation of the King of Erin's tale in *Tales* III. No. VII. The Three Daughters of the King of the East and the Son of a King in Erin: envious stepmother and swanmaid guest. No. VIII. The Fisherman's Son and the Gruagach of the Tricks: Master Thief story, winding up with transformation combat. No. IX. The Thirteenth Son of the King of Erin: *eldest* best; another variant of *Tales* VIII. No. X. Kil Arthur. The best example in the book of the class of tales so common in the West Highlands, of which Conall Gulban and Manus are such good examples, orally preserved fragments of a Gaelic Heldensage, which assumed quasi-literary shape in the 12th and following centuries. It contains (pp. 178 *et seq.*) a variant of the Visit to the Fairy Brother-in-law (here, father-in-law), which I had noted (*Tales*, p. 471) as unknown to me. No. XI. Shaking Head: grateful dead tale. No. XII. Birth of Fin Maccumhail. Valuable Ossianic tale with details I have not met elsewhere. Fin gets through his trials and combats, thanks to Bran's advice. The tale of how Fin guarded Tara against fairy foes, found in the 15th century *Agallamh na Senorach*, is here mixed up with the fight against the Carlin and her three sons. No. XIII. Fin Maccumhail and the Fenians in the Castle of Fear Dubh. Variant of the Fenian tale best known as the Fairy Palace of the Quicken Trees. The revivifying Carlin also appears in this tale, with attributes that strikingly recall the Morrigan, the battle goddess of the pagan Irish. No. XIV. Fin Maccumhail and the Knight of the full Axe. Conall Gulban like adventures of Finn aided by a fairy dwarf. No. XV. Gilla na Grakin and Fin Maccumhail. Fine tale, embodying, *inter alia*, a variant of first part of *Tales* II, and the King of Erin's tale (*Tales* III). The black sail incident to announce hero's death is likewise here. No. XVI. Fin Maccumhail, the Seven Brothers, and the King of France: variant of second part of *Tales* II. No. XVII. Black, Brown, and Gray: confused and fragmentary Fenian tale. No. XVIII. Fin Maccumhail and the Son of the King of Alba. A strong servant tale, with variant of the Fairy Palace of the Quicken Trees. No. XIX. Cuculin. Cumulative unspelling quest tale, with the unknown son episode introduced at end. No. XX. Oisín in Tir na n-og.

The community of incident and of subject-matter between the Scotch and Irish Gaelic tales which I have insisted upon so strongly in my notes to Mr. MacInnes's *Tales* comes

out in Mr. Curtin's volume afresh, but certain differences make themselves felt. It might seem as if the unrivalled picturesqueness and body of the Scotch Gaelic tales were due to a mingling of Celtic and Teutonic tradition. Or it may be that the closer communion of the Western Highlanders with a wilder and more varied nature than that of Ireland has fostered and preserved in them a keener sense of kinship with the tone and temper of the traditional heroic age.

In this field of research the publication of documents has only gone far enough to enable three or four solutions of the complicated problem before us to be distinguished. We are not as yet in a position to decide in favour of this or that solution. The chief desideratum is the publication of the rich stores of Irish MS. tales belonging to the last two centuries. We shall then be able to judge whether the current folk-tale is, as some hold, a mere derivate of the mediæval or pre-mediæval sagas. through the medium of these MS. versions, or whether it does not rather represent the basis of the sagas. I incline at present to this latter view, in favour of which I have adduced some evidence in my notes to Mr. McInnes's tales. The Folk-Lore Society has drawn the attention of the Royal Irish Academy to the necessity and importance of this work. What is wanted is a revival, with wider scope and more scholarly aim, of the old Ossianic Society, to comprise among its ranks Gaels of Ireland and of Scotland as well as all who have at heart the preservation and the study of Celtic thought and Celtic fancy.

The new material offered to the student of Celtic folklore, valuable though it be, presents no great novelty, and favours no revolutionary theorising. Now, apart from the discussion of the traditional literature with which I have already dealt, the only serious contribution that has been made recently to the interpretation of the popular lore of both Scotland and Ireland may well be styled revolutionary, though it is not entirely novel. I allude to Mr. MacRitchie's

articles in the fourth volume of the *Archæological Review*. His thesis, briefly put, is that the fairy belief has its basis solely in the traditions connected with a short, dark, very strong race, who dwelt in earth-houses, and were subdued by the invading Celts, but retained separate, often independent existence, well on into historical times. Ethnologically, he conceives this race to have had Finnish affinities; historically, to have been known as the Picts. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. MacRitchie attempts to prove far too much; moreover, he indulges in etymological guesswork, such as that the *Feinne* (the warrior companions of Finn mac Cumhail) were of *Finnish* race, and that the Gaelic word for fairy, *Sidhe* (pronounced "Shee"), has some possible connection with the *T'shuds*, a race of Northern Europe and Asia, ethnologically akin to the Lapps. I have attempted to show (*Tales*, pp. 418-20) that his arguments respecting the *Feinne* are based upon a false appreciation of the Fenian documents; indeed, his whole treatment of sources seems to me as unscientific as his etymological theorising. Nevertheless, I must frankly say that he has collected and marshalled an array of facts deserving the most serious consideration; and I think he may be allowed to have made out his case to this extent, that the historical elements in the fairy belief are more numerous and potent than is held by the great majority of students.

Whilst it cannot be said that the past eighteen months have very greatly forwarded our study, yet steady progress has been made. Our knowledge has been enlarged, our criticism is sounder, because better informed. But in no one branch of Celtic antiquities has sufficient material been collected, or has the existing material been sifted with sufficient care to justify dogmatism. At the outset of this article I indicated as approximately true, the hypothesis that the Celtic inhabitants of these islands possessed a considerable archaic culture, many elements of which are preserved to this day in the living folk-lore of these islands. This is substantially the opinion expressed by Mr. York Powell in

his article on "Recent Research on Teutonic Mythology" (*ante*, p. 126): "It is not true that Teutonic heathendom is permeated by Latino-Greek or Judæo-Christian thought . . . the good old mythology and ritual went on as old wives' fables and charms many a century after, and survive in the fairy tales and superstitious observances of to-day." I believe the position to be as true in the Celtic as in the Teutonic field, and that it can only be strengthened by further research.

ALFRED NUTT.

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## ITALIAN FOLK-SONGS.

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1. *Canti Popolari del Piemonte*: pubblicati da Costantino Nigra. Roma, Firenze, Torin: Loescher. pp. xl, 600.
  2. *Chants populaires du Bas-Quercy*. Recueillis et notés par M. Emmanuel Sève. Paris: Champion, Quai Voltaire. pp. v, 352, and of Music, 108.
  3. *Usi e Costumi del Trentino*. Rovereto: N. Bolognini, Tipografia Roveretana. pp. 88.
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IN one important branch of folk-lore—folk-songs—Italy has in Count Costantino Nigra as indefatigable a student in the North as Dr. Giuseppe Pitré has proved in the South. The closely printed volume of imperial octavo which heads our notice is a monument of careful and loving work, the enthusiasm of the artist gilding the toil of the conscientious workman.

Hitherto the folk-songs of Italy have been best known to us by the love-songs, which are the prevailing form of popular rhymes in the central and southern portions of the Peninsula. But the Piedmontese, like all mountain peoples, are stirred in their inner life by rhythmical memories of heroic deeds at least equally with the absorbing and universal claims of love. Hence it is doubtless of right that our author has devoted his chief study to the homely epics which may be said to be almost the speciality of the countrymen of his province. The love-songs however hardly get fair treatment. They are crowded breathlessly into a few pages, without a word of translation, comment, or comparison, and not so much as the space of a line to separate one from another, and suggest to the reader to pause and consider the beauty of their rhapsodies. We are told in the prefatory treatise

(p. xix) that the *Strambotto* and the *Stornello* are the indigenous productions of Southern Italy. "The poetry of Southern Italy is generally lyrical, that of Northern Italy narrative." The etymology of the word *Strambotto* has naturally suffered, equally with the samples of the kind of song, from the preference which attracts our author to a more purely national study, and I think that the authors whom I have followed in this matter (*Folk-Songs of Italy*, Prefatory Treatise, p. 18) have the best of the argument. The most interesting of the samples supplied have found a place in my collection.

Count Nigra has treated the narrative rhymes in an entirely different manner. Their nature, history, sources, variants, migrations, parallels, have all been made the subject of the most careful research and study. We are presented with 146 *Canzoni*, ranging from the earliest glimmer of tradition down to the days of Napoleon's conscripts; collected in numbers from different localities in various dialects, painstakingly collated; rendered into Italian intelligible to all, and quite a little treatise on each, tracing its branch-variants up to a parent group-stem, and then following that stem through its multiform root-suckers in various countries—Provence, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Germany, Scandinavia, England, and Scotland.

Only those who have in any degree pursued some attempts of the kind can have any idea of the exasperating labyrinths into which such researches must lead. Caring nothing for the tortuous and torturing divagations into which they are leading the student, light-hearted peasants have in the course of ages woven their tales, in rhyme as well as prose, into a kind of texture from which at our date it has become almost an impossible thing to draw the several threads. A song imported by an itinerant minstrel is certain to be caught up, and the heroic deeds it celebrates ascribed to the local favourite. This is bad enough, but what is tenfold more misleading, yet equally frequent, there results from this treatment, that a song may be centuries

older than the historic event which it seems composed to narrate in the form in which we first meet it. When it passes into a fresh country under its second or third transformation, it is clear that the most scholarly brain cannot all at once track its deviation. Of course there are numerous indications of manner, of metre, of rhyming plan, of etymological idiosyncrasy, etc., constituting the grammar of the subject, by which the student guides himself; but such will-o'-the-wisps as folk-songs may lead the most practised guide to the edge of a precipice.

In truth, however, the grammar of this most perplexing manner has yet to be made, and such conscientious and intelligent investigations as Count Nigra's it is which go far towards building up such a grammar. If all folk-lorists do not accept all his conclusions in every instance, each cannot but be grateful to him for the grand pioneering work he has done, as few could, and for laying the solid bases of a whole edifice of conclusions in the future which could never have been attained without such primary support. Count Nigra does not come before us as a new man. Though one of Italy's foremost diplomatists, and lately the representative of Italy at our Court, he has found time for continual explorations in the regions of folk-lore, and ever since the year 1854 folk-lorists have been beholden to his contributions in the *Romania* and elsewhere of the popular rhymes of his native country. Votaries of the science well knew that the publication of his large and exhaustive collection was delayed for the sake of perfecting his historical and philological conclusions concerning them.

The collection of folk-songs before us from Bas-Quercy is a scholarly work; the author has not gone so deeply into the history of his songs as Count Nigra, but he has given more attention than any folk-lorist has hitherto done to their melodies. This is a singular feature, which may make his collections specially attractive to many. Though not very easy to form an opinion of the sound of a dialect so



unfamiliar, these songs nevertheless convey the idea of being pervaded with remarkable rhythmicity, and the refrains which nearly all of them contain provide them with a great facility for harmoniousness.

To many English readers probably the locality of Bas-Quercy is, to say the least, not familiar; it may not be out of place, therefore, to mention that the origin of the name of the district is ascribed to its having been inhabited by *les Cadurci* at the time of the Roman invasion. It now constitutes the department of Lot and part of the Tarn et Garonne; Montauban was its capital.

The first song of this collection, "Escribeto", is a counterpart of one to which Count Nigra has devoted more attention than any other in his series, in fact, a whole tenth of his book, under the title of "Il Moro Saracino". 'Guilhalmes' in the one, 'Bel galant' in the other, marries a maiden so young that she cannot so much as dress herself alone: this homely detail is absent from no version. He goes to the wars, leaving her in his mother's charge—*per la lascia grandi*—but while he is gone, "el gran Moro Sarazi" (Nigra), "lous Morous sarrasis" (Soleville), carry her off. He comes back at the end of seven years, and when he learns what has happened, he swears he will do nothing till he has found her, though he perish in the attempt. "S'i n'a duveissa mûrî" (N.), "Quand saurivi de mouri" (S.). He takes his sword with the gold hilt, but he goes forth dressed as a pilgrim, till he meets three washerwomen plying their industry at the foot of a great castle. This introduction of unromantic *lavandere* is insisted on in every one of Nigra's seven versions, as well as (*labairos-lababoun linge fî*) in Soleville's, and recalls a similarly curious instance in the song of Piedmont at pp. 162-5 of my collection. I have attempted to account for it,<sup>1</sup> and in the instance I was commenting on the laundress

<sup>1</sup> "This song is a strange mixture of sublime symbolism and everyday usage. The siren passes into the washerwoman—Undine into the laundress."

actually woos the knight beneath the water, giving colour to the suggestion ; but the present instance seems to show that nothing is intended beyond a homely and prosaic fact. Of the washerwomen the pilgrim learns that this is the castle of the very Saracen Moor of whom he is in search. Begging under the windows, he obtains a sight of his maiden (Fiorenza in Piedmont, Escribeto in Bas-Quercy). As he takes the alms from her hand she recognises by the ring he wears that he is indeed her husband, though she had just been in doubt "that anyone could have come so far as from her country except it had been a swallow, who flies the whole livelong day". But when she is satisfied it is he, she instructs him how to find the swiftest horse in the stable, and carry her off, pretending she is his bag of oats for the horse. One or two of the Piedmontese versions wind up with the Moor's complaint : "To think that I should have had her seven years, and never so much as touched her hand !" This is wanting in the one from Bas-Quercy, but in nearly every other detail it is identical.

Count Nigra rightly calls this one of the most charming of folk-songs, and he has bestowed infinite pains in the study of its origin and wanderings ; and we refer our readers to his treatise on it, not only for its intrinsic interest, but as a fine specimen of his analytical instinct.

Another instance of great beauty is the group of songs classed by Count Nigra as *Fior di Tomba*, and in his analysis of these there is much to interest the folk-lorist of every country ; for no nationality is without this incident. Is this not because there is a sublime meaning of the mind and soul underlying the pretty love-conceit of the heart ? Expressed tersely by Jean Paul, "The bier is the cradle of heaven." The light for her lover's eyes which glowed round the tomb of Beatrice opened Paradise to him and to us.

The group of the Donna Lombarda<sup>1</sup> is treated of course

<sup>1</sup> Busk's *Folk-Songs of Italy*, p. 160.

at great length by Count Nigra, as has also the group which has hitherto gone by the name assigned to it by Gaston Paris of "Jean Renaud",<sup>1</sup> but which Nigra shows would be better entitled "*Morte occulta*". We find this group represented in Soleville's collection under the name of "Lou Counte Arnaud" (p. 13).

The *Canto* dissected by Count Nigra under the name of *Un' Eroina* (p. 90), "El fiol dij signuri cunti s'a l'è chiel n'in va ciamè", appears in Bolognini's *Usi e Costumi del Trentino*, p. 37, under the name of "Montiglia". "Lustrissimo sior Conte se vorlo maridar." *La falsa Monaca* of Nigra, p. 407, in Bolognini, p. 35, as *La Monichella*.

Soleville limits himself to genuine songs (*Chants*), but Count Nigra and Bolognini both furnish us besides with many rhymed traditions and folk-sayings; and Bolognini with several tales not rhymed, as well as some localised legends of various vales and peaks of the Trentino.

Among Nigra's rhymed legends occurs the ever-beautiful one of "Sant' Alessio", p. 538, the highest reach of sublime abnegation ever fabled of hero or saint—a sacrifice beyond that of Abraham. In pointing out details which, not occurring in the "Golden Legend" or in the "Bollandists", prove this to be a pure folk-tradition, Count Nigra omits to trace it, as he might fairly do, to an absolutely Roman source. The church of Sant' Alessio, on the Aventine, keeps alive the perpetual memory of the historical outline of the story—the pathetic tale which in all its long rhymed length many of the people know by heart, was, indeed, like numerous others of the same class, printed, as he says, at Bologna; but when it was first printed there, Bologna was a Papal city, and it was the Roman tradition which was carried there to be printed. The "Story of Dives", p. 543, in Italy called "Il Epulone", introduces the curious episode of its having been to our Lord in His own person, and not in that of the beggar Lazarus, that he refused alms. At

<sup>1</sup> Busk, *Folk-Songs of Italy*, pp. 161 seq.

p. 550 we have several versions of the familiar English folk-prayer —

“Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on.”

Among nursery rhymes, we find, at p. 555, one about a cat, conceived much in the same form as our English one—

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have ye been?  
I’ve been to Lunnun to see the queen.  
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?  
Eat up the little mouse under her chair.”

Some nonsense verses, p. 561, are identical in form with some given by Bolognini at the beginning of his collection.

Bolognini is also strong in popular lyrical compositions. Although his volume has rather the genial character of the mountaineer’s writing than the scholarly tone in which the other two volumes are conceived, it is yet an invaluable collection, for the writer is guided by the true instincts of a born folk-lorist ; he knows and loves the people and enjoys their confidence, and he writes down what he receives from them exactly as they give it him, never led astray into improving on their diction.

It is of course in the work of Count Nigra that the chief scientific interest must be sought, and English folk-lorists will have to make themselves masters of his deductions, whether for adhesion or discussion, before they can arrive at any classification of European folk-songs.

R. H. BUSK.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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IN the forthcoming number of *Folk-Lore* will be included the continuation of Mr. Abercromby's translations of the Magic Charms of the Finns; on the Holy Grail, by Dr. M. Gaster; two new English Fairy Tales, by Mr. E. Clodd; a Report by Mr. Braybrook on Recent Research in Anthropology in its relation to Folk-Lore; besides the contributions already announced.

PROF. M. KOVALEFSKY will give the Ilchester Lectures this term at Oxford, the subject being "Ancient Law and Modern Custom in Russia". The first two lectures will deal with "The Matrimonial Customs of the Slavs".

IT is a remarkable sign of the increased interest in folk-lore that a newly-founded weekly journal of the *Tit-Bits* type, entitled *Good Luck*, devotes a special section, with prizes, etc., to Folk-lore; it would be desirable that the editor should consult some experts for this section, which might then be made to yield results valuable to the science.

OUR President, Mr. Andrew Lang, is giving a series of three lectures on "The Natural History of Society", at the Royal Institution.

MR. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND'S book, on the "Folk and Fairy Tales of England", has appeared in the Camelot Series, and is specially devoted to illustrating the thesis that England is more distinguished for folk-sagas than for fairy tales. It has been preceded in the same series by a similar book on Irish Tales, and will be followed by one on Scotch Fairy Tales.

OUR local secretary in China, Mr. J. H. Stewart Lockhart, who is at present in London, is preparing a work on Chinese Folk-lore.

THE *Handbook of Folk-lore* is rapidly approaching completion, nearly half the work having been passed for press. The American Society is also preparing a similar set of *Notes and Queries*.

PRELIMINARY arrangements have been entered into with regard to the proposed Congress of Folk-lore, to be held in London in the autumn of 1891.

PROF. T. C. CRANE'S edition of the *exempla* of Jacques de Vitry will probably be issued to the members of the Folk-Lore Society during the coming quarter.

READERS of *Folk-Lore* are requested to aid towards the completeness of its bibliography by forwarding references or cuttings in English local newspapers and journals that are likely to escape notice, as well as books and pamphlets published in the provinces.

THE Tabulation of Folk-tales has reached such a stage that some steps towards a classification are now possible. Miss Roalfe Cox is engaged in putting in order the *Cinderella* type already classified.

DURING the past quarter, meetings of the Society were held on March 23, when papers were read by Mr. W. F. Kirby, on The Folk-lore of Beetles, and Dr. M. Gaster, on The Sources of the Holy Grail; on April 27, when papers were read by Mr. G. L. Gomme, on a Tale of Campbell and its Foundation in Usage; by Mr. Alfred Nutt, on Recent Theories on the Nibelungenlied; and by Mr. J. Jacobs, on an Inedited English Folk-tale.

THE American Folk-Lore Society has changed presidents at the beginning of this year, Prof. F. J. Child yielding the chair to Mr. D. F. Brinton, the indefatigable student of British ballads to the equally indefatigable reviewer of archaic American mythology.

COMMUNICATIONS for the next number should reach the Office of *Folk-Lore* (270, Strand) before August 1st.

## REVIEW.

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LES CONTES MORALISÉS DE NICOLE BOZON. Publiés pour la première fois par LUCY TOULMIN SMITH et PAUL MEYER. (Société des Anciens Textes Français.) Paris, 1889, 8vo., pp. lxxiv, 333.

MISS TOULMIN SMITH and M. Paul Meyer have made students of folk-lore their debtors by their admirable edition of the *exempla* of Nicole Bozon, an English friar of the fourteenth century, who wrote down in Norman-French some 150 tales of the kind then considered suitable as seasoning for sermons. Members of the Folk-Lore Society should be especially interested in the book, as they are soon to have in their hands a very similar work, the *exempla* of Jacques de Vitry, edited by the capable hands of Prof. Crane.

These "Examples" form a necessary part of the apparatus of the student of folk-tales, for in them we often get the earliest appearance in literature of many folk-tales. Some of the examples, it is true, can be traced to purely literary sources, as, *e.g.*, the beast-fables. But at times we come across tales evidently taken from oral tradition, with scraps of folk-rhymes repeated in them, and in other ways bearing marks of origin from the folk.

It cannot be said that Bozon's *Contes* afford many examples of purely oral tradition. The industry of the editors has succeeded in tracing the sources of nearly every one of the stories. Some of these are well known, *e.g.*, the Coffer-choice of the *Merchant of Venice* (§ 84); The Angel and Hermit, familiar to English readers from Parnell's poem (§ 31); The Miller, his Son, and the Ass (§ 132). Others, not so well known, are often equally

interesting and instructive, as, *e.g.*, Satan's Letter (§ 93); The Man made to believe the Lamb he is carrying is a Dog (§ 117); The Parable of the Unicorn from Barlaam and Josaphat (§ 29), etc. Those who seek to find a literary source for all folk-tales will find in Bozon's work ample material for their thesis. No one denies the existence of a literary tradition, but it yet remains to be proved that there has not always been side by side with it a stream of oral legend, scarcely affected, if at all, by literature.

A very large proportion of Bozon's examples are taken from fables, a word which he uses strictly in the modern sense for beast-tales. Here, again, we have the literary sources pointed out in most cases by the editors, who fail to do so in only seven instances (§§ 2, 3, 15, 17, 19, 26, 35). I regret to say that I am unable to assist them with these, though I have lately had to review the whole literature of the beast-fable. I can only suggest that these fables are survivals of the collection associated with the name of King Alfred, which I have traced to Alfred the Englishman, a translator from the Arabic in the twelfth century. But none of these seven finds a place in the Hebrew collection of Benedict of Oxford, which I also associate with Alfred's *Æsop*. Some of the English words and phrases, I would suggest, may come from the Middle English translation of Alfred, from which, as Herr Mall has shown, Marie de France derived her fables. The bibliographical references to the fables might have been largely increased, but this was perhaps deemed unnecessary. An alphabetical list of the fables and stories would have been useful. The editors, perhaps, omitted it in order that there might be at least one thing on which the critic might exercise his proverbial propensity to cavil.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### WHAT 'S IN A NAME?

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—In his second Avatar (would that these were more frequent amongst us), our President expressed himself as not in full agreement with the conclusion at which I arrived after comparison of what seemed most common and essential to the "Rumpelstiltskin" group of stories.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lang thinks that these need not have so archaic an origin as that exclusion appears to him to imply, and that instead of holding any barbaric philosophy in them, they may be but the vehicles of the harmless jest that the fairy relies upon having an out-of-the-way name which none is likely to guess.

Now, whether the stories are "archaic" or not seems to me to be of quite secondary importance. Whatever be their age they may hold many old philosophies of things, as do much more serious vehicles than fairy tales to this day. And however fantastic or out-of-the-way the elfish names may be, it invariably happens that when the name is guessed, the elf becomes powerless to work the ill which is threatened if the name is not found out. Therefore, however grotesque the term given to the story, there abides the fact of discomfiture and defeat through discovery of name; and this fact seems to me linked to that world-wide crude philosophy which confuses names and persons, things living and things not living, making them alike instruments of good or of evil, as the case may be.

Since my paper was published, my friend Mr. William Simpson, the well-known artist-traveller, has sent me the

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. vii, pp. 135 seq.

following interesting confirmation of my view as to the more serious aspect of the subject.

"At p. 160 you refer to the Abyssinian custom of concealing the baptismal name. I presume that the authority from which you derived this did not explain the reason for which it is done.

"I have just been reading Mansfield Parkyn's *Life in Abyssinia*, one of the most delightful books of travel. He was some years in Abyssinia, lived as one of the natives, dressed as they did, wore no shoes, had his hair plaited, and the toilet finished with a pot of butter on the crown of his head. Well, he thus explains why the baptismal name is kept a secret. 'It is a custom in Abyssinia to conceal the real name by which a person is baptised, and to call him only by a sort of nickname, which his mother gives on leaving the church. The baptismal names in Abyssinia are those of saints, such as Son of St. George, Slave of the Virgin, Daughter of Moses, etc. Those given by the mother are generally expressive of maternal vanity regarding the appearance or anticipated merits of her child, such as Gold, Silver, Joy, Sweetness, etc. The reason for the concealment of the Christian name is that *the Bouda cannot act upon a person whose real name he does not know.*' The italics are mine. The Bouda refers to a blacksmith. All of that trade are looked upon in Abyssinia as sorcerers, or a kind of male witches, and are opprobriously called Bouda. They can turn themselves into hyenas and other quadrupeds. The concealing of the name, as here explained, agrees perfectly with your explanation in the 'Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin'. You also include in your explanation, and have given many illustrations of it, that all seem to gather round the Great Creative Name, the unpronounceable name of God. This is, I should say, the most probable theory. It was this name, whether Yah or Om, that created all things, and became on that account a symbol of Supreme power, and consequent sanctity. The 'Open Sesame' of Ali Baba, and similar words in other

tales, down to the 'Presto' of our modern conjurers, all are survivals of the same ancient idea."

EDWARD CLODD.

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## FASCINATION AND HYPNOTISM.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—In reading M. Tuchmann's exhaustive papers in *Mélusine* on Fascination (the Evil Eye, etc.), an idea has occurred to me, which I have no time to work out, but which may possibly be of use to folk-lore students. Were the old folk so entirely in the wrong in attributing special influence to particular persons? Do we not see the same thing at every hypnotic *séance*? In short, may not the whole subject be summed up in the formula, *La fascination c'est l'hypnotisme*?

ALFRED NUTT.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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**Easter in Greece.**—The Greek Easter fell this year (1890) on April 13th, and was celebrated with the usual rites at Athens. Easter candles and coloured Easter eggs were exhibited for sale in large quantities in the streets on Good Friday; and live lambs were to be seen, which the peasants had brought in from the country to sell. Each family, as a rule, buys a lamb, kills it, and eats it on Easter Sunday. On Saturday, in various parts of Athens, I observed the gutters running with the blood of the lambs which had been thus killed to furnish the family meal on Sunday. I am told that in some country districts the blood of the lamb is sometimes smeared on the threshold of the house. On the night of Good Friday the *sikones* or holy pictures representing the dead Christ were carried in solemn procession through the streets, great crowds joining in the processions with lighted candles, or watching the processions pass. Military bands marched in the processions, playing solemn music. During Easter Saturday and Easter Sunday firing went on almost continuously all over Athens. The cartridges used were not always blank ones, for I heard the whistle of bullets, and am informed that fatal accidents on such occasions are not uncommon. The object of the firing is said to be to kill Judas. Formerly effigies of Judas used to be burned at this season, but in Athens the custom is now forbidden by the Government.

The chief ceremony of the festival takes place at midnight on Easter Saturday, that is, at the commencement of Easter Sunday, the moment when the Resurrection is believed to have taken place. In Athens a religious service, presided over by the Archbishop, is held at midnight in the square in front of the cathedral, and at the presumed moment of the Resurrection the bells ring out and the multitude who fill the square kindle the candles which they had hitherto held unlighted in their hands. The theory is that these candles are all lighted from the sacred new Easter fire in the cathedral, but, considering the suddenness with which the square, all dark a moment before, bursts into a blaze of light, it seems hardly possible that all the candles should be lit from one source.

In the more remote districts of Greece it seems that the Easter ceremonies are of a more primitive kind than at Athens. Mr. Ernest Gardner, Director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, witnessed the celebration of Easter at Thebes in Bœotia, and he has

kindly furnished me with the following particulars :—" On Good Friday the sacred picture of the dead Christ was laid on a sort of bier, or structure resembling a four-posted bed. The picture itself, the four posts, and the overhanging canopy were covered with flowers and green leaves. Every person came up to the bier, kissed the sacred picture, and carried away a flower or a leaf from it, with the intention of keeping it until the Easter of the following year. Beside the bier stood baskets of flowers and leaves, with which the bier was decked as fast as it was stripped by the worshippers. Then the bier, adorned with lighted candles, was carried in procession through the town. Similar processions started from the various churches and met at central points. While the processions were passing fireworks were let off and guns fired." J. G. FRAZER.

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**Highland Superstitions in Inverness-shire.**—The following notes on this subject were communicated in writing by Isabella Ross, formerly a servant in our family.

"At old Christmas, commonly called 'Auld Ell', a pot of sowans is made in every house, a wedding-ring put into it, whoever finds the ring is blindfolded and goes to the hen-house door and knocks; if the cock crows, for every time he crows there is a year or years before they are married; if he just flaps his wings, they are to be an old maid.

"A child's hands are never washed until he opens them himself, or the luck is washed away; the longer he keeps them closed the more money he will have. If his nails are pared before he is a year old, he will live to be a thief; and if they speak before they walk, they will be noted for telling untruths.

"It's very unlucky to hear a cock crow in the afternoon, a sure omen of bad news.

"A child born at the hour of or between 12 and 1, is supposed to see all ghosts and goblins.

"The fairies in the Highlands are all supposed to be drowned in a place called the Ferry. They wanted to cross, and they asked an old woman if the water was deep; she replied in Gaelic, 'Although it's black, it is not deep.'"

JAMES G. FRAZER.

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**Players' Superstitions.**—In the *Folk-Lore Record*, 1879, vol. ii, p. 203, I quoted some passages illustrative of the superstitions of actors from *The Theatre* of September 1879, p. 106. To these let me add the following:—(1) From the *Rialto*, January 4, 1890: "A black cat is the theatrical emblem of good-luck, and when a new piece is produced the proper thing to do to secure success is to entice a black cat to come on behind. At the Haymarket they apparently take fortune by the

forelock by keeping a black cat in front. The other night, when I went to the Haymarket to see how *A Man's Shadow* stood a second visit, the black cat came and sat down beside me. Such an admirable cat is the Haymarket pussy that it took its place so unobtrusively that I did not notice its presence till an attendant came and said, 'I think we'll take the cat away.' Then I discovered the harbinger of fortune sitting at my elbow. Needless to say that after such an incident I was fortunate enough to enjoy *A Man's Shadow* quite as much as on a first visit." (2) From the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, January 6, 1890 (but probably quoted from a theatrical paper), regarding the pantomime at Drury Lane: "Some surprise has been expressed at the appearance of Juno in the Olympian procession at Drury Lane Theatre without anything in her dress to associate her with the peacock, the bird dedicated to 'the Queen of Heaven'. The omission is not accidental, but designed, theatrical people having a superstitious aversion to the peacock in any form appearing on the stage. Mr. Harris was spoken to on the subject, but declined to interfere with a cherished superstition."

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

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**Rabbinic Parallel to a Story of Grimm.**—In preparing my edition of the Great Midrash on the Pentateuch, the largest collection of Jewish legendary lore in existence, I came across the following, which my friend Mr. Jacobs thinks would be of interest to students of folk-lore. I may add that all the MSS. of the *Midrash Haggado* come from Yemen in Arabia, where an isolated colony of Jews has existed since the beginning of the Christian era. The collection is probably not later than the fourteenth century, but it is impossible to state how much earlier the particular passage may be. So far as I know, no parallel exists in any other part of Rabbinic literature.

**ANOTHER STORY.**—A Gentile and a Jew were walking along a road. Then the Gentile said to the Jew, "My religion is better than thine." Now the Jew said, "It is not true; my religion is better than thine, for it is written, Deut. iv, 8." Then said the Gentile, "Let us ask; if they say my religion is better I will take all your money; if they say thine, you will take mine." Then said the Jew to him, "'Tis well; I accept the wager." Now they continued their walk, and Satan came in the shape of an old man. They asked him whose religion is the better, and he said the Gentile's. Afterwards they continued their walk, and the same Satan took the shape of a young man, and they asked him again, and he gave the same answer. Thereupon the Gentile took away the whole money of the Jew. The Jew departed in great trouble, and he passed the night in a ruin. Now, when there came the third part of the night he heard three persons talking.

They said to one, "Where have you been to-day?" And he said, "I found a Jew and a Gentile, and I had my joke with them, and I gave false evidence in favour of the Gentile." And they said to the second, "Where have you been to-day?" And he said, "I have been preventing the daughter of the emperor and king from giving birth to a child; it is already seven days that she has been in labour; if they only took some grass, and put it on her nose, she would instantly give birth." They asked the third demon where he had been? He said, "I have stopped the spring of a certain country, and all the animals there are perishing from thirst. If they would take a black ox and kill him on the well, the water would come again." Now the Jew kept the matter in his heart, got up in the morning, and went to the emperor's country. He found his daughter still in labour. They asked him if he had any medicine. He showed them the root of the tree, and they pressed it on her nose, and she gave birth. The king gave him much money, for this was his only child. Afterwards he went to the country where the waters were stopped. They asked him if he could do something. He said, "Take a black ox and sacrifice it on the well, and the water will come up." They did so, and the water did come up, and they gave him a lot of money. On the following day, the Gentile who had taken away all his money found the Jew, and wondered how he had got so much money. He asked him: "I have taken all your money, whence have you got such riches?" And he told him the whole story. He also did likewise, and passed the night in the ruin. But the three demons came and killed him. In order that Prov. xi, 8, may be fulfilled.

S. SCHECHTER.

[This is evidently a variant of Grimm's "The Two Travellers" (No. 107), parallels to which have been enumerated by R. Köhler in his notes to the first of Widter and Wolf's Venetian folk-tales in *Jahrb. d. rom. und eng. Philologie*, vii, pp. 6-11, to which add those by E. Cosquin in his *Contes de Lorraine*, i, 87 seq.—J. J.]

#### FOLK-LORE EXTRACTS.

**Snake with Jewelled Head.**—"Among others" [stones possessed and prized by the Cherokees, and used in their conjuring ceremonies], "there is one in the possession of a conjurer, remarkable for its brilliancy and beauty, but more so for the extraordinary manner in which it was found. It grew, if we may credit the Indians, on the head of a monstrous serpent, whose retreat was by its brilliancy discovered; but a great number of snakes attending him, he being, as I suppose by his diadem, of a superior rank among serpents, made it dangerous to attack him. Many were the attempts made by the

Indians, but all frustrated, till a fellow more bold than the rest, casing himself in leather, impenetrable to the bite of the serpent or his guards, and watching a convenient opportunity, surprised and killed him, tearing the jewel from his head, which the conjurer has kept hid for many years in some place unknown to all but two women." (1765, *Timberlake's Memoirs*, p. 48.)

**Holy Innocents.**—"Thus many people in this land" [England] "are afraid to begin a good worke vpon the same day that *Innocents* day fell on the yeare before, because they held the circumstance of time as a necessary concurrent to prosperous proceedings." (1625, J. Jackson, *The Originall of Vnbeliefe, etc.*, c. xv, p. 115.)

**St. M. Magdalene's Day.**—"And the Scottish nation, . . . would sometimes have fought with the English vpon any festivall day in the yeare sooner than vpon *Magdalene* day, as fearing lest the ill happe, which it brought them, had not been expiated with the reiterated penitentiall sacrifices of many widowes teares." (*Ibid.*, c. xviii, p. 157.)

**Swallows' Nests.**—"To robbe a swallowes nest, built in a *fire-house*, is from some old bell-dames Catechisms, held as a more fearefull sacrilege, than to steale a chalace out of a church." (*Ibid.*, c. xix, p. 177.)

**Fern Seed.**—"It was my happe since I vndertooke the ministerie, to question an ignorant soule, . . . what he saw, or heard, when he watcht the falling of the *Ferne-seed* at an vnseasonable and suspitious houre. Why (quoth he) doe you thinke that the devill hath ought to doe with that good seed? No; it is in the keeping of the *King of Faynes*, and *he*, I know, will doe me no harme, although I should watch agaene; yet had he utterly forgotten this King's name, vpon whose kindness he so presumed, vntil I remembered it vnto him out of my reading in *Huon of Burdeaux*. And having made this answer, he beganne to pose me thus: Sr, you are a schollar, and I am none. Tell me what sai'd the Angell to our Lady? or what conference had our Lady with her cousin *Elizabeth* concerning the birth of *St. John the Baptist*? As if his intention had been to make bystanders belleue, that he knew somewhat more on this point, than was written in such bookes, as I vse to reade. Howbeit the meaning of his riddle I quickly conceived, and he confessed to be this: that the Angell did foretell *John Baptist* should be born at that very instant on which the *Ferne-seede*, at other times invisible, did fall; intimating further (as farre as I could then perceiue) that this saint of God had some extraordinary value from the *time or circumstance* of his birth." (*Ibid.*, c. xix, pp. 178-9.)

**South-running Water.**—"This vpon mine owne knowledge and observation I can relate: of two, sent more than a mile, after sun-



setting, to fetch *South-running water*, with a strict injunction not to salute any either going or coming, no not their dearest friends, if they should chance to meet them (as by chance they did)." (*Ibid.*, c. xix, p. 179.) It is not stated to what use the water, when fetched, was to be put.

GERALDINE GOSSELIN.

**Old Harvest Customs in Devon and Cornwall.**—(*Extract from a Letter written August 27, 1839, from Truro*).—"Now, when all the corn was cut at Heligan, the farming men and maidens come in front of the house, and bring with them a small sheaf of corn, the last that has been cut, and this is adorned with ribbons and flowers, and one part is tied quite tight, so as to look like a neck. Then they cry out 'Our } side, my side,' as loud as they can; then the dairymaid gives 'My } the neck to the head farming-man. He takes it, and says, very loudly three times, 'I have him, I have him, I have him.' Then another farming-man shouts very loudly, 'What have ye? what have ye? what have ye?' Then the first says, 'A neck, a neck, a neck.' And when he has said this, all the people make a very great shouting. This they do three times, and after one famous shout go away and eat supper, and dance, and sing songs." The custom passed away with the introduction of machines.

**ANOTHER ACCOUNT.**—All went out to the field when the last corn was cut, the "neck" was tied with ribbons and plaited, and they danced round it, and carried it to the great kitchen, where by-and-bye the supper was. The words were as given in the previous account, and "Hip, hip, hack, heck, I have 'ee, I have 'ee, I have 'ee." It was hung up in the hall.

Another account, with few details only, recounts that one of the men rushed from the field with the last sheaf, the others following with vessels of water, which they endeavoured to throw upon the sheaf before it could be taken into the barn; the moral being the difficulties encountered by the farmer in saving his corn from rain, etc.

At Kingsbridge, the following was formerly recited or sung (at the end of the harvest): "We've a ploughed, and we've a sowed, we've a reaped, and we've a mowed, we've a sheaved, and we've a bound, and well a stood upon the ground." At the end was "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

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# Folk-Lore.

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VOL. I.]

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

[No. III.]

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## *ENGLISH AND SCOTCH FAIRY TALES.*<sup>1</sup>

### I.—RASHIN COATIE.

THERE was a king and a queen, as mony anes been, few have we seen, and as few may we see. The queen she deeit, and left a bonnie little lassie; and she had naething to gie to the wee lassie but a little red calfy, and she telt the lassie whatever she wanted, the calfy would gie her. The king married again, an ill-natured wife, wi' three ugly dochters o' her ain. They did na like the little lassie because she was bonnie; they took awa' a' her braw claes that her ain mither had geen her, and put a rashin coatie on her, and gart her sit in the kitchen neuk, and a' body ca'd her Rashin Coatie. She did na get ony thing to eat but what the rest left, but she did na care, for she went to her red calfy, and it gave her everything she asked for. She got good meat from the calfy, but her ill-natured step-mother gart the calfy be killed, because it was good to Rashin Coatie. She was very sorry for the calfy, and sat down and grat. The dead calfy said to her:

“Tak' me up, bane by bane,  
And pit me aneth yon grey stane,

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Andrew Lang, who has, during the last fifteen years or so, collected several English and Scotch folk-tales, has kindly consented to their being made more accessible to students of folk-lore by being printed together. Messrs. Longmans have also waived their rights over some of the stories.—ED. F.-L.

and whatever you want, come and seek it frae me, and I will give you it." Yuletide came, and a' the rest put on their braw claes, and was gaen awa' to the kirk. Rashin Coatie said, "Oh, I wad like to gang to the kirk too!" but the others said, "What would you do at the kirk, you nasty thing? You must bide at hame and make the dinner." When they were gone to the kirk, Rashin Coatie did na ken how to make the dinner, but she went out to the grey stone, and she told the calfy that she could not make the dinner, and she wanted to win to the kirk. The calfy gave her braw claes, and bade her gang into the house, and say :

"Every peat gar ither burn,  
Every spit gar ither turn,  
Every pot gar ither play,  
Till I come frae the kirk this good Yule day."

Rashin Coatie put on the braw claes that the calfy gave her, and went awa' to the kirk, and she was the grandest and the brawest lady there. There was a young prince in the kirk, and he fell in love with her. She cam' awa' before the blessing, and she was hame before the rest, and had off her braw claes, and had on her rashin coatie, and the calfy had covered the table, and the dinner was ready, and every thing in good order when the rest came hame. The three sisters said to Rashin Coatie, "Oh, lassie, if you had only seen the braw bonnie lady that was in kirk to-day, that the young prince fell in love with!" She said : "Oh, I wish you would let me gang with you to the kirk to-morrow"; for they used to gang three days after ither to the kirk. They said : "What should the like o' you do at the kirk—nasty thing? The kitchen neuk is good enough for you." The next day they went away and left her, but she went back to her calfy, and he bade her repeat the same words as before, and he gave her brawer claes, and she went back to the kirk, and a' the world was looking at her, and wondering where sic a grand lady came from ; and as for the young prince, he fell more in love with her than ever, and bade somebody watch where she went back to. But she was back afore anybody saw her, and had off her braw claes

and on her rashin coatie, and the calfy had the table covered, and everything ready for the dinner.

The next day the calfy dressed her in brawer claes than ever, and she went back to the kirk. The young prince was there, and he put a guard at the door to keep her, but she jumped over their heads, and lost one of her beautiful satin slippers. She got hame before the rest, and had on the rashin coatie, and the calfy had all things ready. The young prince put out a proclamation that he would marry whoever the satin slipper would fit. All the ladies of the land went to try on the slipper, and with the rest the three sisters, but none would it fit, for they had ugly broad feet. The hen wife took in her daughter, and cut her heels and her toes, and the slipper was forced on her, and the prince must marry her, for he had to keep his promise. As he rode along with her behind him to be married, there was a bird began to sing, and ever it sang :

“ Minched fit, and pinched fit,  
Beside the king she rides,  
But braw fit, and bonny fit,  
In the kitchen neuk she hides.”

The prince said, “ What is that the bird sings ? ” but the hen wife said, “ Nasty lying thing ! never mind what it says ” ; but the bird sang ever the same words. The prince said, “ Oh, there must be some one that the slipper has not been tried on ” ; but they said, “ There is none but a poor dirty thing that sits in the kitchen neuk and wears a rashin coatie. ” But the prince was determined to try it on Rashin Coatie, but she ran awa' to the grey stone, where the red calf dressed her yet brawer than ever, and she went to the prince, and the slipper jumped out of his pocket and on to her foot, and the prince married her, and they lived happy all their days.

[*Told by Miss Margaret Craig, of Darliston, Elgin.—*  
*Dialect of Morayshire. Printed in “Revue Celtique”,*  
*t. iii, with variants by Prof. R. Köhler.*]

1. The first group of variables includes the demographic characteristics of the respondents, such as age, gender, and education level. These variables are used to control for potential confounding factors that may influence the dependent variable.

\_\_\_\_\_

The following table shows the results of the survey conducted in the year 1998. The data is presented in a tabular format, with columns representing different categories and rows representing specific data points. The table is organized into three main sections: General Information, Demographic Data, and Survey Results. Each section contains a detailed breakdown of the information collected during the survey.

Category	Sub-category	Value
General Information	Survey Date	1998-01-01
	Survey Location	New York City
	Survey Method	Online
	Survey Duration	12 months
Demographic Data	Age Group	18-24
	Gender	Male
	Ethnicity	White
	Education Level	High School
Survey Results	Response Rate	85%
	Completion Rate	92%
	Dropout Rate	7%
	Retention Rate	93%

The survey results indicate a high level of participation and completion, suggesting that the survey was well-received and effective in gathering the desired information. The data collected provides valuable insights into the demographics and preferences of the surveyed population.

The same adventure is repeated with the gardener's son.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the giant went back to the king's house, and said he would destroy them all if they did not give him Nicht Nought Nothing this time. They had to do it ; and when he came to the big stone, the giant said, "What time of day is it?" Nicht Nought Nothing said, "It is the time that my father the king will be sitting down to supper." The giant said, "I've got the richt ane noo"; and took Nicht Nought Nothing to his own house and brought him up till he was a man.

The giant had a bonny dochter, and she and the lad grew very fond of each other. The giant said one day to Nicht Nought Nothing, "I've work for you to-morrow. There is a stable seven miles long and seven miles broad, and it has not been cleaned for seven years, and you must clean it to-morrow, or I will have you for my supper."

The giant's dochter went out next morning with the lad's breakfast, and found him in a terrible state, for aye as he cleaned out a bit, it aye fell in again. The giant's dochter said she would help him, and she cried a' the beasts of the field, and a' the fowls o' the air, and in a minute they a' came, and carried awa' everything that was in the stable and made a' clean before the giant came home. He said "Shame for the wit that helped you ; but I have a worse job for you to-morrow." Then he told Nicht Nought Nothing that there was a loch seven miles long, and seven miles deep, and seven miles broad, and he must drain it the next day, or else he would have him for his supper. Nicht Nought Nothing began early next morning and tried to lave the water with his pail, but the loch was never getting any less, and he did no ken what to do ; but the giant's dochter called on all the fish in the sea to come and drink the water, and very soon they drank it dry. When the giant saw the work done he was in a rage, and said, "I've a worse job for you to-morrow ; there is a tree seven

miles high, and no branch on it, till you get to the top, and there is a nest, and you must bring down the eggs without breaking one, or else I will have you for my supper." At first the giant's dochter did not know how to help Nicht Nought Nothing; but she cut off first her fingers and then her toes, and made steps of them, and he clomb the tree, and got all the eggs safe till he came to the bottom, and then one was broken. The giant's dochter advised him to run away, and she would follow him. So he travelled till he came to a king's palace, and the king and queen took him in and were very kind to him. The giant's dochter left her father's house, and he pursued her and was drowned. Then she came to the king's palace where Nicht Nought Nothing was. And she went up into a tree to watch for him. The gardener's dochter, going to draw water in the well, saw the shadow of the lady in the water, and thought it was herself, and said, "If I'm so bonny, if I'm so brave, do you send me to draw water?" The gardener's wife went out, and she said the same thing. Then the gardener went himself, and brought the lady from the tree, and led her in. And he told her that a stranger was to marry the king's dochter, and showed her the man: and it was Nicht Nought Nothing asleep in a chair. And she saw him, and cried to him, "Waken, waken, and speak to me!" But he would not waken, and syne she cried:

"I cleaned the stable, I laved the loch, and I clamb the tree,  
And all for the love of thee,  
And thou wilt not waken and speak to me."

The king and the queen heard this, and came to the bonny young lady, and she said:

"I canna get Nicht Nought Nothing to speak to me for all that I can do."

Then were they greatly astonished when she spoke of Nicht Nought Nothing, and asked where he was, and she said, "He that sits there in the chair." Then they ran

to him and kissed him and called him their own dear son, and he wakened, and told them all that the giant's dochter had done for him, and of all her kindness. Then they took her in their arms and kissed her, and said she should now be their dochter, for their son should marry her.

And they lived happy all their days.

[*Told by Miss Craig. Printed in "Revue Celtique", t. iii, with variants by Prof. Köhler. Reprinted in "Custom and Myth."*]

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### III.—CAP O' RUSHES.

Well, there was once a very rich gentleman, and he'd three daughters, and he thought to see how fond they was of him. So he says to the first, "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"Why," says she, "as I love my life."

"That's good," says he.

So he says to the second, "How much do *you* love me, my dear?"

"Why," says she, "better nor all the world."

"That's good," says he.

So he says to the third, "How much do *you* love me, my dear?"

"Why, I love you as fresh meat loves salt," says she.

Well, he were that angry. "You don't love me at all," says he, "and in my house you stay no more." So he drove her out there and then, and shut the door in her face.

Well, she went away on and on till she came to a fen, and there she gathered a lot of rushes and made them into a cloak, kind o', with a hood, to cover her from head to foot, and to hide her fine clothes. And then she went on and on till she came to a great house.

"Do you want a maid?" says she.



"No, we don't," says they.

"I haint nowhere to go," says she, "and I'd ask no wages, and do any sort o' work," says she.

"Well," says they, "if you like to wash the pots and scrape the saucepans you may stay," says they.

So she stayed there and washed the pots and scraped the saucepans and did all the dirty work. And because she gave no name they called her "Cap o' Rushes".

Well, one day there was to be a great dance a little way off, and the servants was let to go and look at the grand people. Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go, so she stayed at home.

But when they was gone she offed her cap o' rushes, and cleaned herself, and went to the dance. And no one there was so finely dressed as her.

Well, who should be there but her master's son, and what should he do but fall in love with her the minute he set eyes on her. He wouldn't dance with anyone else.

But before the dance was done Cap o' Rushes she slipt off, and away she went home. And when the other maids was back she was framin' to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Well, next morning they says to her, "You did miss a sight, Cap o' Rushes!"

"What was that?" says she.

"Why, the beautifulest lady you ever see, dressed right gay and ga'. The young master, he never took his eyes off of her."

"Well, I should ha' liked to have seen her," says Cap o' Rushes.

"Well, there's to be another dance this evening, and perhaps she'll be there."

But, come the evening, Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go with them. Howsumdever, when they was gone, she offed with her cap o' rushes and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The master's son had been reckoning on seeing her, and

he danced with no one else, and never took his eyes off of her. But, before the dance was over, she slipt off, and home she went, and when the maids came back she framed to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Next day they says to her again, "Well, Cap o' Rushes, you should ha' been there to see the lady. There she was again, gay and ga', and the young master he never took his eyes off of her."

"Well, there," says she, "I should ha' liked to ha' seen her."

"Well," says they, "there's a dance again this evening, and you must go with us, for she's sure to be there."

Well, come this evening, Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go, and do what they would she stayed at home. But when they was gone she offed with her cap o' rushes and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The master's son was rarely glad when he saw her. He danced with none but her and never took his eyes off her. When she wouldn't tell him her name, nor where she came from, he gave her a ring and told her if he didn't see her again he should die.

Well, afore the dance was over, off she slipped, and home she went, and when the maids 'came home she was framing to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Well, next day they says to her, "There, Cap o' Rushes, you didn't come last night, and now you won't see the lady, for there's no more dances."

"Well, I should ha' rarely liked to ha' seen her," says she.

The master's son he tried every way to find out where the lady was gone, but go where he might, and ask whom he might, he never heard nothing about her. And he got worse and worse for the love of her till he had to keep his bed.

"Make some gruel for the young master," they says to the cook; "he's dying for the love of the lady." The cook she set about making it when Cap o' Rushes came in.

"What are you a doin' on?" says she.

"I'm going to make some gruel for the young master," says the cook, "for he's dying for love of the lady."

"Let me make it," says Cap o' Rushes.

"Well, the cook wouldn't at first, but at last she said yes, and Cap o' Rushes made the gruel. And when she had made it she slipped the ring into it on the sly before the cook took it upstairs.

The young man he drank it and he saw the ring at the bottom.

"Send for the cook," says he.

So up she comes.

"Who made this here gruel?" says he.

"I did," says the cook, for she were frightened.

And he looked at her.

"No, you didn't," says he. "Say who did it, and you shan't be harmed."

"Well, then, 'twas Cap o' Rushes," says she.

"Send Cap o' Rushes here," says he.

So Cap o' Rushes came.

"Did you make my gruel?" says he.

"Yes, I did," says she.

"Where did you get this ring," says he.

"From him as gave it me," says she.

"Who are you, then?" says the young man.

"I'll show you," says she. And she offed with her cap o' rushes, and there she was in her beautiful clothes.

Well, the master's son he got well very soon, and they was to be married in a little time. It was to be a very grand wedding, and everyone was asked far and near. And Cap o' Rushes' father was asked. But she never told nobody who she was.

But before the wedding she went to the cook, and says she:

"I want you to dress every dish without a mite o' salt."

"That'll be rarely tasty," says the cook.

"That don't signify," says she.

"Very well," says the cook.

Well, the wedding-day came, and they was married. And after they was married all the company sat down to their vittles. When they began to eat the meat, that was so tasteless they couldn't eat it. But Cap o' Rushes' father he tried first one dish and then another, and then he burst out crying.

"What is the matter?" said the master's son to him.

"Oh!" says he, "I had a daughter. And I asked her how much she loved me. And she said, 'As much as fresh meat loves salt.' And I turned her from my door, for I thought she didn't love me. And now I see she loved me best of all. And she may be dead for aught I know."

"No, father, here she is!" says Cap o' Rushes. And she goes up to him and puts her arms round him.

And so they was happy ever after.

A. W. T.

*[Discovered by Mr. E. Clodd in the Suffolk Notes and Queries of the "Ipswich Journal." Reprinted in "Longman's Magazine", vol. xiii. Told by an old Servant to the Writer when a Child.]*

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#### IV.—THE STORY OF KATE CRACKERNUTS.

Once upon a time there was a king and a queen, as in many lands have been. The king had a dochter, Kate, and the queen had one. The queen was jealous of the king's dochter being bonnier than her own, and cast about to spoil her beauty. So she took counsel of the henwife, who told her to send the lassie to her next morning fasting. The queen did so, but the lassie found means to get a piece before going out. When she came to the henwife's she asked for eggs, as she had been told to do; the henwife desired her to "lift the lid off that pot there" and see. The lassie did so, but naething happened. "Gae hame to

your minnie and tell her to keep her press door better steekit," said the henwife. The queen knew from this that the lassie had had something to eat, so watched the next morning and sent her away fasting ; but the princess saw some country folk picking peas by the roadside, and being very affable she spoke to them and took a handful of the peas, which she ate by the way.

In consequence, the answer at the henwife's house was the same as on the preceding day.

The third day the queen goes along with the girl to the henwife. Now, when the lid is lifted off the pot, off jumps the princess's ain bonny head and on jumps a sheep's head.

The queen, now quite satisfied, returns home.

Her own daughter, however, took a fine linen cloth and wrapped it round her sister's head and took her by the hand and gaed out to seek their fortin. They gaed and they gaed far, and far'er than I can tell, till they cam to a king's castle. Kate chappit at the door and sought a "night's lodging for hersel' and a sick sister." This is granted on condition that Kate sits up all night to watch the king's sick son, which she is quite willing to do. She is also promised a "pock of siller" "if a's right". Till midnight all goes well. As twelve o'clock rings, however, the sick prince rises, dresses himself, and slips downstairs, followed by Kate unnoticed. The prince went to the stable, saddled his horse, called his hound, jumped into the saddle, Kate leaping lightly up behind him. Away rode the prince and Kate through the greenwood, Kate, as they pass, plucking nuts from the trees and filling her apron with them. They rode on and on till they came to a green hill. The prince here drew bridle and spoke, "Open, open, green hill, an' let the young prince in with his horse and his hound," and, added Kate, "his lady him behind."

Immediately the green hill opened and they passed in. A magnificent hall is entered, brightly lighted up, and many beautiful ladies surround the prince and lead him off to the dance, while Kate, unperceived, seats herself by the

door. Here she sees a bairnie playing with a wand, and overhears one of the fairies say, "Three strakes o' that wand would mak Kate's sick sister as bonnie as ever she was." So Kate rowed nuts to the bairnie, and rowed (rolled) nuts till the bairnie let fall the wand, and Kate took it up and put it in her apron.

Then the cock crew, and the prince made all haste to get on horseback, Kate jumping up behind, and home they rode, and Kate sat down by the fire and cracked her nuts, and ate them. When the morning came Kate said the prince had a good night, and she was willing to sit up another night, for which she was to get a "pock o' gowd". The second night passed as the first had done. The third night Kate consented to watch only if she should marry the sick prince. This time the bairnie was playing with a birdie; Kate heard one of the fairies say, "Three bites of that birdie would mak the sick prince as weel as ever he was." Kate rowed nuts to the bairnie till the birdie was dropped, and Kate put it in her apron.

At cockcrow they set off again, but instead of cracking her nuts as she used to do, Kate plucked the feathers off and cooked the birdie. Soon there arose a very savoury smell. "Oh!" said the sick prince, "I wish I had a bite o' that birdie," so Kate gave him a bit o' the birdie, and he rose up on his elbow. By-and-by he cried out again, "Oh, if I had anither bite o' that birdie!" so Kate gave him another bit, and he sat up on his bed. Then he said again, "Oh! if I had a third bite o' that birdie!" So Kate gave him a third bit, and he rose quite well, dressed himself, and sat down by the fire, and when "the folk came i' the morn-in' they found Kate and the young prince cracking nuts th'gether." So the sick son married the weel sister, and the weel son married the sick sister, and they all lived happy and dee'd happy, and never drank out o' a dry cappy.

[*Collected by Mr. D. J. Robertson of the Orkneys. Printed  
man's Magazine*", vol. xiii.]

## V.—PEERIFOOL.

There were once a king and queen in Rousay who had three daughters. The king died and the queen was living in a small house with her daughters. They kept a cow and a kail yard (cabbage garden); they found their cabbage was all being taken away. The eldest daughter said to the queen, she would take a blanket about her and would sit and watch what was going away with the kail. So when the night came she went out to watch. In a short time a very big giant came into the yard; he began to cut the kail and throw it in a big cubby (creel). So he cut till he had it well filled.

The princess was always asking him why he was taking her mother's kail. He was saying to her, if she was not quiet he would take her too.

As soon as he had filled his cubby he took her by a leg and an arm and threw her on the top of his cubby of kail, and away home he went with her.

When he got home he told her what work she had to do; she had to milk the cow and put her up to the hills called Bloodfield, and then she had to take wool, and wash and tease it, and comb and card, and spin and make claih.

When the giant went out she milked the cow and put her to the hills. Then she put on the pot and made porridge to herself. As she was supping it, a great many peerie (little) yellow-headed folk came running, calling out to give them some. She said:

"Little for one, and less for two,  
And never a grain have I for you."

When she came to work the wool, none of that work could she do at all.

The giant came home at night and found she had not done her work. He took her and began at her head, and peeled the skin off all the way down her back and over

her feet. Then he threw her on the couples among the hens.

The same adventure befell the second girl. If her sister could do little with the wool she could do less.

When the giant came home he found her work not done. He began at the crown of her head and peeled a strip of skin all down her back and over her feet, and threw her on the couples beside her sister. They lay there and could not speak nor come down.

The next night the youngest princess said she would take a blanket about her and go to watch what had gone away with her sisters. Ere long, in came a giant with a big cubby, and began to cut the kail.

She was asking why he was taking her mother's kail. He was saying if she was not quiet he would take her too.

He took her by a leg and an arm and threw her on the top of his cubby and carried her away.

Next morning he gave her the same work as he had given her sisters.

When he was gone out she milked the cow and put her to the high hills. Then she put on the pot and made porridge to herself. When the peerie yellow-headed folk came asking for some she told them to get something to sup with. Some got heather cows and some got broken dishes; some got one thing, and some another, and they all got some of her porridge.

After they were all gone a peerie yellow-headed boy came in and asked her if she had any work to do; he could do any work with wool. She said she had plenty, but would never be able to pay him for it. He said all he was asking for it was to tell him his name. She thought that would be easy to do, and gave him the wool.

When it was getting dark an old woman came in and asked her for lodging.

The princess said she could not give her that, but asked her if she had any news. But the old woman had none, and went away to lie out.



There is a high knowe near the place, and the old woman sat under it for shelter. She found it very warm. She was always climbing up, and when she came to the top she heard someone inside saying, "Tease, teasers, tease ; card, carders, card ; spin, spinners, spin, for peerie fool, peerie fool is my name." There was a crack in the knowe, and light coming out. She looked in and saw a great many peerie folk working, and a peerie yellow-headed boy running round them calling out that.

The old woman thought she would get lodging if she went to give this news, so she came back and told the princess the whole of it.

The princess went on saying "peerie fool, peerie fool" till the yellow-headed boy came with all the wool made into claith.

He asked what was his name, and she guessed names, and he jumped about and said "No".

At last she said, "Peeriefool is your name." He threw down the wool and ran off very angry.

As the giant was coming home he met a great many peerie yellow-headed folk, some with their eyes hanging on their cheeks, and some with their tongues hanging on their breasts. He asked them what was the matter. They told him it was working so hard pulling wool so fine. He said he had a good-wife at home, and if she was safe, never would he allow her to do any work again.

When he came home she was all safe, and had a great many webs lying all ready, and he was very kind to her.

Next day when he went out she found her sisters, and took them down from the couples. She put the skin on their backs again, and she put her eldest sister in a cazy (cubby or creel), and put all the fine things she could find with her, and grass on the top.

When the giant came home she asked him to take the cazy to her mother with some food for her cow. He was so pleased with her he would do anything for her, and took it away.

Next day she did the same with her other sister. She told him she would have the last of the food she had to send her mother for the cow ready next night. She told him she was going a bit from home, and would leave it ready for him. She got into the cazy with all the fine things she could find, and covered herself with grass. He took the cazy and carried it to the queen's house. She and her daughters had a big boiler of boiling water ready. They couped it about him when he was under the window, and that was the end of the giant.

[*Collected by Mr. D. J. Robertson of the Orkneys. Printed in "Longman's Magazine", vol. xiv.*]

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#### VI.—COAT O' CLAY.

Once on a time, in the parts of Lindsey, there lived a wise woman. Some said she was a witch, but they said it in a whisper, lest she should overhear and do them a mischief, and truly it was not a thing one could be sure of, for she was never known to hurt anyone, which, if she were a witch, she would have been sure to do. But she could tell you what your sickness was, and how to cure it with herbs, and she could mix rare possets that would drive the pain out of you in a twinkling; and she could advise you what to do if your cows were ill, or if you'd got into trouble, and tell the maids whether their sweethearts were likely to be faithful.

But she was ill-pleased if folks questioned her too much or too long, and she sore disliked fools. A many came to her asking foolish things, as was their nature, and to them she never gave counsel—at least of a kind that could aid them much.

Well, one day, as she sat at her door paring potatoes, over the stile and up the path came a tall lad with a long nose and goggle eyes and his hands in his pockets.

"That's a fool, if ever was one, and a fool's luck in his

face," said the wise woman to herself with a nod of her head, and threw a potato skin over her left shoulder to keep off ill-chance.

"Good-day, missis," said the fool. "I be come to see thee."

"So tha' be," said the wise woman; "I see that. How's all in thy folk th' year?"

"Oh, fairly," answered he. "But they say I be a fool."

"Ay, so tha' be," nodded she, and threw away a bad potato. "I see that too. But what wouldst o' me? I keep no brains for sale."

"Well, see now. Mother says I'll ne'er be wiser all my born days; but folk tell us thou canst do everything. Can't thee learn me a bit, so they'll think me a clever fellow at home?"

"Hout-tout!" said the wise woman; "thou'rt a bigger fool than I thought. Nay, I can't learn thee nought, lad; but I can tell thee summat. Thou'lt be a fool all thy days till thou get's a coat o' clay; and then thou'lt know more'n me."

"Hi, missis; what sort of a coat's that?" said he.

"That's none o' my business," answered she. "Thou'st got to find out that."

And she took up her potatoes and went into her house.

The fool took off his cap and scratched his head.

"It's a queer kind of a coat to look for, sure-ly," said he. "I never heard on a coat o' clay. But then I be a fool, that's true."

So he walked on till he came to the drain near by, with just a pickle of water and a foot of mud in it.

"Here's muck," said the fool, much pleased, and he got in and rolled in it spluttering. "Hi, yi," said he—for he had his mouth full—"I've got a coat o' clay now to be sure. I'll go home and tell my mother I'm a wise man and not a fool any longer." And he went on home.

Presently he came to a cottage with a ramping lass at the door.

"Morning, fool," said she; "hast been ducked in the horsepond?"

"Fool yourself," said he, "the wise woman says I'll know more'n she when I get a coat o' clay, and here it is. Shall I marry thee, lass?"

"Ay," said she, for she thought she'd like a fool for a husband, "when shall it be?"

"I'll come and fetch thee when I've told my mother," said the fool, and he gave her his lucky penny and went on.

When he got home his mother was on the doorstep.

"Mother, I've got a coat o' clay," said he.

"Coat o' muck," said she, "an' what of that?"

"Wise woman said I'd know more'n she when I get a coat o' clay," said he, "so I down in the drain an' got one, an' I'm not a fool any longer."

"Very good," said his mother, "now thou canst get a wife."

"Ay," said he, "I'm going to marry so-an'-so."

"What!" said his mother, "*that* lass? No, an' that thou'lt not. She's nought but a brat, wi' ne'er a cow or a cabbage o' her own, an' bears a bad name into the bargain."

"But I gave her my luck-penny," said the fool.

"Then thou'rt a bigger fool than ever, for all thy coat o' clay!" said his mother, and banged the door in his face.

"Dang it!" said the fool, and scratched his head, "that's not the right sort o' clay, sure-*ly*."

So back he went to the highroad and sat down on the bank of the river close by, looking at the water, which was cool and clear.

By-and-bye he fell asleep, and before he knew what he was about—plump—he rolled off into the river with a splash, and scrambled out, dripping like a drowned rat.

"Dear, dear," said he, "I'd better go and get dry in the sun." So up he went to the highroad, and lay down in the dust, rolling about so that the sun should get at him all over.

Presently, when he sat up and looked down at himself, he found that the dust had caked into a sort of skin over his wet clothes till you could not see an inch of them, they were so well covered. "Hi, yi!" said he, "here's a coat o' clay ready made, an' a fine one. See now, I'm a clever fellow this time, sure-ly, for I've found what I wanted wi'out lookin' for it! Wow, but it's a fine feeling to be so smart!"

And he sat and scratched his head, and thought about his own cleverness.

But all of a sudden, round the corner came the squire on horseback, full gallop, as if the boggles after him; but the fool had to jump, even though the squire pulled his horse back on his haunches.

"What the dickins," said the squire, "do you mean by lying in the middle of the road like that?"

"Well, measter," said the fool, "I fell into the water and got wet, so I lay down in the road to get dry; an' I lay down a fool an' got up a wise man."

"How's that?" said the squire.

So the fool told him about the wise woman and the coat o' clay.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the squire, "whoever heard of a wise man lying in the middle of the highroad to be ridden over? Lad, take my word for it, you're a bigger fool than ever," and he rode on laughing.

"Dang it!" said the fool, as he scratched his head. "I've not got the right sort of coat yet, then." And he choked and spluttered in the dust that the squire's horse had raised.

So on he went in a melancholy mood till he came to an inn, and the landlord at his door smoking.

"Well, fool," said he, "thou'rt fine an' mucky."

"Ay," said the fool, "I be mucky outside an' dusty in, but it's not the right thing yet."

And he told the landlord all about the wise woman and the coat o' clay.

"Hout-tout!" said the landlord, with a wink. "I know

what's wrong. Thou'st got a skin o' muck outside an' all dry dust inside. Thou must moisten it, lad, wi' a good drink, an' then thou'lt ha' a real all-over coat o' clay."

"Hi," said the fool, "that's a good word."

So down he sat and began to drink. But it was wonderful how much liquor it took to moisten so much dust, and each time he got to the bottom of the glass he found he was still dry. At last he began to feel very merry and pleased with himself.

"Hi, yi!" said he. "I've got a real coat o' clay now outside and in—what a difference it do make, to be sure! I feel another man now—so smart!"

And he told the landlord he was certainly a wise man now, though he couldn't speak over-distinctly after drinking so much. So up he got, and thought he would go home and tell his mother she hadn't a fool for a son any more.

But just as he was trying to get through the inn door, which would scarcely keep still long enough for him to find it, up came the landlord and caught him by the sleeve.

"See here, master," said he, "thou hasn't paid thy score—where's my money?"

"Haven't any!" said the fool, and pulled out his pockets to show they were empty.

"What!" said the landlord, and swore; "thou'st drunk all my liquor and hain't got nought to pay for it wi'!"

"Hi!" said the fool. "You told me to drink so as to get a coat o' clay; but as I'm a wise man now I don't mind helping thee along in the world a bit, for though I'm a smart fellow I'm not too proud to my friends."

"Wise man! smart fellow!" said the landlord, "an' help me along, wilt tha'? Dang it! thou'rt the biggest fool I iver seed, an' it's I'll help *thee* first—out o' this!"

And he kicked him out of the door into the road, and swore at him.

"Hum," said the fool, as he lay in the dust; "I'm not so wise as I thought. I guess I'll go back to the wise woman and tell her there's a screw loose somewheres."

So up he got and went along to her house, and found her sitting at the door.

"So thou'st come back," said she, with a nod. "What dost want wi' me now?"

So he sat down and told her how he'd tried to get a coat o' clay, but he wasn't any wiser for all of it.

"No," said the wise woman, "thou'rt a bigger fool than ever, my lad."

"So they all say," sighed the fool; "but where can I get the right sort of coat o' clay, then, missis?"

"When thou'st done wi' this world, an' thy fo'ak put thee in the ground," said the wise woman. "That's the only coat o' clay as'll make such as *thee* wise, lad. Born a fool, die a fool, an' be a fool thy life long, an' that's the truth!"

And she went into the house and shut the door.

"Dang it!" said the fool. "I must tell my mother she was right after all, an' that she'll niver ha' a wise man for a son!"

And he went off home.

M. C. B.

[*Collected by Miss M. C. Balfour. Printed in "Longman's Magazine", vol. xv.*]

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#### VII.—DRAIGLIN' HOGNEY.

Once upon a time there was a man, and he had three sons. The eldest said to his father, "Father, if you'll gie me a hund, a hawk, and a horse to ride on, I'll go an' seek my fortune."

So his father gave him a hund, a hawk, and a horse to ride on, and he gaed out to seek his fortune.

He rade an' he rade far an' far'er than I can tell, till he came to a thick wood and lost his way, and night came on. Then he saw a light, and coming nearer found a splendid castle. He blew the horn, the door opened, but nobody

was to be seen. He went in, and found in the hall a fine supper set ready, and a large fire burning.

He ate his supper and sat down by the fire to dry his wet clothes ; still nobody came.

At last twelve o'clock struck, the door opened, and in came the Dräglin' Hogney.

He sat down over against the young man and glowered at him. Then said the Dräglin' Hogney :

"Does yer horse kick ony?"

"Ow, ay," said the young man,

"There's a hair to fling ower him."

The young man flung it ower his horse.

"Does yer hund bite ony?"

"Ow, ay," said the young man.

"There's a hair to fling ower him."

Again, "Does yer hawk pick ony?"

"Ay, ay," said the young man.

"There's a hair to fling ower him."

With that the Dräglin' Hogney *whiecked* (whisked) frae the tae side to the tither, till he fell upon the young man and killed him.

The second son then makes the same request to his father, with the same result.

The third son, finding neither of his brothers return, goes out to seek them, finds of course the same castle and a similar entertainment, but when the Dräglin' Hogney begins to work his spell by asking, "Does yer horse bite ony?" and giving the hair to fling over him, the young man flings it on the fire.

"What's that crackin'?" says the Dräglin' Hogney.

"It's the craps o' the green wud come yer waysay," said the young man.

Again, "Does yer hund bite ony?"

"Does yer hawk pick ony?"

The hairs are thrown on the fire.

"What's that crackin'?" is asked again.

"It's the craps o' the green wud came yer waysay," is



again repeated ; whereupon the Dräglin' Horney whisked from side to side, but the young man calls to his horse to kick, his hund to bite, and his hawk to pick, and they slay the Dräglin' Horney.

The young man then ransacks the castle, finds the enchanter's wand, disenchant's his two brothers, their horses, hawks, and hounds, divides the spoil, sends for their father, and, in the old wind-up of a Scotch fairy tale, they live happy, and dee happy, and never drink out of a dry cappy. Which I take to be the equivalent of the English "live happy ever after".

[*Previously unprinted. Sent with "Kate Crackernuts".*]

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## THE COLLECTION OF ENGLISH FOLK-LORE.

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SO much has of late been said, and done, and projected, in the matter of the systematic study and scientific arrangement of the folk-lore already recorded, that there seems to be some little danger lest an impression should gain ground that the day of collecting folk-lore is over, and the day of counting the gains has come. I speak more particularly of England. Savage folk-lore still comes pouring in from all quarters, but new collections of English folk-lore are comparatively rare. That this is not from lack of material, recent "finds" give sufficient evidence. Within the last three years we have had the discovery of a hitherto unnoticed instrument of sorcery—the Witches' Ladder—in Somersetshire, of several variants of a curious and obscure rhyming formula collected and published in *Longman's Magazine* by our President, and of at least four folk-tales—viz. : "Cap o' Rushes" and "Tom-Tit-Tot", from Suffolk; "Coat o' Clay", a noodle story from Lincolnshire; and "The Golden Ball" (a romantic story, for which Mr. Nutt inquired in the *Folk-Lore Journal* in 1888, p. 144, and of which I have obtained fragmentary versions from Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Shropshire), appears in a complete form (so I am told) in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January last—as related to the Rev. S. Baring-Gould by some Yorkshire "mill-lasses".<sup>1</sup> These examples are surely enough to prove that the day of collecting English folk-lore is not yet over.

But the need for more collection would still be urgent even if no absolutely novel items should remain to be

<sup>1</sup> Originally given at end of the first edition of Henderson.

discovered. Hitherto, the likenesses of the folk-lore of the different localities have been the chief object of study—its differences have yet to be examined. The theory of “survivals” has been established; it has been proved that sundry stories, customs, and ideas prevalent among savage peoples are to be found also among civilised nations. But folk-lore has a great deal more to teach us than simply the phenomenon of “survival in culture”, and I will venture to say that the study of its variations in England (what they are, where they are found, and, so far as possible, how they came to pass) will throw such a light, not only on English history, but on early history in general, and on the nature and history of folk-lore itself, as was hardly guessed at even so lately as the period when our Society was founded.

But to accomplish this we must have a great deal more collecting. A good deal of matter has been recorded, it is true, but it is unsystematic, patchy, incomplete. Much of it is scattered up and down the volumes of *Notes and Queries*, of the *Transactions* of Archæological Societies, of local glossaries and handbooks, and is practically inaccessible to anyone who wants to know whether a given item occurs in a given locality. Few even of our best local collections cover the whole range of folk-lore subjects, and many counties, including some of the most interesting—Somerset, Kent, Norfolk, Derbyshire, Cumberland—are scarcely represented at all.

I.—To begin with, then, we need a careful geographical examination of the habitats and boundaries of the various items of English folk-lore, such as the English Dialect Society has made and is making of dialectal boundaries. The results which may be expected from the comparison of such a record of English folk-lore with the evidence obtained from other lines of study, seem to open a vista of possible discovery which I can but glance at, and on which I will not speculate.

There is nothing like speaking from experience, so, at

the risk of appearing egotistical, I will illustrate my meaning from my personal knowledge.

It is generally customary in England to hire farm-servants by the year, but the hiring-time varies in different places. In North-east Shropshire the hiring-time is Christmas; in South-west Shropshire it is May. I took great pains to pick out the boundary-line between these two customs, market-town by market-town, and almost village by village, and I found it coincide almost exactly with the boundary-line of the change of dialect between North-east and South-west, which is very marked; and very fairly also with the boundary between the diocese of Lichfield (the ancient Bishopric of the Mercians) on the North-east, and the Welsh diocese of St. Asaph and the diocese of Hereford (the old kingdom of the Hecanas or Magesætas) on the South-west. Moreover, the South-western custom of hiring prevails, I have ascertained, over a considerable part of North Wales, while hiring at Christmas prevails in Cheshire and North Staffordshire. But the exact conclusions to be drawn from these facts are to me still a mystery, especially as Christmas hiring does not extend beyond Staffordshire eastwards, so that it can hardly be an old Anglian agricultural custom. In Derbyshire, hirings are made at Martinmas, as I believe they are also in Yorkshire. In Northamptonshire, Michaelmas is the hiring time.

Again, "souling", or begging for apples on the Eve of All Souls' Day (Nov. 1st), is a common custom in that part of Shropshire where Christmas hirings occur, and in North Staffordshire; but in South Staffordshire I believe the same custom is, or was, observed, not on All Souls', but on St. Clement's Eve (Nov. 21st). Once more; in South Staffordshire and in South Shropshire, as far north as Shrewsbury, Mothering Sunday is known, if not much observed; but I have never met with anyone in the north of either county who had heard of it.

Isolated instances of customs which are general in other

counties are still more stimulating to curiosity. For instance, amongst the hills in the far west of Shropshire I found three instances, and three only, of *well-dressing*, a custom claimed as "peculiar to" Derbyshire and North Staffordshire.

I do not attempt to form any theory about these boundaries. I only say that if they, and such as they, were mapped out over the whole of England, and compared with other evidence, they would almost certainly yield valuable historical and ethnological results. Especially, would this be the case where it is known from other evidence that there has been a definite settlement of one tribe or nation within the country occupied by another tribe or nation: as, for instance, the settlement of the Jutes in the Meon Valley in Hampshire, of the Normans and Flemings in "Little England beyond Wales", and of the Dutchmen in the Fenland, in almost modern times.

It is comparatively easy to pick out the boundaries of a custom, but very difficult to discover those of a superstitious opinion. Some ideas, of course, are really general and visibly acted on, in a given district; but curious bits of superstition and "luck" may be carried about the country in so many ways, to so many unexpected places, in a manner that would be impossible to a popular custom. You, perhaps, come across some old woman who strongly objects to your bringing, it may be, snowdrops or catkins, or perhaps hawthorn, into her house, while her neighbours are not in the least offended by it. Now she *may* be the sole surviving depositary of a genuine piece of local folklore, or she *may* be following the instructions of a grandmother who came from the other end of England, and she may be quite unable to tell you how she acquired her views on the subject. The bits of superstitious observance in the matter of cuckoos, magpies, the new moon, and so on, in which my own family have grown up, have come to us, some from our Lancashire mother, some from our Staffordshire father and his family, some from our Shropshire neighbours; but we cannot trace every item to its

source. In many cases, I think, the collector can do no more than set down the name of the place where, or the informant from whom, he obtained the several items, without committing himself to any statement as to how far they are universal or not.

Negative evidence, again, is most difficult to obtain, but valuable in proportion to the difficulty of proving the negative. In fact, it only can be proved (as it has been remarked to me) "if a collector gets hold of a thorough believer in the superstitions of his locality, and can find out if there are any other superstitions of other localities which he decidedly does *not* believe in, any that he laughs at, any that he looks upon as stupid or 'superstitious', while his own belief, of course, is not superstitious!"

For myself, I have not found the English poor *laugh* at superstitions they are not acquainted with, unless they are, as many are, superior to superstition in general. They do not get farther than a slow, grave remark: "No, I niver heered *that*. I shouldna think as there can be annything in *that*. Now, as to (so and so), *that's* true, *that* is. For my gronfayther knowed a mon . . ." et cetera! But it is beyond question that to ascertain what a superstitious man does *not* know, is quite as valuable for our purpose as to learn what he *does* know. Even then the collector should not be too hasty in drawing conclusions. The information he fails again and again to obtain, may some day crop up quite unexpectedly at his very doors.

The ideal of geographical collection would be reached if a number of collectors would undertake definite areas adjoining each other—say, for instance, the several hundreds of a county—would set down what is known, and what, after every possible inquiry, is *not* known there, and would then compare results.

II.—Then there is the question of the relations between Folk-lore and History. The early history of every nation is dependent on oral tradition, not on written records, and so is open to doubt. But the questions, *how much* dependence may be placed upon tradition, and *how long* the

remembrance of an event may be preserved among unlettered people, are by no means unimportant, and much light, it seems to me, may be thrown on them by observing how ascertained historical events are represented in the folk-lore of civilised countries, and how long they are remembered. Let me give a few examples from my own knowledge.

We have in this neighbourhood a traditional account of some incidents connected with the flight of the Royalists from the battle of Worcester in 1652. It is a *fact*, recorded in Blount's *Boscobel*, that the Duke of Buckingham and three companions were in hiding for some days in the woods and cottages near Blore Pipe in Staffordshire, about five miles from where I am now writing. The poor folk, mostly "squatters" on what was, and is still to some extent, a tract of woodland, are unanimous in pointing out Buckingham's Cave in the garden of a cottage, where they say the Duke was concealed for two or three days. (I am bound to say, though, that the old owner of the cottage himself can give no more account of it than: "There was a many kings and head-men and such like, about in all countries then; and it was one of these 'ere kings as they were arter, to cut his yed off or summat, and he come and hid i' the hole yonder for a good bit. But it's a many years back. I reckon some 'un mun ha' takken him his meat up, for it's a desper't awk'ard plaze to get at.")

At a little distance is a wild sort of field, always known as Buckingham's Field, where they say the Duke fell and broke his arm, and (here the inevitable bit of folk-etymology comes in!) the valley is therefore called *Armsdale* to this day. One elderly man (the village innkeeper) points out the very spot where the accident happened, as his great-grandfather showed it to him, from the information *he* had received from a very old man, a sort of bailiff or wood-ranger, who (so he believed) was living at the time; which is, of course, not absolutely impossible.

Not far from Blore Pipe is the site of the battle of

Blore Heath in 1459, where the traditional spot where the Lancastrian leader, Lord Audley, fell, is marked by a small obelisk set up in 1764 by the then lord of the manor. This, and one or two pieces of armour dug up in the neighbouring fields, have doubtless helped to keep alive the memory of the battle: but be this as it may, the people tell how the brook ran red with blood for three days and three nights after the fight, and that when the Lancastrians were worsted, Queen Margaret hurried down from Muckleston church-tower, where she was watching the fray, made the village blacksmith reverse the shoes of her horse to mislead her pursuers, and so fled in all haste to the Bishop of Lichfield's castle at Eccleshall.

The same story of a queen watching a lost battle, and fleeing away with reversed horseshoes, is told, with less foundation, on the site of the battle of Shrewsbury.

One more example of a different kind. An unlettered old cottager, at High Offley in Staffordshire, startled me one day by observing that the village wake would be held on the Monday after the 15th of August, "the 'Sumption o' Mary." Now the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin has, we know, been removed from the calendar of the English Church since 1549. I knew the old body well, and I do not think she can have come in contact with anyone likely to inform her of the festival as a matter of scholarly learning. I cannot but think that it was the importance of fixing the right date for the village wake that has caused the disused Saint's day to be remembered for over 300 years.

So far as such examples as these go, they would tend to show that the folk, even in England, *do* preserve some memory of historical events for three or even four centuries, and that it would be rash to assert that such an event never happened, or such a character never lived, because the popular tradition concerning it or him is mixed with fiction. But collectors have hitherto given very little attention to this subject, and till they have done so, one dare



not speak too positively. Still, it may be allowable to observe that the battle of Waterloo really *was* fought, although the Duke of Wellington did *not* cry, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

III.—The consideration of the influence of Folk-lore on History naturally leads to the subject of the influence of History on Folk-lore.

Surely, in spite of the proverbial "toughness" of "popular tradition", it cannot fail to have been affected by the changes, the revolutions—political, social, religious—of an indefinite number of centuries. How a struggle, which was at once political, social, and religious, could and did affect old customs, we may learn from Aubrey, who notes over and over again, that things, laid aside when he wrote, had been in use "before the warres". If we take some complicated piece of folk-lore and examine it closely, we shall find that it bears the marks of many different epochs and influences. Take, for instance, the common Mummers' Play. There is first the kernel—the world-old story of a dead warrior restored to life by a magic elixir. Then comes the influence of the mediæval Church, adopting the original incident into the legend of the warrior, Saint George. Next, the disuse of popular amusements under Puritan rule, and the revival of them under the Restoration, doubtless account for the fact that the style of the piece, as we now have it, savours of the 17th century. The consecutive reigns of the four Georges have turned Saint George into King George. His antagonist has in some places become Bonaparte, and the conqueror himself is, in a Gloucestershire version, "Duke Wellington". So our play comes to us like a traveller from a journey, laden with curiosities collected by the way.

I would venture, then, to urge on all collectors the importance of recording not only the custom (or what not) as they see it practised now, but also all that they can discover about the history of the custom in the past. In Wales, I would compare present-day folk-lore with

Pennant's *Tour*; in Wiltshire, with Aubrey's *Remains*; and would note the variations in each case. The *Scouring of the White Horse*, though in the dress of fiction, is almost a model example of the historical method of collecting folk-lore.

Anything that can be ascertained about the reasons of the differences between past and present is specially precious; for the same sort of things which are affecting folk-lore now are probably the sort of things which have been affecting it from all time. Since I came to my present home in 1877, I have seen one custom die out in the parish, and another take a new lease of life. "Souling", or begging for apples on All Saints' Day, was suddenly checked by a new Vicar forbidding it to the National School children; while begging by women on St. Thomas's Day, a disagreeable custom which was on the wane ten years ago, has risen to extraordinary proportions since the arrival in the neighbourhood of a very rich and very benevolent family, who give to all comers without distinction. But these two events have little or no influence on neighbouring parishes; and so variations are set up.

Physical features and surroundings also cause variations of folk-lore. The variant of the story of the Elfin-maid who marries a mortal, which is current in the Faroe Islands, makes the heroine a transformed seal. Giant-legends, again, cling to hilly countries. We do not (so I understand) find them in Norfolk; we do find them in Cornwall, in Shropshire, and in Yorkshire. So incomplete is the record of English folk-lore, that I hesitate to say they are not found in other hilly counties where they have not yet been noted.

Again, there is the question whether the folk-lore of any given nation—composite as modern nations mostly are—represents the lore of the governing race, the lore of the bulk of the population, or the lore of some inferior or enslaved race; whether, in fact, a nation can adopt a new folk-lore as it can a new language, and how far, therefore,

its folk-lore can be taken as evidence of the stock from which it has sprung. This question can only, so it seems to me, be solved by watching what goes on nowadays when two races come in contact. The negroes in the United States have adopted many of the little superstitions of their masters, and have discarded their own; but one cannot rest an argument upon a solitary example; and the folk-lore of the Irish and Welsh inhabitants of English towns, compared with the folk-lore of Ireland or Wales on the one hand, and with the local English folk-lore on the other, might furnish further evidence.

IV.—But there is yet another ground on which I would wish to press the importance of the personal collection of English folk-lore, and that is, the benefit of the students themselves. For if you wish to understand folk-lore, you must learn to understand the folk. You must study the pearls in the oyster-beds, and not only after they have been gathered, and polished, and set—though it be in gold—for the public eye. You must know what the folk think, and how they act, on subjects such as folk-lore touches, and observe how their minds form the natural background to the superstitions they act on, the customs they practise, the tales they tell.

I remember being greatly struck with this idea when a country cottager's wife one day detailed to me her contrivances for replenishing her slender wardrobe before going to visit her daughter and son-in-law at Liverpool. "For you see, ma'am", she wound up, "*his* mother" [the son-in-law's] "is very respectable, and I shouldn't like him to cast it up to Mary when I was gone that *her* mother wasn't the same. *For men will do such things*, you know, ma'am." One half-expected her to point her remarks by the story of some elfin bride who left her husband because (like Diarmaid of the Feen) he reminded her how she "came to him ragged and dirty, and her hair was down to her heels".

Moreover, you will observe that my friend spoke of her

son-in-law without mentioning him by name. I do not pretend to say whether or not there ever was a time when Englishmen dared not let their wives know or use their names, for fear that, if they did, the "missis would be master", as our folk say. But, as a matter of fact, an *old-fashioned* cottager's wife rarely speaks of her husband, or of any other married man with reference to his position as a husband, by name. The pronoun *he*, supplemented sometimes by "my man", or "my master", is found sufficient distinction, and (unconsciously to themselves, as I think) their *taboo* on names is nearly as strong as that of the House of Commons. I never did hear any old labourer tell the story of the careless woman who betrayed her husband's name to his enemy as she sang her baby to sleep, but it would fit in well with the habits of our village wives, in this county, at least.

Another folk-tale which agrees exactly with the ideas of our people is that of *King Lear*. I have seen a local deed of the fifteenth century, by which a father and mother surrendered all their property to their son and daughter, on condition of receiving maintenance for life; but now our people are strongly convinced of the imprudence of such an arrangement; and I have known an old woman, to whom such a proposal was made, reply by the proverbial saying, coined to express the popular disapprobation of it, "No; no, I winna doff off my shoon afore I go to bed!"

On many other matters our folk have their own ways of thinking and acting, their own code of morals. They cannot be trusted to keep a promise; their word is *not* "as good as their bond". "Promises are like pie-crust, made to be broken," says their proverb—an opinion which, I believe, lies at the root of all pledges, tokens, and ceremonial compacts whatsoever. But if a bargain be "struck", or "wetted", or if a shilling "earnest" be given to bind it, then "the case is altered", and your man will be true to his engagement. A lie, again, is reckoned a very venial

error, if an error it be ; but a false oath, *that* will bring a curse upon the swearer. "I hear Charlie B. has sailed for Australia", said a respectable woman to me ; "but he'll never prosper, let him go where he will, if he's taken a false oath, as they say he did." "Folks say the Devil's black", said an old man ; "but Jack R. says he's red ; and he knows, for he's seen him a many times, him *and* his imps, since he took that false oath."

When I hear of propositions to abolish the Queen's Shilling or oaths in our courts of justice, I cannot help thinking that a little practical knowledge of folk-lore—or, rather, of folk—would help the authorities to judge of the probable effect of their measures.

Our people, further, believe implicitly in curses. In the Forty-five, so they say, the wife of a clergyman in North Staffordshire refused to give shelter to Prince Charles Edward, and roughly thrust him out of her house. Since then every clergyman's wife who has lived in that vicarage house has been visited, they say, with insanity. A Wiltshire farmer wanted his men to work in the hay-harvest on Sunday, not to waste a fine day. So he hid his watch under the *last* cock of hay in the field, and promised a reward to the finder. The men, of course, turned over every haycock in the field before they came to the watch, and so his end was gained. But the hay from that field has never been made in fine weather since. Constantly, in our country villages, you will find some house of which it is darkly said, "There'll never go nò luck wi' *that* house ; it didna go to the right heir."

For this is another point of the folk-morality—the absolute duty of leaving property in the direct line of succession. They recognise no individual rights in the matter, think no man free to do what he will with his own, and any man who presumes to leave his property to any but the next-of-kin, be the latter never so distantly related to him, is held to have offended against the eternal principles of right. I have even heard of a lawyer, who drew

up a will by which some property was so disposed of, having been burnt in effigy on the next 5th of November !

These ideas, it will be observed, form the groundwork of most ghost stories. A pledge unredeemed, a covenant unfulfilled, a secret treasure unrevealed, an unjust will, or a just one disregarded, condemn the unhappy spirit to walk the earth until the wrong is righted. But what practical knowledge of the folk shows us is, that these are not mere arbitrary incidents of the folk-tales, but living principles of action.

Another strong characteristic of the country folk is the suspicion with which they regard strangers and people not of their own sort. This shows itself in a hundred ways : from the difficulty of persuading them to believe in the advantages of any plan proposed by a lady or gentleman, compared to the ease with which they accept the propositions of the merest acquaintance belonging to their own class, to the "Heave half a brick at him", which was the proverbial reception accorded to strangers in the mining villages of Lancashire. Tribal enmity itself, indeed, may be said to survive in the contempt with which the uneducated English regard the Irish or Welsh (I have heard a woman *indignantly* deny any knowledge of the Welsh language, as if it would have been something to be ashamed of), the East Anglians and Kentishmen regard the dwellers in "the sheeres", and, generally, the natives of every county regard the natives of every other county. Hundreds of little sayings testify to this feeling. The Shropshire folk say that the Cheshire men "live at the best end of the pig-trough", in derision of the quantity of milk and whey they used to drink. The Staffordshire people call giving away something one has no further use for, "making a Shropshire present," and so forth. The lower you go in the scale the narrower is the favoured circle. Contemptuous rhymes on the neighbouring villages are common, I fancy, in all counties ; but I have even met with a case where the various townships of one parish had

each their rhyme, exalting themselves and depreciating their neighbours, and where, within the memory of man, any native of any of these rival townships who ventured to show himself within the limits of another township, was liable to have the local rhyme bawled in his ears.

Short of this, however, there is generally some one place in a neighbourhood which is the butt and the scorn of the whole district. Such a one is Gornall, a village of "nailers", in South Staffordshire, the inhabitants of which are known as "Gornall donkeys" throughout the Black Country. It is a well-understood piece of rude wit (not unattended with danger!) to *bray* when a Gornall man is passing. I have seen a dialogue acted at a "penny reading" in which the comic character was an uncouth servant-girl, who, with intense self-satisfaction, replied to every remark: "They do so-and-so in Gornall; that's wheer I coom from." Even in Shropshire I have heard the place called "Gornall, where they sell things five a penny, and teach monkeys to squint!"

V.—Something let me say in conclusion about the actual work of collecting. The *best* collecting is that which is done *by accident*, by living among the people and garnering up the sayings and stories they let fall from time to time. But one can hardly make a complete collection, even within a limited area, in this way; and deliberate search is therefore necessary, which is often a very uphill task, though to the student of human nature, who "loves his fellow-men", it must always be an entertaining and pleasant one, calculated to add to his enjoyment of a country holiday.

One needs first to know where to look. And the educated people of the neighbourhood cannot always help one. Nowadays, thanks to the labours of this Society, most people do, to a certain extent, know what folk-lore is; and there is surely not much chance now of a request for help being answered, "In your forthcoming work you should certainly include a description of *our very curious*



*old font*," as happened to me some ten years ago. But too often the collector may be met with the dignified repulse, "*Our* people are not superstitious, I am glad to say"; and it is not given to everyone to be able to confute the assertion, as the Rev. Elias Owen, in a paper on "*Montgomeryshire Superstitions*",<sup>1</sup> relates that he once did. His errand in the parish where it was made was to inspect the schools; and at the close of his examination he asked the first class, "Now, children, can you tell me of any place where there is a *buggan*" (a ghost, or bogey) "to be seen, or of anyone who has ever seen one?" Instantly every hand in the class was stretched out, and every child had a story to tell. He then asked, "Which of you can tell me of a cure for warts?" with like results, greatly to the discomfiture of his friend the clergyman, who had fondly imagined that there was no superstition in *his* parish! The clergy are very liable to this illusion, because the people are apt to keep superstition out of their way, which in itself is a not uninformative folk-lore item. I have even known an old woman tell a most excellent ghost-story, and then utterly deny all knowledge of it when the clergyman's wife (who, however, was a member of the squire's family, whom the tale concerned) called to ask for further particulars.

Lawyers, doctors, and especially land-agents and gentlemen-farmers—people who, educated themselves, are yet brought by their professions into much contact with the uneducated—are often much better able to help than are the clergy, especially, of course, if they are natives of the district. The difficulty is to get at them; but a query on some definite point, inserted in a local newspaper, will seldom fail to produce a reply from some one who can help to get at other informants; and the newspaper staff themselves are generally local men, and often capital collectors.

<sup>1</sup> In *Montgomeryshire Collections*, vol. xv, part i, p. 135.



When visiting a strange place with the set purpose of personal collecting, the best way of beginning is, perhaps, to get the parish clerk or sexton (if such a person is to be found) to show the church, and then to draw him out on bell-ringing and burying customs, and to obtain from him the names of the "oldest inhabitants" for further inquiry. Failing the sexton, the village innkeeper might be a good starting-point. Then a visit may be paid to the school in the mid-day "recess", and the children may be bribed to play all the games they know for the instruction of the visitor. Possibly some bits of local legend may be gleaned from them as a foundation for further inquiries. These inquiries will often be quite as successful on some points if pursued among the oldest *families* in the place, as among the oldest *inhabitants* of the place. Old household or family customs are best preserved in solitary farmhouses, especially if tenanted by the same family for several generations. But it is a mistake to think that a very remote and thinly populated parish will necessarily yield more folklore of all kinds than another. A scanty stay-at-home population does not preserve legends well, and has not *esprit de corps* sufficient for the celebration of public customs. A large village, or a market-town quite in the country, is generally the best place to find these; and the "lowest of the people"—the chimney-sweepers, brick-makers, besom-makers, hawkers, tinkers, and other trades in which work is irregular—are those who keep up old games, songs, dances, and dramatic performances.

Most villages have their doctress, generally an intelligent old woman, who, nevertheless, mixes something of superstition with her remedies. But in the counties with which I am best acquainted, fortune-telling, divination, and sorcery generally, flourish chiefly in the low parts of large towns, where their professors acquire a wide reputation and are resorted to from considerable distances.

Superstitious opinions, though they flourish most, of

course, among the lower classes cannot well be collected direct from them, because they really do not understand what superstition is, and cannot, as they say, "make out what the gentleman is driving at." They must be inquired for among the class of small employers, who have a little more cultivation than their workpeople, but yet live on terms of sufficient familiarity with them to know their ideas thoroughly and to share a good many of them! A little patient effort will in all probability enable the collector to make the acquaintance of some old grandfather or grandmother of this class, who, sitting in the chimney-corner of some old-fashioned kitchen, loves nothing better than to pour out tales of "old times". Here is the collector's opportunity! and from talk of sickles, spinning-wheels, and tinder-boxes, he may lead the conversation to matters more purely folk-lore. A list of annual festivals, and the chief customs connected with them, will be found a useful basis for questions. If his witness proves intelligent and comprehending, a list of common superstitions may then be produced and gone through, when a few additions will probably be made to it. A list of proverbs will almost certainly prove a success; the "old sayings" will be thought extremely interesting, both wise and witty, and the memory ransacked for similar ones. Local legends must, of course, be asked for as local features—hill or well, ruined castle or Roman camp—suggest, and will probably vary greatly, ranging from ghost stories to folk-etymology. *Märchen*, in my experience, are scarcely to be found; but ballads, which are folk-tales in verse, are not nearly so rare as is sometimes supposed, but it is seldom that any but *old* people know them.

They are excellent company, these old people! if one can but get them to talk of their past lives, and not of their present ailments; and they are dying around us every day, and their traditions are dying with them, for they

330. *The Collection of English Folk-Lore.*

have left off transmitting them to their children. If the folk-lore of England is not recorded soon it will never be recorded at all, for these "foot-prints in the sands of time" are fast being trampled out by the hurrying feet of the busy multitudes of the Present.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

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## MAGIC SONGS OF THE FINNS.

### II.

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#### XIII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE LIZARD.

(a.)

Into the sea spat *Syöjätär*—*Lapahitto* on the waves,  
The bubble moves on the sea—the froth on the great open sea.  
The lovely maiden *Kasaritar*<sup>1</sup> [*v. Kasarikki*]  
Sat on a crooked birch's bough, reposed upon an aspen branch,  
She rose from the crooked bough of birch;  
Keeps looking, turning her eyes towards the liquid sea.  
She spied the bubble floating—the frothy spittle drifting on.  
She took the bubble down her throat, into her nostrils drew the  
froth.  
The bubble burns her in the throat, scorches her in the  
nostrils,  
Slipt to the stomach from the throat, dropt suddenly into the  
womb.  
The lovely girl *Kasaritar* thereby was filled, thereby was  
swelled,  
Carried about a heavy womb for three whole years ;  
She then to an evil brood gave birth.  
What was the name they gave it ?  
It got the name of lizard—a heap of twigs for its abode,  
As a home a dry birch stump, a rotten tree stem as a house.

(b.)

*Nuoramo*,<sup>2</sup> the good house-mother,  
Was stepping from stone to stone—from knoll to knoll.  
From her bosom fell a pearl, a golden trinket rattled down

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<sup>1</sup> From *kasari*, a kettle.

<sup>2</sup> From *nuora*, a cord, rope.

{ Against a brushwood-covered hill, on a heap of twigs below a fence.

{ *v.* Upon a honeyed mountain top, under a cramped and narrow fence.

A birth took place in consequence, a lizard was produced.

It grew up beside a rock—against the support of a stake,

In a heap of twigs beneath a fence.

(*c.*)

O lizard, “eye of *Hiisi*” [*v. Lempo*], “land-muik”,<sup>1</sup> “water-sprat”,

Certainly I know thy stock : thy father was a Brisk (*Silkuna*),

{ Thy mother was a Brisk, thou art a Brisk thyself.

{ *v.* begotten from frog’s spawn.

Thou art made of birchwood—of an aspen’s fungus,

Confectured from a tarry root, run up in haste from a fir branch,

Collected from a heap of dust, jumbled up from feathers,

Put behind a corner, poked into a pile of firewood,

• Tossed into a heap of twigs, flung carelessly below a fence.

(*d.*)

A lusty old male lizard (*vingas*<sup>2</sup>) lay with an old female lizard (*vangas*),

2 In a yard opposite a wood-pile, facing birchen logs,

3 Facing a heap of twigs, bird-cherry tree supports,

Thereby a family appeared—a huge ‘pod’ increased ;

A boy<sup>3</sup> came while they slept—*Ungermo*<sup>4</sup> while they reposed.

The child was brought secretly, by stealth the boy was shoved

Into bird-cherry room—a cradle of bird-cherry wood ;

The boy is not concealed there, the boy poked himself into the yard,

<sup>1</sup> *Corregonus albula*, fresh-water herring, muik.

<sup>2</sup> *Vingas* is probably here a twin form of *vangas*, “a lizard”, otherwise it means “a cold, penetrating wind”.

<sup>3</sup> In Finnish the word is applicable to the young of all animals and birds.

<sup>4</sup> “The sleepy one.” According to Ganander (*Mythologia Fennica*, p. 100), the son of *Vinga* (*Vingas*) and *Vanga* (= *Vangas*) was *Vangamoinen*.

Under the long side of a wood-pile, along some rowan wood.  
 Where can the boy be sent—the jewel (F. worth) be directed?  
 Thither must he be carried  
 { To the remotest field, to the unploughed border of the field.  
 { *v.* Into the autumn night's embrace.  
 It is by no means pleasant being there,  
 There pigs keep routing up the ground, the "down-turned  
 snouts" keep turning it.  
 Where can the boy be sent, can *Ungermo* be directed,  
 Can he be taken into the deep forest?  
 The boy is taken into a deep forest—to the centre of a honeyed  
 wood.  
 For the boy 'tis evil being there.  
 Honeyed woods dry up, hunters may burn them down.  
 Where can the evil boy be sent—the injurious one be  
 destroyed,  
 Can he be carried into the water?  
 The boy was led into the water; for the boy 'tis evil being there.  
 Young men drag there with a net—keep flogging with a line,  
 Old men stretch out a net—fasten it with stone sinks.  
 Where can the boy be sent—can *Ungermo* be directed?  
 The boy was led to a field run wild—to a rotten birch-stump  
 home,  
 To a mouldering stump's recess.  
 { There he changed into a 'worm'—appeared as a lizard.  
 { *v.* There a snake was born, a little lizard appeared.

*Variants.*

2-3 Upon a beach opposite a sleigh, with their backs towards the  
 land, with their heads towards the water.

(*e.*)

*Vingas* [*v. Vinkas*] approached *Vångäs* [*v. Vankas*],<sup>1</sup>  
 He kept shrieking and roaring<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lönnrot explains *vankas* by *vangas* "a lizard", and *vinkas* as being the same as *vingas*. Ganander, in his *Mythologia Fennica*, explains *Vingas* as a Satyr that lay with *Vanga*, and quotes a line, "Vinga lay with Vangas," adding that their offspring became lizards.

<sup>2</sup> Or jolting, throbbing, palpitating.

In a thicket of bird-cherry trees, in a dense forest of willows,  
 { Underneath a stone, opposite a bramble-covered heap of stones.  
 { *v.* opposite a brushwood-covered hill.

A birth took place in consequence, a lizard appeared,  
 "A court-yard's sweepings", "trash of fields",  
 "Ground's sweepings", "sweepings of *Manala*" [*v.* dry land],  
 That dwells under fences, rustles among twig heaps.

There is a short story about lizards in Finland in the *F.-L. Journ.*, v, p. 163. In another section of the *Loit-surunoja* (Magic Songs), in a charm for curing the bite of a lizard, this creature is called "*Hiisi's* eye", the son of *Kähönen*, the son of *Aijō*; it is said to have been cast from copper, produced from copper ore, to be a preparation of a horse-hair bearded individual, to be the hatching of a grey-beard.

#### XIV.—THE ORIGIN OF THE SNAIL.

The daughter of Pain and *Tuoni's*<sup>1</sup> son  
 Slept on a ground-fast stone, were both together on a rock  
 When worms<sup>2</sup> were being engendered, when snails were being  
 desired.

The girl became pregnant—carried a heavy womb.  
 At last her belly lightened.  
 Therewith 'worms' appeared, snails were brought forth.

#### XV.—THE ORIGIN OF THE RAVEN.

(a.)

Surely I know the raven's origin, I guess the "devourer's" birth,  
 Whence the black bird was gotten, how the raven was reared.  
 The scoundrelly raven, *Lempo's* bird, the most disgusting bird  
 of air,  
 Was born upon a charcoal hill—reared upon a coaly heath,  
 Gathered from burning brands, bred from charcoal sticks,  
 Its head was made of potsherds, its breastbone from *Lempo's*  
 spinning-wheel,

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<sup>1</sup> The god of death.

<sup>2</sup> Or snakes.

Its tail from *Lempo's* sail, its shanks from bent sticks,  
 Its belly from a wretch's sack, its guts from *Lempo's* needle-case,  
 Its rump from the air's ring, its crop from a cracked kettle,  
 Its neck from *Hiisi's* weaving stool, its beak from a wizard's  
 arrow-tip,  
 Its tongue from *Kirki's*<sup>1</sup> axe, its eyes of mussel<sup>2</sup> pearl (F. stone).

(b.)

Ho! raven, thou ill-omened bird, raven! "bird of three *Lempos*,"  
 Thy hovel is on the ground, thy home upon a birch.  
 Certainly I know thy stock, with all thy bringing up.  
 Thou wast gathered from kitchen soot—heaped up from burning  
 sticks,  
 Bred from coals—composed of all that's bad,  
 Thy body (?)<sup>3</sup> of *Hiisi's* leather glove—legs of *Hiisi's* spindles,  
 Thy guts of *Hiisi's* belt-appendages—feet of an air weather-vane,  
 Thy claws of tary sticks, thy wings of *Lempo's* fans,<sup>4</sup>  
 Thy down was sweated out of coals, thine ears from birch-leaves,  
 One eye is made of *Hiisi's* seed, the other of an iron bean  
 Thy beak is of a wizard's axe, thy tongue of *Keito's* spear.

#### XVI.—THE ORIGIN OF THE TITMOUSE.

I know the titmouse's origin,  
 Of what the titmouse was made—the little bird was composed.  
 Of trees the willow originated first, of trees the willow, of lands  
 the knoll,  
 Of forest animals the bear, of birds of air the titmouse.  
 A pellet dropt from a willow, a fragment fell from a sallow  
 Upon a bare, abandoned field,  
 From that the titmouse was made—the little bird was composed.

<sup>1</sup> The Being that incited to love.

<sup>2</sup> *Kuukkala*, explained doubtfully by Lönnrot by "mussel". Perhaps it is intended for *kuulakka*, "transparent"—its eyes of transparent stone.

<sup>3</sup> *Ruppa*. The word is not in the dictionary, but my friend Lehtori Raitio, to whom I am greatly indebted for many explanations of difficult passages, suggests that it is a loanword from the Swedish *kropp*, "the body".

<sup>4</sup> Or "wings".



## XVII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE PIKE.

*Liipo* [*v. Liito*] sowed flax by night, *Kauko* made it grow by day,  
 From it sprang a tender shoot, a shoot sprang up, the flax grew.  
 From three directions came a wind to thresh the flax's head.  
 The wind threshed out the head of flax, scattered the hemp seed.  
 Thither the wind carries the flax, to the eddy of a holy stream.  
 There the wind rocked it—the water stretched it out in length.  
 From it there grew a lovely pike—a “water monster” arose.

## XVIII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE CABBAGE WORM.

O globular, corpulent, black worm, looking like earth,  
 Thy stock is known: thy father is a Blue Butterfly,  
 Thy mother a Blue Butterfly, thy sisters Blue Butterflies,  
 Thy other relative a Blue Butterfly, thou art thyself a Blue But-  
 terfly.  
 When first thou wast born of thy mother, I listened, I turned  
 here and there,  
 I heard a rustling in the turf—a buzz from the bottom of a dell,  
 Rattling thou wast going into withered grass, with jingling sound  
 into tufts of grass.

## XIX.—THE ORIGIN OF THE WASP.

A maiden sat on a stone, a woman (*kapo*) set herself on a rock,  
 Combs out her hair, arranges her head.  
 One of the maiden's hairs fell, a hair of the woman broke off.  
 Thither a wind bore it, to a nameless meadow.  
 From that a wasp was made, an “evil bird” was dashed,  
 With a copper quiver on its back—its quiver full of poison.

## XX.—THE ORIGIN OF THE BIRCH.

A maiden stood in a dell, a “fine spun shirt” upon the grass,  
 Shedding a flood of tears, a tear came rolling trickling down  
 From her ruddy cheek to the ground, to her feet,  
 Rounder than egg of hazel grouse, more heavy than a thrush's  
 egg.

Therefrom grew a lovely birch, a verdant sapling raised itself,  
A sprout drawn upwards by the soil, rocked by *Tuuletär*.<sup>1</sup>  
Its top strove towards the sky, its boughs spread outwards into  
space.

XXI.—THE ORIGIN OF FLAX.

(a.)

Much land was burnt up formerly, much land, much swamp,  
In a summer bad for fires, a luckless conflagration year.  
A spot remained unburnt upon the greatest reach of swamp,  
On a wild mountain top, in the space between two stumps,  
Under a triple-rooted birch.  
They dug up the stump's root, a seed of flax was found there,  
In the storage place of ' *Tuoni's* grub'<sup>2</sup> in the 'earthworm's'<sup>2</sup>  
place of custody.  
An old boat was burnt  
Near 'fiery' rapids, at a 'fiery' rapids' turning-point.  
A pile of ash arose, a heap of dry ashes  
From the burning of the wooden craft, from the ignition of the  
boat.  
Into it the flax was sown, was sown, was ploughed,  
On a single summer night.  
Then from it sprang a sprout, endlessly high the flax grew  
On a single summer night.

(b.)

{ The sisters *Sotkotär*,<sup>3</sup> sisters-in-law, nimble women,  
{ v. eternal sisters-in-law,  
Discovered ' *Tuoni's* grub', the earth 'worm',  
Between a pair of stumps, beneath a triple-rooted birch.  
' *Tuoni's* grub' was burnt, the earth 'worm' was roasted,  
The loathsome was scorched, was baked to ashes  
{ Before the gate of *Pohjola*, on Lapland's chip-strewn plain ;  
{ v. At the root of an unrotted stump ;

<sup>1</sup> Wind's daughter.

<sup>2</sup> ' *Tuoni's* grub' and 'worm of the earth' are both epithets of the snake ; see above, XI (a.), *Folk-Lore*, p. 38.

<sup>3</sup> From *sotka*, 'a duck' (*Fuligula clangula*). They are mentioned in the *Kalevala*, xli, 143.

A little ash resulted, a small quantity of fine ashes.  
 Where may the ashes be put? Thither they bore the ashes,  
 To a clay-bottomed field, to a solid mountain's edge.  
 Into it the flax was sown,  
 Into the ash of 'Tuoni's grub', into the earth 'worm's' ash,  
 From it sprang a young shoot,  
 Endlessly high the flax shot up, the flax grew beyond all hope  
 On a single summer night, in the interval between two days.

(c.)

Once upon a time a black jade died, a white horse succumbed  
 Upon a nameless grassfield, upon unknown ground;  
 By its bones the grassfield was singed—an old rake<sup>1</sup> was burnt,  
 An old woman was scorched.  
 A little ash appeared, a small quantity of ashes was obtained.  
 Into it the flax was sown.  
 By night *Liiko* [*v. Liito*] sowed the flax, by day *Kauko*<sup>2</sup> made  
 it grow.

Lines 3-7 (a.) will be found in the *Kalevala*, xlvi, 15, etc.; and the mention of the burning of the old boat in the old *Kalevala*, xxvi, 195.

## XXII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE OAK.

(a.)

{ Four maidens formerly, three [*v. six*] celebrated daughters  
 { *v.* four maidens, three grown men  
 { Were mowing a blue meadow—gathering horse-tail grass  
 { *v.* Were mowing on the sea beach  
 On a misty headland's point, on a foggy island cape.  
 They mowed one day, they mowed the next,  
 Forthwith they mowed the third day too.  
 What they mowed they raked up, then drew into swaths the  
 whole of it,

<sup>1</sup> A rake is used in the operation of clearing ground by setting the felled trees on fire.

<sup>2</sup> *Liito* and *Kauko* are mentioned above (xvii) as sowing flax. The latter is also an *alias* of *Lemminkäinen*.

Arranged the hay in cocks—into a hundred heaps,  
Then piled it into a stack, heaped it into a thick rick.

The meadow was already mown—the hay laid out on up-  
right poles,

(When) a Norwegian<sup>1</sup> Lapp came, by name the 'fiery' *Tursas*,<sup>2</sup>  
(Who) flung the hay into a fire, tossed it into the flames.

A little ash resulted, a small quantity of ashes.

Whereupon the girls reflect, the maidens deliberate

Where the ashes may be gathered, the hot ash residue may be  
put :

"They are just short of ash, they stand in urgent need of lye  
To wash the head of *Päivä's*<sup>3</sup> son—the good hero's eyes."

A wind came from the mountains—a heavy storm from the  
north-east [*v.* a chilly wind from Olonetz] ;

Thither the wind bore the ashes, the north-east wind gathered  
the ashes

From the misty headland point, from the foggy island cape

20 { To a 'fiery' rapids' brink, to a 'holy' river's banks.

{ *v.* To the edge of Lake *Alue*, to a sea bay's muddy strand.

A wind brings the acorn of an oak—bore it from a distant land

To the 'fiery' rapids' brink, to the 'holy' river's banks,

Threw it on a good place—on a border of fat earth.

From it a sprout rose, an incomparable shoot sprang,

From it grew a splendid oak, an enormous tree<sup>4</sup> raised itself,

Its head strove towards the sky, its boughs spread outwards  
into space.

### 

20 To a pointless cape, to a level beaten plain.

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<sup>1</sup> *Turja*.

<sup>2</sup> *Tursas*, 'a monster'. In riddles the word is applied to a pig (*tursa* means a nose). In the *Kalevala*, ii, 67, a *Tursas* rises from the sea.

<sup>3</sup> The sun.

<sup>4</sup> *Rutimon raita*. *Rutimo* is supposed to be the same as *rotaimo*, Lapp *rota aibmo*, 'the home of sickness', 'hell'. It is found in the *Kalevala*, ii, 185, *Loitsurunvoja*, pp. 68<sup>a</sup>, 276<sup>b</sup>, 302<sup>a</sup> (bis), 304<sup>b</sup>, 333<sup>a</sup>, but at p. 317<sup>b</sup> it is replaced by *ruheva* [*v.* *ruteva*]. *Raita* properly means a kind of willow (*Salix fragilis* and *S. pentandra*).

(b.)

Four maidens formerly, a triplet of brides,  
 Were gathering a horse-tail grass—breaking off a single blade  
 At the edge of a fiery headland, in the cove of a fiery cape.  
 The maidens make hay—gathered horse-tail grass,  
 Mowed the great, mowed the small, mowed once the middle  
 sort.

What they managed to mow they raked forthwith into heaps,  
 Arranged into shocks, into a thousand little sheaves,  
 Stuck it between poles—at the bottom of a hundred stacks.  
 { A boy came from *Pohjola*—a child from proper Lapland,  
 { v. A bird flew from Lapland, an eagle flew from Norway,<sup>1</sup>  
 He burnt the hay to ashes—reduced it to cinders,  
 11 Put the ashes in a birchbark pouch, gathered the cinders into  
 a wallet.

Then the ashes can be carried, the cinders can be sown<sup>2</sup>  
 From the edge of the fiery headland, from the cove of the fiery  
 cape

To remote fields of the North, to Lapland's plains beset with  
 snares,

(And sown) into earth's black mud, into a solid mountain  
 slope.

A huge oak grew up there, a thriving sapling raised itself,  
 Most ample as regards its boughs, most spreading as regards  
 its sprays.

*Variants.*

11-15 He gathered the cinders—all the ashes into a birch-bark  
 pouch,  
 The cinders were sown, thither the ashes were dispersed,  
 Before the gate of *Pohjola*, on the threshold of the "speckled  
 lid".<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Turjan maa*.

<sup>2</sup> The construction is complicated, for the complement to the verb  
 'sown' is three lines further on.

<sup>3</sup> An epithet applied to the sky and to the wonderful mill,  
*sampo*.

(c.)

*Kyytöläinen*<sup>1</sup> wept much, the wretched one [*v.* 'worm'] sorely  
lamented

On a stretch of swamp, on an earth-knoll, at the far end of all  
the heath.

A tear trickled from his eye, one dropt suddenly after the  
other,

In drops the water dribbled to the ground, to his feet,

Thence flows as a river, streams as a stream,

Then widened suddenly into a pond, kept crashing into a lake,

Finally it turned<sup>2</sup> itself into a sea, swept itself into a wave.

From that three seas originated, three waters rolled [*v.* rubbed]  
themselves,

Three waves swept [*v.* scraped] themselves along from *Kyytö-  
läinen's* tears.

A sandy ridge grew up there, a secret isle formed itself by  
spells,

From it a sandy mountain arose, a 'golden' hillock raised  
itself,

Where the three seas had rubbed, where the waves had swept  
along.

Afterwards four maidens found an oak sapling,

Carry it to a productive soil, to the border of a sandy isle.

From it grew an awful tree, a mighty oak shot up,

Most ample as regards its boughs, most smooth as regards its  
leaves.

(d.)

A damsel rose from out a dell—a maiden from a humid spot,

A warm girl from a spring, a "blue-stockings" from a swamp  
recess,

A swarthy girl with shaven head, a girl with skinless teats,

A copper box in her hand, in the box a "golden" comb.

The maiden combs her head, brushes her hair

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<sup>1</sup> The patron of snakes; a viper, see *Folk-Lore*, pp. 44, 45. Ganander (p. 46) quotes the first and third lines, but makes a willow, not an oak, grow from his tears.

<sup>2</sup> Literally 'manned itself', 'made itself by human agency'.

{ At the back of a speckled stone, in a burning heat,  
 { *v.* With her lovely comb, with her fish-bone comb,  
     Near an angry river, close to powerful rapids.  
 { A tooth of her comb snapped off, a bristle of her brush broke,  
 { *v.* A hair fell rustling from her head, a hair was missing from  
     her locks.  
 From it grew up a lovely shoot, a beauteous sapling straight-  
     ened out  
 Near the angry [*v.* 'holy'] river, close to the strong rapids.  
 An oak grew up with flowery sprays, with flowery sprays, with  
     iron enclosure,<sup>1</sup>  
 Its head seized the sky, its branches touched the clouds.

(e.)

The field-boy<sup>2</sup> *Pellervoinen*,<sup>3</sup> the tiny little boy *Sampsä*,  
 When he formerly sowed lands, both lands and swamps,  
 Caused trees to spring up, young saplings to shoot,  
 (But) one, an oak, had failed to sprout, the "tree of God" had  
     struck no root.  
 He left it wholly to itself, he abandoned it to its fate.  
 Two, three nights elapsed, an equal number, too, of days.  
 He started off to ascertain  
 Whether the oak had sprouted—the "tree of God" had struck  
     root.  
 The oak had not sprouted, the "tree of God" had struck no  
     root.  
 He left it wholly to itself, he abandoned it to its fate,  
 Waited for three more nights, for an equal number of days,  
 Then started off to ascertain  
 Directly after these three nights, after completion of a week.  
 Already an oak had sprouted, a "tree of God" had taken root,  
 A shoot drawn forth by Jesus—grown by the ground (*mantu*)  
     from out the earth.  
 Whoever took a branch of it obtained a life-long luck,  
 Whoever cut from it a sprig cut for himself eternal love.

<sup>1</sup> Instead of 'fenced enclosure', *tarha*, Lehtori Raitio proposes to read *terho*, 'acorn', which gives a better sense.

<sup>2</sup> Or Field's son, *pellon poika*.

<sup>3</sup> A diminutive of *pelto*, 'a field'.

XXIII.—THE ORIGIN OF TREES.

(a.)

- 1 The boy *Sampsä Pellervoinen* slept in summer on a hard plain  
 2 In the middle of a cornfield,<sup>1</sup> in the bosom of a grain-ship ;  
 He put six grains of corn, seven seeds,  
 Into a martin's skin, into the skin of a summer squirrel's leg,  
 And started off to sow land—to scatter seed thickly.  
 He sowed land with stooping back, sowed land, sowed swamps,  
 Sowed sandy clearings, planted places full of stones.  
 He sowed hillocks to become fir-clumps, sowed hills to become  
 clumps of spruce,  
 Sandy heaths to become clumps of heather, valleys to be filled  
 with young saplings,  
 Sowed birches in humid dells—alder trees on loose earth,  
 Sowed bird-cherry trees on moist land—rowans on holy ground,  
 Willows on flooded land, sallows on meadow boundaries,  
 Junipers on sterile land, oaks along a river's banks.  
 14 The trees began to shoot up, the young saplings to rise,  
 While rocked by windy gusts, while swung by chilly wind,  
 Bushy-headed firs grew up, branching-headed pines spread out,  
 Birches rose up in humid dells, alders on loose earth,  
 Bird-cherry trees on moist land, rowans on holy ground,  
 Willows on flooded land, sallows on moistish soil,  
 Junipers on sterile land, oaks along a river's banks.

*Variants.*

- 1 The field-boy<sup>2</sup> *Pellervoinen*, the tiny little boy *Sampsä*,  
 1, 2 *Ahti*,<sup>3</sup> the boy *Pellervoinen* sowed land formerly,  
 1, 2 Old *Väinämöinen* himself, the time-old soothsayer (*tietäjä*),  
 1, 2 The aerial God himself, Nature's omnipotent creator,  
 1, 2 *Kunerva*, *Kanerva's*<sup>4</sup> son, sowed land formerly,  
 14 A lime tree began to grow, a lovely (F. clean) to shoot up.

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<sup>1</sup> Variant, cornstack (Krohn, *Kalevala*, p. 397).

<sup>2</sup> Or Field's son.

<sup>3</sup> Or 'The boy *Ahti Pellervoinen*'.

<sup>4</sup> Common ling (*Calluna vulgaris*).



## (b.)

*Semmer*, the limping boy, sowed land formerly,  
 Sowed humid dells, birches sprang up—sowed hills, spruces  
     grew up,  
 Sowed hillocks, firs grew up—sowed ridges, aspens grew up,  
 Little [*v.* bushy] pines grew up, wretched saplings sprang up,  
 Tall slender firs grew up, huge airy pines,  
 Bird-cherries grew, oaks grew, unbending junipers grew,  
 The juniper has fair berries, the bird-cherry has good fruit.  
 The Creator uttered from the sky, the pure God speaks forth:  
 “All trees are created by God, are grown by the Omnipotent,  
 Are rocked by *Tuuletar*<sup>1</sup> are tended by chilly wind,  
 Put to sleep by frosty weather, suckled by hard frost.”

*Variants.*

- 1 Swamp's girl (and) Heather's (*Kanerva*) son started off to sow  
     land,  
 1 *Kyyni* walked over sandy heaths, *Kyyni* sowed the sandy  
     heaths.

## (c.)

A wolf was running on the ice, a pike was swimming beneath  
     the ice,  
 A hair of the wolf snapt off—a pale grey tooth of the pike.  
 Lovely *Kati*,<sup>2</sup> youthful maiden, plucked the hair from the ice,  
 Dug the root end into a heath—into *Ukko's*<sup>3</sup> black mud,  
 Planted the top end in a dell, the wind blows against the  
     top end.  
 Hence a birth took place, hence a family was bred,  
 Hence a large fir with scored bark grew up, a “moist with honey”  
     in *Metsola*,  
 It was cradled by *Hongatar*,<sup>4</sup> swung to and fro by *Lemmetar*,<sup>5</sup>  
 Tended by *Kangahatar*,<sup>6</sup> rocked by *Tuuletar*,  
 Put to sleep by chilly wind, suckled by hard frost.

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<sup>1</sup> Wind's daughter.

<sup>2</sup> She is mentioned by Ganander (p. 32) as a forest goddess or tree-mother, and some of the lines above are quoted.

<sup>3</sup> Or “an old man's”.

<sup>4</sup> Fir's daughter.

<sup>5</sup> Love's daughter.

<sup>6</sup> Sandy heath's daughter.

(d.)

*Tuoni*'s<sup>1</sup> red-cheeked boy  
 Kicked his seine into the water—his drag-net under a wave<sup>2</sup>  
 At the end of a "fiery" cape, at a "fiery" headland's point.  
 From it he obtained a "fiery" pike, he brought it ashore to  
 have it cooked.  
 The pike's teeth fell with a crash  
 Upon a nameless meadow, upon one unknown by name.  
 From it sprang up a swamp-fir, a ruddy sappling shot up,  
 From it grew a "golden" fir—a "golden", bushy-headed fir.

(e.)

A dark-cheeked maiden of the North ploughed swamps,  
 ploughed lands,  
 Ploughed finally the margins too.  
 Heather grew up upon the swamps, little willows by the brooks,  
 Birches sprang up along the vales,  
 Spruces rose upon the hills, upon the hillocks firs shot up.

(f.)

{ A woman<sup>3</sup> ran along the swamps, ran over swamps, ran over land,  
 { v. An old woman, raging mad,  
 Ran over moist abandoned fields.  
 Some of its hair rattled down, some of its wool dropt to the  
 ground,  
 Then from it a birth took place, from it every tree appeared,  
 Hence slender pines arose,  
 Bushy pines branched thickly out, flowery-headed firs grew up.

(g.)

A tree originated from a comely (place), a "bushy-top" from  
 a soft (place),  
 A large fir from a dense wood (*romentola*), a "honey-top" from  
*Metsola*.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The god of death.

<sup>2</sup> F. ridge.

<sup>3</sup> Or a 'creature', *kave*.

<sup>4</sup> The forest home. This line is quoted by Ganandar (s. v. *Kati*).

{ Fir is a boy that sways about, it was tended by *Hotja*,<sup>1</sup>  
 { *v.* Fir, a tall, lanky boy was reared by *Hotja*,  
 4 Rocked by a *Turjalainen*,<sup>2</sup> swung by a *Vaaralainen*,<sup>3</sup>  
 { Put to sleep by frosty weather, suckled by hard frost,  
 { *v.* suckled by warm air,  
 Souced by sky water, splashed by warm (water).  
 It sprang from the ground like a strawberry—like a rooted  
 plant with a stiff top,  
 Grew up with a pair of boughs, rose with triple branches,  
 Increased from the air's dew, shot out shoots owing to the sky  
 water [*v.* owing to *Jesus'* blood],  
 Stretched itself like wheaten dough, kept rolling like a butter-  
 pat.  
 O Fir, pitiable and useless boy, brought forth by *Syöjätär*,  
 Formed from the earth by *Maajatar*,<sup>4</sup> thou wast reared by a  
 hillock,  
 Made bushy by *Pellervoinen* [*v.* *Pelleroinen*], nailed down by  
*Naservainen*<sup>5</sup> [*v.* spiked down by *Nasarvainen*, *v.* *Natu-*  
*lainen*],  
 Thou didst sprout from earth like a strawberry—from the forest  
 like an arctic bramble,  
 The sun shone through thee, the moon shed light upon thy  
 sides,  
 A hillock suckled thy roots, wind rocked thy leafy boughs.

*Variants.*

4 Rocked by a whirlwind [*v.* by *Tuuletar*, *v.* *Tutjelmoinen*].

(*h.*)

The fir is a tall, lanky boy—a comely tree created by God,  
 A sprout drawn forth by Jesus Christ, a shoot brought to light  
 by good luck,

<sup>1</sup> 'A tall, lanky fellow.'

<sup>2</sup> 'A Norwegian Lap.'

<sup>3</sup> 'A mountaineer,' *v.* *värjäläinen*.

<sup>4</sup> = *Maatar*, Earth's daughter, or Mrs. Earth.

<sup>5</sup> Lehtori Raitio suggests that *Naservainen* may be the same as *Näservä*, which is given in the *Loitsurunvoja* (p. 220) as a variant of *Puhuri*, 'strong wind', and that the meaning of this passage may be that the fir has been spiked fast into the ground, *i.e.*, firmly rooted, by the action of wind.

Reared by *Kanarvainen*,<sup>1</sup> buffeted by stormy weather,  
A bough of which dript honey—keeps spirting virgin honey  
forth.

From time to time God drenched the shoot—a cloud touched  
it on the head,

A wind swayed the trunk, the restless air kept shaking it,

The birch reared by *Kolkka*<sup>2</sup> (?) [*v.* gold] on ground where  
berry stalks abound,

Was created by three *Luonnatars*,<sup>3</sup> softened by *Pelkolainen*<sup>4</sup>;

The alder was not created for wood, not for wood, not for earth,

It was made for gripings in the belly, as a remedy for hurts,

As ointment for sores, as embrocation for wounds.

(i).

All trees were created by God, except that evil alder buckthorn,<sup>5</sup>  
[*v.* the worst tree is meadow rue<sup>6</sup>],

{ Which was created by a pagan—is a hair of a devil's beard.

{ *v.* The willow was created by a pagan.

The aspen was shaped by *Hiisi*—the rowan made by the devil  
(*Piru*),

The bird-cherry rocked by *Lempo*, the juniper is *Käsönen's* son,

The alder was made by *Lemmes*<sup>7</sup> [*v.* *Lenges*]—reared by *Kanelia*  
[*v.* *Kaljolainen*].

#### Variants.

3 The aspen is *Hiisi's* harlot son.

The latter half of the first line and the second line of (a.)  
are in the old *Kalevala* among the variants of *Runo* 24, but  
with a different introduction. For there, after the *Sampo*  
has been lifted out of *Väinämöinen's* boat and carried to  
the point of a misty headland, it slept or lay a summer on

<sup>1</sup> A diminutive of *kanerva*, ling (*Calluna vulg.*).

<sup>2</sup> This word has several meanings, none of them applicable: a  
stake, an oar; a corner, nook; a bell; dreadful, gloomy, bleak.

<sup>3</sup> 'Nature's daughters.'

<sup>4</sup> From *pelko*, fright. Lehtori Raitio suggests it might be an error  
for *Peltolainen*, *Pellervoinen*.

<sup>5</sup> *Rhamnus frangula*.

<sup>6</sup> *Thalictrum flavum*, or meadow sweet, *spiraea ulmaria*.

<sup>7</sup> This line is quoted by Ganander under the word *Lemmes*.

a lawn, all winter on a hard plain, in the middle of a corn-field, in the bosom of a grain-ship. Hence the words *Sampo* and *Sampsä* seem to have been confounded.

A good many lines of (a.) will be found in the *Kalevala*, ii, 17, etc. The Finnish for alder tree is *leppä puu*, and means 'the blood tree', from the red colour obtained from the bark, which is used as a dye. In Zirian and Votyak it is called *lol-pu*, *lul-pu*, 'the spirit or life-tree'.

#### XXIV.—THE ORIGIN OF COPPER.

(a.)

Smith *Ilmarinen* himself, that skilful hammerer,  
Was walking on a tinkling-road—along the liver-coloured ground.  
A speckled stone, a bit of rock came in his way.  
The smith flung it into the fire—placed it under his forge.  
He blew the bellows a whole day, blew them the next day,  
Blew them forthwith a third day too.  
Then smith *Ilmarinen* stooped down to look  
At the under surface of the forge, at the upper side of the  
bellows.  
Already the stone shook like water—the rock is melting like  
copper.  
The smith snatched it from the fire—the copper from under the  
forge.  
He began to mould the copper—to make kettles jingle (with  
his blows).

(b.)

*Hilahatar*, *Hiisi's* maiden, *Hiisi's* old woman, *Hiisi's* mare,  
These made water on a rock, the urine dried upon the rock,  
Then transformed into copper—grew into copper ore,  
Poured like water from a mountain—like copper from a smelt-  
ing furnace.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

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## THE RIDDLES OF SOLOMON IN RABBINIC LITERATURE.

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THE place which the Solomon Riddles occupy in the literature of almost every nation suggested to me that the publication of a previously inedited Hebrew text on the subject, with an English translation and a few introductory and explanatory remarks, will not be without interest to the readers of FOLK-LORE.

As to the Hebrew text, it is edited for the first time from the *Midrash Hachephez*, existing only in Yemen MSS., of which the British Museum has four copies, bearing the press marks Oriental 2351 and Or. 2380-82. Our copy is prepared from Or. 2382. The MSS. vary very little, and the only essential variation we found we have inserted in its place. The Bodleian (*see* Dr. Neubauer's Catalogue, No. 2492) and the Royal Library in Berlin also possess copies of this Midrash. In the catalogue of the latter, by Dr. Steinschneider, p. 71, a full description is given of this work, and we see there that its compiler, Yachya Ben Sulieman, wrote as late as 1430. The new version of the Riddles, which we give here, would accordingly have no claim to any great antiquity. But, on the other hand, it has been proved already, at least with regard to other Midrashic collections coming from Yemen, that the Jews in this country were, up to a comparatively late date, in possession of very ancient Rabbinic sources, which had long before disappeared among their coreligionists in Europe. Thus the late age of the compiler would not prove much against the antiquity of his version of the legend.

Now, it is true that that part of the Rabbinic literature in which the Solomon Riddles are mentioned at all, as the

Midrash on Proverbs and the Second Targum to Esther, are, according to the best authorities, not older than the tenth century,<sup>1</sup> whilst neither the Talmud of Jerusalem nor that of Babylon, nor any of the other earlier Midrashim (homiletic comments on the Old Testament), ever allude to them. But the silence of these sources may be explained on other grounds. Indeed, it would seem that the earlier Rabbis purposely avoided touching on the whole subject. For we read in the name of R. Samuel bar Nachmani, a famous Aggadist of the third century: "He who translates the words *Malkath Sheba* as 'the Queen of Sheba' is mistaken, its real meaning being 'the kingdom of Sheba.'" It is hardly necessary to say that this Rabbi Samuel's explanation is against all grammar. But we know from other places that this Rabbi was rather fond of such forced interpretations of Scriptural stories, which in their simple meaning would rather be irreconcilable with the ideal which posterity has formed of their heroes.<sup>2</sup> We may therefore assume, I think, that also in the present case the passage quoted was also meant as a protest against some legends about Solomon, current at the time, which the Rabbis considered unworthy of the Solomon idealised by a later generation. The legend which scandalised the Rabbis was probably that which is to be found first in the *Pseudo-Sirach*,<sup>3</sup> according to which the relation between Solomon and the Queen ended in a love affair of which Nebuchadnezzar was the result. This legend, again, is based on the Scriptural words: "And the King Solomon gave unto the Queen (*Malkath*) of Sheba all her desire" (1 Kings, x, 13; 2 Chron. ix, 12; and Bertheau, *ad loc.*). The best way to make an end to all such stories was, therefore, to explain the word *Malkath* as if it were

<sup>1</sup> See Zuns, *Die gottesdienstliche Vorträge*, p. 268, and Munk's edition of the *Second Targum*, p. 10. Comp. also Rapoport, *Erech Millim*, p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> See *Baba Bathra*, 15a, and *Sabbath*, 56a and b.

<sup>3</sup> See *Pseudo Ben Sira*, ed. Steinschneider, p. 216; Munk's *Second Targum*, p. 23; and A. Epstein's *Beitraege*, etc., p. 122.

*Meluchath*, meaning "kingdom". Thus the Queen goes altogether out of the story, and the Riddles with her, though they were circulating among the people, and it took centuries before the above objections were subdued—at least with regard to the Riddles. On the other hand, it is clear from the statement in the Bible, "The Queen of Sheba . . . came to prove Solomon with hard questions" (1 Kings, x, 1; 2 Chron. ix, 1), that even in Biblical times some such riddles or puzzles were current among the people. That those which we here rescue from oblivion cannot trace back to the riddles current in Biblical times is clear from the anachronisms contained in them. The student of folk-lore is familiar with the tenacity of popular memory, and there is therefore the remote chance that similar riddles to those given in our text are referred to in the Bible. The above considerations would then explain how they failed to make any appearance in the literary productions of the Rabbis.

This exclusion from what we may call the official literature for such a long time may perhaps also account for the corrupt and incomplete condition in which these Riddles are found. We possess nowadays three versions of them: the version of the Second Targum to Esther, i, 2, consisting of three riddles; the version of the Midrash on Proverbs, i, 1, consisting of four; and the version which we now publish for the first time, consisting of nineteen riddles. The first four riddles of this version, as well as the introduction, agree on the whole with the Midrash on Proverbs. There is only this difference: that the verse from Job which is here given by R. Ishmael is quoted in the Midrash from another Rabbi of a much later date. The quotation was probably shortened by the copyist; for there can hardly be any doubt that the Rabbi's allusion aimed at the succeeding verses in Job, in which the treasures of Ethiopia (Cush) are spoken of, which country was, as it is well known, confused by the ancients with Sheba.

We may now proceed at once to give the text and translation of the Yemen Midrash.



מעשה אמר ר' ישמעאל זו חכמתו של שלמה שהיתה מסוף העולם ועד סופו דכתי ויחכם [וגו' ואומר] והחכמה מאין תמצא ואיזה מקום בינה' זו מלכת שבא ששמעה חכמתו של שלמה ואמרה אלך אראה חכמתו אם חכם הוא אם לאו' ר' ירמיה אומר אמרה לו שמעתי עליך ועל חכמתך אם אני שואלת אותך בדבר משיבני אמר לה כי ה' יתן חכמה מפיו דעת ותבונה' אמרה לו שבעה יוצאין ותשעה נכנסין' שנים מוזגין ואחד שותה' אמר לה שבעת ימי נדה יוצאין' ותשעה ירחי בשן נכנסין' שני דדי אשה מחגין ואחד השותה זה הולד' אמרה לו חכם אתה: ועוד שאלה אותו ואמרה לו אשה שאמרה לבנה אביך חקינד בעלי' אתה בני ואני אחותך' אמר לה בודאי זו בתו של לוט היא אמרה לבנה כך: ועוד הביאה לו זכרים ונקבות ואמרה הפרש לי בין אלו לאלו' מיד רמז לסריסים והביאו לו קליות ואיגוזים' הזכרים שלא היו מתביישין לוקחין וידיהן גליות' והנקבות היו לוקחות מתחת בגדיהן תחת בית יד שלהן' אמר לה אלו זכרים ואלו נקיבות: הביאה מהולים וערלים אמרה הפרש לי בין אלו לאלו' מיד רמז לכהן גדול ופתח את ארון הברית מהולין שבהן כרעו בחצי קומתן' ולא עוד אלא שנתמלא פניהן מזיו השכינה' וערלים נפלו על פניהם' אמר לה אלו מהולים ואלו ערלים אמרה לו חכם אתה:

ועוד שאלה אותו ואמרה מי הוא לא נולד ולא מת' אמר לה זה אדון העולמים ב"ה: ועוד שאלה אותו ואמרה לו איזו ארץ שלא ראת שמש אלא פעם אחת' אמר לה מי מקוה ויום שנקרע הים: ועוד שאלה אותו ואמרה לו מה חצר ועשרה דלתות פתוחות כשאחד נפתח תשעה נסגרים ותשעה פתוחים אחד נסגר' אמר לה חצר זו הרחם של אשה' ועשרה

דלתות זה בן אדם שעשרה נקבים יש לו עיניו ואזניו ונחיריו ופיו ומעיו ומקום הטבעת ושורה כשהולך במעי אמו השורה פתוחה ונקבי הנער נסגרים וכשהנער יוצא השורה נסגרת והתשעה נפתחים:

ועוד שאלה אותו ואמרה חי לא היה הולך וכשנקטע ראשו הולך אמר לה זו ספינה שבמים מהוא שלשה לא אכלו ולא שתו ולא נזרקה בהם נשמה והצילו שלש נפשות מן המיתח אמר לה שלא אכלו הם חותמת ופתיל ומטה והנפשות שהצילו הם תמר ופרץ ורח מהוא שלשה נכנסו למערה ויצאו חמשה אמר לה לוש ושתי בנותיו ושני ילדיהן:

מה הוא המת חי והקבר מהלך והמת מתפלל אמר לה המת זו יונה והקבר מהלך זה הדג והמתפלל זו יונה מה הוא שלשה אכלו ושתו בארץ ולא נולדו מזכר ונקבה אמר לה שלשה מלאכים שנגלו לאברהם אבינו ע"ה מה הוא שלשה שנכנסו למקום מתים ויצאו חיים אמר לה השלשה הם דניאל חנניה מישאל ועזריה ושנים נכנסו למקום חיים ויצאו מתים אלו נדב ואביהוא מה הוא דאחיליד ולא מית אמר לה זה אליהו ומשיח: מח דלא אתיליד ואיתיהבית ביה רוח אמר לה זה העגל מה הוא מאדמה נוצר ואדם יצרו ומאכלו מפרי האדמה אמר לה זו פתילה מה הוא אתתא דאתבעילת לתרין וילידת תרין דאנק ארבעה ואבוהון חד אמר לה זה מעשה תמר דאתבעילת לתרין ער ואונן וילידת תרין פרץ ורח ואבוהון חד זה יהודה מה הוא ביתא אתמלי מיתין מית [לא] על בניהון וחי לא נפק מנהון אמר לה זה שמשון ופלשתים ועוד צותה ואמרה להביא עץ ארז מנוסר ואמרה לו הודיעני איזה שורש ואיזה הוא ענף צוה לה להשליכו במים נשתקעה צד האחד וצף השני והיה צפוי על פני המים אמר לה זה

שנשתקע הוא השורש והצף הוא הענף באותה שעה אמרה  
 לו הוספת חכמה ושוב על השמועה ויהיה אלהיך ברוך לכך  
 נאמר זה נתן חכמה לשלמה: נשלם זה המדרש:

R. Ishmael related the following:—"This is the wisdom of Solomon, (the fame of) which extended from end to end of the world, as it is written, 'and he was wiser than all men' (1 Kings, v, 11); and it is said, 'But where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?' (Job, xxviii, 12). This is the Queen of Sheba, who heard of the wisdom of Solomon and said, 'I will go and see his wisdom, whether he be wise or not.'"

R. Jeremiah said:—"The Queen of Sheba,' addressing Solomon, said to him, 'I have heard of thee and thy wisdom; if now I inquire of thee concerning any matter, wilt thou answer me?' He replied, 'The Lord giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.' She then said to him: (1) 'Seven there are that issue and nine that enter: two yield the draught, and one drinks.' Said he to her, 'Seven are the days of a woman's defilement, and nine the months of pregnancy; two are the breasts that yield the draught, and one the child that drinks it.' Whereupon she said to him 'Thou art wise.' (2) Then she questioned him further: 'A woman said to her son, thy father is my father, and thy grandfather my husband; thou art my son, and I am thy sister.' 'Assuredly,' said he, 'it was the daughter of Lot who spake thus to her son.' (3) She placed before him a number of males and females, and said, 'Distinguish now between them.' Forthwith he made a sign to the eunuchs, who brought him a quantity of nuts and roasted ears of corn. The males, who were not troubled with bashfulness, seized them with bare hands, the females took them putting forth their gloved hands from beneath their garments. Whereupon he exclaimed, 'Those are the males, these the females.' (4) She brought to him a number of persons, some circumcised and others uncircumcised, and asked him to distinguish between them. He instantly made a sign to the high priest, who opened the ark of the covenant; whereupon those that were circumcised bowed their bodies to half their height, while their countenances were filled with the radiance of the Shechinah; the uncircumcised fell prone upon their faces. 'Those,' said he, 'are circumcised, these uncircumcised.' 'Thou art indeed wise,' she exclaimed. (5) She put other questions to him, to all of which he gave replies. 'Who is he who neither was born nor has died?' 'It is the Lord of the Universe, blessed be He.' (6) 'What land is that that has but

once seen the sun?' 'The land upon which (after the creation) the waters were gathered, and (the bed of the sea on) the day when the sea was divided.' (7) 'There is an enclosure with ten doors, when one is open, nine are shut; when nine are open, one is shut.' 'That enclosure is the womb: the ten doors are the ten orifices of man—his eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, the apertures for the discharge of the excreta and the urine, and the navel; when the child is in the embryonic state, the navel is open and the other orifices are closed, but when it issues (from the womb) the navel is closed, and the others are opened.' (8) '(There is something which when) living moves not, yet when its head is cut off it moves?' 'It is the ship in the sea' (the living tree has no motion, the trunk from which the crowning branches have been severed supplies the material for the moving vessel). (9) 'Which are the three that neither ate, nor drank, nor had breath put into them, yet saved three lives from death?' 'The seal, the thread and the staff (of Judah); are those three, and the lives they saved were Tamar, Pharez, and Zarah.' (10) 'Three entered a cave, and five came forth therefrom?' 'Lot and his two daughters, and their two children.' (11) 'The dead lived, the grave moves, and the dead prays: what is that?' 'The dead one was Jonah; the moving grave, the fish; Jonah was also the one that prayed.' (12) 'Who were the three that ate and drank on the earth, yet were not born of male and female?' 'The three angels who revealed themselves to our father Abraham, peace be unto him.' (13) 'Four entered a place of death and came forth alive, and two entered a place of life and came forth dead?' 'The four were Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah; and the two who entered a place of life and came forth dead were Nadab and Abihu.' (14) 'Who was he who was born and died not?' 'Elijah and the Messiah.' (15) 'What was that which was not born, yet life was given to it?' 'The (golden) calf.' (16) 'What is that which is produced from the ground, yet man produces it, while its food is of the fruit of the ground?' 'A wick.' (17) 'A woman was wedded to two, and bare two sons, yet these four had one father?' 'Tamar was married by two, Er and Onan; she bore two (sons), Pharez and Tarah; and the father of (all) four was Judah.' (18) 'A house full of dead: no dead one came among them, nor did a living one come forth from them?' 'It is the story of Samson and the Philistines.' (19) She next ordered the sawn (trunk of a) cedar tree to be brought, and asked him to point out which (end) the root had been and at which the branches. He bade her cast it into the water, when one end sank and the other floated upon the surface of the water. That part which sank was the root, and that which remained uppermost

was the branch end. Then she said to him, 'Thou exceedest in wisdom and goodness the fame which I heard, blessed be thy God.' Therefore it is said, 'And the Lord gave wisdom unto Solomon.'"

The chief critical problem of interest in connection with these Riddles is to trace how far they occur in other Jewish or Eastern sources. The following notes bearing on this side of the subject may perhaps be of service to students of folk-lore, who seem to an outsider to be more interested in parallels than in originals. Rabbinic literature, which is in a large measure one vast system of parallels, ought to offer them wide scope for their study.

With regard to the separate Riddles, there is in the Midrash on Lamentations, ch. i, a parallel to Riddle 1. In Perles' work, *Zur Rabbinischen Sprach- und Sagenkunde*, p. 97, note 1, Persian parallels are also given. Riddle 2 is of a genealogical character, and so are Riddles 10 and 17. The study of the forbidden degrees in marriage may have encouraged the discussion of such questions. See, for instance, the Talmud of Babylon, Yebamoth, 9b. As to Riddle 3, on which there was a question in *Folk-Lore Journal*, vii, p. 316, besides this version four others are known, put together by the late Prof. Delitzsch in his work, *Iris* (Edinburgh, 1889), of which we give here a brief extract. Two are of Mahomedan origin. According to one: "The boys and girls he thus distinguished; when, according to the usual custom in the harems, water was brought to be poured on their hands, the girls received it in the palm, the boys on the backs of their hands." According to the other: "The boys lifted the hand, on which the water was poured, immediately to their face, whereas the girls first filled the right hand with the water falling on the left, and then washed the face with both hands at once." In the Byzantine version, as related by Georgius Cedrenus and Michael Glykas, the male children, when commanded to wash themselves, "rubbed their faces with right good will, the females gently and timidly." In another version, again, Solomon distinguished between the boys and girls by the

fact that "the former washed their faces like men without more ado, while the latter, with characteristic prudery, would scarcely touch the water with the tips of their fingers."

As to the authorities for these different sources, they are fully discussed by Delitzsch (*l. c.*, 154-165), where the reader will find also many interesting points about the migration of this legend in the Wisdom literature, and the use which artists and poets have made of it.<sup>1</sup> With regard to the solution of the 4th Riddle, it is based on the Jewish belief that those who were not brought into the covenant of Abraham are so overpowered by any strong manifestation of the divine presence that they lose the use of their limbs and fall down. This is supposed to be proved by Balaam, the non-Jewish prophet, of whom it is said in the Scripture: "Which saw the vision of the Almighty falling *into a trance*" (Numbers, xxiv). For Riddle 7 we have partial parallels in *Nedarim* 32b, *Niddah* 32b, and elsewhere. The completest parallel is to be found in the Appendix to *Adra-Virafnamet*,<sup>1</sup> ed. E. W. West. (See Perles, *lib. cit.*, pp. 98 and 99, and notes.) In Riddle 13 the MSS. vary, but the difference is not material, as may be seen by the translation which was made in this place after Or. 2351. The word *Daniel*, though it is to be found in all MSS. must be ascribed to a slip of the copyist, being accustomed, from his frequent reading of the Bible, to mention these four names together. With regard to Riddle 14, it is to be noticed that other Jewish sources speak of nine or thirteen persons who have not died. See Epstein's *Beiträge*, p. 111, where all the parallels are put together. The solution of Riddle 15 is based on the legend according to which the magicians Yannes and Yambros (see 2 Tim. iii, 8, and commentaries, and Levy, *Chald. Wörterb.*, 337), who belonged to the mixed multitude which went up with the Israelites from Egypt, managed by their charms to make the gold calf speak. According to other versions, it was Satan him-

<sup>1</sup> There is also much of interest and value in A. Wuensche, *Die Räthselweisheit der alten Hebräer*.

self who went into the calf and spoke (see *Tanchuma* to Exod. xxxii, 1, and the Targum of Jerusalem to the same verse. Riddle 16 reminds us very much of the 2nd Riddle in the version of the Second Targum, which has been translated and fully treated by P. Cassel in his *Commentary on Esther*, pp. 283 and 284. This fact may, perhaps, suggest that our version once contained all the Riddles of the Second Targum, as it has all the Riddles of the Midrash, which will prove that none of all these versions is complete in its present form. The MSS. contain here an Arabic gloss, the translations of which I owe to the kindness of Dr. Neubauer. It runs thus: "Men plait the wick and then light it, for if it had not been plaited it would not burn evenly. Therefore it is considered as if men had created it, *i.e.*, made it." Riddle 19 was probably suggested by I Kings, v, 33. (See the excellent remarks of Dr. Jellinek on this point, in his introduction to the fifth volume of his *Beth Hammidrash*, p. lv.)

We think that the foregoing remarks, as well as the few words which we have interpolated in round brackets here and there in the translation, will suffice to make the text intelligible to the reader. The parallels from non-Jewish sources we leave to others, and we have no doubt that they also will furnish the folk-lorist with interesting matter. See, for instance, the Dialogue of Solomon and Saturnus, by Kemble, p. 199, Riddle 5 and Riddle 6, in our version. There are also many points in the introduction to Kemble's book which will have to be corrected after the researches of Steinschneider and others on the subject. The story of a Man from Jerusalem, which is attributed to R. Abraham Maimun, must also not be neglected by the student. We can only hope that Mr. Jacobs, who has equal mastery both of Jewish and non-Jewish sources, will soon find the leisure to favour us with a new edition of the Dialogue.

S. SCHECHTER.

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## CHINESE FOLK-LORE.

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THE accompanying notes in various topics of Chinese folk-lore are, without exception, translations made by myself from the *Chang Ngoi San Po*, one of the Chinese daily papers, published in Hong Kong. The editor of that journal discussed in the columns of his paper the various subjects of folk-lore tabulated by the Folk-Lore Society, and translated by me into Chinese, and the translations which are now published are made from the articles which appeared. It would be well if the example now set by the Chinese press in Hong Kong were followed by our press at home. Folk-lore investigations would be much assisted by the aid of the press, and especially the provincial press ; and I would suggest for the consideration of the Council of the Society the advisability of taking steps to secure the co-operation of the press in furthering the objects of the Society.

Before, however, doing this, the Council should, I humbly submit, devise a better and more thorough system of local secretaries than at present exists. Instead of there being a local secretary for a country, there should be at *least* one or two secretaries for each *county*. Folk-lore is a subject interesting to many, and there should be no difficulty in securing persons willing to act and—better still—to *work*. Through the local secretaries the press could be approached, and with the aid of both, it must be evident that the Society would be materially strengthened, and more capable of fulfilling its objects at home.

As regards the field abroad it sadly requires cultivating. Speaking from experience, I feel sure that the Society, with a little trouble, could secure that assistance from



residents abroad which is now so conspicuous by its absence, and which renders the study of comparative folk-lore so difficulty and unsatisfactory.

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#### FUNG SHUI, OR GEOMANCY.

In Sui Pui, in the district of Shuntak, Kwangtung Province, there is a monumental gateway in an uninhabited part of the country which is said to resemble in shape a rat-trap. It is related that the crops in the neighbourhood having failed for several seasons in succession, the aid of the geomancers was invoked in order to discover the reason. After carefully considering the surroundings of the place, they found that the hills opposite to where the crops were grown presented the appearance of a rat. This rat, they said, devoured the crops, so they advised the construction of a rat-trap to prevent its depredations. No sooner was the rat-trap erected than the crops yielded grain in abundance.

In Lung Shan, Kwangtung Province, in front of the ancestral temple of the Wan family, is a fish and shrimp market, which omits an odour by no means pleasant to the nostrils. The geomancers say that the appearance of the country resembles a crane; that fish and shrimps are the food of cranes; and that, therefore, the prosperity of the inhabitants can be prognosticated from the prosperity or otherwise of the market.

In King-sai, if a pregnant woman dies before she has given birth to her offspring, it is supposed that the ghost of the unborn child returns to demand the life of a newly born infant. On this account, on the birth of the child, the mother is carefully watched by women inside her room, whilst males keep strict guard outside. At the same time a youth is made to stare with fixed eyes at the spot in which the ghost is supposed to be secreted, while others

drive it away. If these precautions are not taken, it is popularly believed that mother and child will fall victims to the ghost's desire.

If a mother dies in child-birth, and the child lives, there is a belief that the ghost of the mother will return to the house and, taking the child in its arms, cause its death. To avoid this, a white fowl is procured and kept in the house, while at the same time the child is nursed by members of the family night and day. If the ghost returns, the white fowl is handed to it, and it at once departs. Next day a visit is made to the mother's grave. If there is a hole in it, the ghost never comes back; if no hole can be found, another fowl must be purchased to be given to the ghost when it revisits the house, and this must be repeated until the hole can be seen.

#### GOBLINDOM.

A certain fair maiden was betrothed to a man who, being suddenly visited by a serious illness, was anxious that the marriage should take place before he died. The maiden, however, refused. Before long the man died, and the maiden married some one else. But as soon as the wife appeared before her husband her head became much larger than its normal size, her face turned blue, and her teeth projected like swords. In fact, she presented such a frightful appearance that her husband fled on beholding it, and though they were married for several years, husband and wife never exchanged a word.

In High Street, Canton, there is a house which is said to be haunted by the ghost of the wife of a salt-monopolist. The salt-monopolist was arrested for peculation of public moneys, and this so affected his wife that she committed suicide by hanging herself. She is said to have committed the deed arrayed in a red robe, with dishevelled hair, and in front of a looking-glass, and it is now reported that the

house is haunted by her ghost, which presents a most savage appearance and pursues people.<sup>1</sup>

In a village in the Canton Province there is a temple, the idol in which has its face turned towards the wall and its back to the entrance. The legend explaining the peculiar position of the idol is as follows. A certain person, who belonged to the village, had just returned from abroad, having acquired, while in distant regions, the sorcerer's art. Some of the villagers remembered him, and consequently, when one of the neighbours was giving a house-warming, he was not among the invited. His wife, who felt the slight, jeered at his powers of sorcery, seeing that they could not even succeed in getting them an invitation to a dinner. Incited to action by these remarks, the sorcerer bade his wife take a bamboo and place it transversely inside the house, and hold a white and black handkerchief in her hand. The banqueters were at this time in the midst of their cups, when they were suddenly startled by beholding a large white snake with its head hanging down from the main beam of the house, its eyes glittering, and thrusting out its tongue, which appeared like a sword, and by seeing another black snake.

#### THE MAGICIAN OF SAI-NÁM.

There was a certain man, around whose left arm was always wound a yellow cloth, which was never removed, and who was well known to be possessed of the power of magic. On one occasion he arrived at the town of Sai-nám, which is situated on a river, along the banks of which were anchored junks discharging their cargoes of rice. One of the rice coolies was a man of gigantic strength, who could carry three sacks of rice at once. While he was descending the gangway with a load some of his fellow *employés* tilted it aside in fun, in order to give him a tumble. Unfortu-

<sup>1</sup> The Chinese believe that the ghosts of persons who commit suicide in front of a looking-glass are fiercer on that account.

nately, however, his load fell on him, and he was killed on the spot. The magician comforted the coolies, who were much agitated, by telling them that he would make matters right, and commanded them to wrap up the deceased in the bedding he was accustomed to use, and place him on a bed. This done, he wrote a magic spell and recited an incantation, when the deceased coolie began to show signs of life, and, pulling off the quilt in which he had been wrapped, arose as if nothing had happened.

About the same time as the incident at Sai-nám occurred the house of a certain rich man was infested by an evil demon. Without any apparent reason the house took fire; clothes were burnt, money was lost, his wives and concubines were harassed, and as soon as the lid was removed from the rice-pan the food in it was at once rendered uneatable by some dirt falling into the pan. Magicians were engaged to put an end to these evils, but the demon, knife in hand, chased them away. The magician of Sai-nám was also invited to lend his services, but always refused. The rich man tried to escape the evil by moving to a distant place, but without avail, for the demon followed in his train. At length a relation of the magician of Sai-nám undertook, for a handsome consideration, to induce the magician of Sai-nám to get rid of the pest, and, by continually harping on the contempt in which the demon held the magician's powers, finally persuaded him to exercise his arts in order to drive it away. The magician and his relations proceeded to the rich man's house together, and, just as they were about to enter, the door closed, and the magician was caught in it, but was at once freed on unwinding the yellow cloth from his left arm. The battle between magician and demon commenced, and was carried on for three days, the demon still remaining unconquered, and mocking his adversary by advising him to study his art for a few years more if he wanted to be victorious. The magician in despair sent for his master, who loudly upbraided him for having listened

to the persuasive words of his relations and having fallen into this snare without having first carefully considered the circumstances of the case. He then went on to explain that the rich man's house was haunted, not by a demon, but by himself, on account of its owner having forcibly robbed another person's wife and forced her to become his concubine ; and that only by repentance and by compensating the injured husband could the rich man free himself from the evil influence that had dogged his steps. This the rich man was only too ready to acquiesce in, and when he had vowed repentance and made restitution to him whom he had wronged, his house was restored to peace, and he breathed freely once more.

#### THE FAIR OF FAIR MAIDENS.

In Chan Fan, in the Kwangtung Province, there is a temple dedicated to the three maidens, which is built by the side of a river. In ordinary times it is almost deserted, but in the first decade of the third moon the maidens of Lung Shan repair to it to worship in large numbers. After their devotions are over they sit on the temple steps, and allow themselves to be gazed at and criticised by the onlookers, who gather in crowds—fathers to select suitable brides for their sons, and sons to enjoy the attractive scene. Males are not allowed to cross the river, but are only permitted to gaze from the other side. Any infraction of this regulation is met by repeated strokes from the rattan of the police who keep guard.

#### FIRE.

In Kwongsai, in the event of a fire, the goods of the people who have been burnt out of house and home are refused shelter by their friends and neighbours until the god of fire has been driven away. It would be considered unlucky, and likely to bring about disaster, if they acted otherwise.

## MARRIAGE.

In the village of Kun Kong, in the Nam Hoi district, Kwangtung Province, males marry at the age of twenty; and girls at the age of eighteen. A few days after the marriage the bride returns to her mother's family, and during the first and second years of the marriage returns to her husband's home on four nights only. On the 14th of the eighth moon and the 30th of the twelfth moon she goes to her husband's house, returning on the mornings of the 16th of the eighth moon and 2nd of the first moon. In the third and fourth years of the marriage she also sometimes visits her husband for two nights at the Ts'ing Ming, or winter festivals. On the occasion of a marriage or death in the husband's family, the husband sends for his wife, and she lives with him for a night or two. If the wife has no child she will not live with her husband for good until five, six, and even eight or ten years have elapsed. It is stated, as a result of this custom, that the men of Kun Kong are long-lived, any person dying at fifty being considered short-lived; that the affection between man and wife is very strong, a wife refusing to marry again if her first husband dies before her; and that concubinage is almost unknown.

In the prefecture of Ug Chan and the district of Ts'am, in the province of Kwongsai, the women arise early in the morning and go to the hills to cut wood, afterwards selling it in the market, while their husbands remain at home attending to the household and children. As a consequence of this a widow is prized more highly as a wife than a maiden, as she is more experienced and able to do more work. If a woman loses her husband and marries again, the parents of her former husband have no scruples about receiving betrothal money when she marries.

When the bride ascends the bridal sedan she wears a hat of paper, and an old woman who has sons and grandsons holds an umbrella over her. A man carries a bamboo

sieve containing rice, which he scatters as he proceeds along the road.

On the third day after marriage a ceremony called "washing the feet" takes place. It consists in the bride washing the feet of her mother-in-law, and is supposed to be a sign that the mother-in-law will be no longer troubled with domestic affairs.

#### THE GODDESS OF MERCY AND HER TREASURY.

At the season when the *Goddess of Mercy* is supposed to open her treasury, matrons and maidens repair to her shrine to pray for riches. Some deposit gold and silver paper-money in her treasury as a provision against expenses in the other world, while others deposit real money and pray for increase of riches.

In Lung Shán, on the Kam Tsy Hill, in the Kwangtung Province, there is a temple dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy, with a thousand steps leading up to it. When the goddess opens her treasury, women repair to the temple, dressed in their finest garbs, and adorned with their most precious jewellery. Arrived at the steps, they seat themselves down, while their attendants run up and down looking for her who may be most conspicuous for her array. If anyone is found more handsomely adorned than the others, the servant reports to her mistress, who at once arises and seats herself by the side of the person whose raiment and jewels appear to be the finest, in order that she may contrast her own with them. This is called "a contest of riches".

#### THE BOB-TAILED DRAGON OF KWAI FUNG SHAN, SAN-AI.

In the Kwai Fung Mountains in San-ni, Kwangtung Province, lives a bob-tailed dragon. When it comes forth from its retreat, storms of wind and rain immediately arise and many buildings are destroyed. The story of how this

dragon was reared is as follows. Li Chung-kan, *alias* Maw-ing, when a boy was one day going to school. Seeing a small snake on the roadside, he picked it up and put it in his sleeve. Arrived at the school, he placed it in a drawer until he went home, when he took it with him. Arrived at his house, he carefully hid it under his bed. This he continued to do every day, feeding the snake morning and evening, until at last it became quite attached to him. His pet was, however, ultimately discovered by his teacher, who ordered him to let it loose on the Kwai Fung Hill. He did as he was told, but, though released, the snake kept coming back to Li Chung-kan's house to be fed, or Chung-kan used to repair to the hillside to feed it there. As time went on, the snake and his master became full-grown, and as Li Chung-kan had to go to the capital to attend the examinations, they had to part. Before leaving, however, Chung-kan had some wheat planted at the foot of the hill, and told the snake that it could live on it, but that it must not injure any living thing, and that, if it acted in accordance with his directions, he could ensure its ultimately ascending to heaven as a dragon. Chung-kan was successful in his examinations, and, having obtained his degree, returned to his home to worship his ancestors. On his arrival the snake was falsely accused of having devoured animals belonging to the neighbourhood and of being a great pest to the district. These reports so incensed Chung-kan, that he seized a knife, and, going to the retreat of the snake, cut off its tail. Hence the name it now bears, "the bob-tailed dragon".

On one occasion a distinguished scholar was paying a visit to the head of the Taoist sect, "the Preceptor of Heaven," in order to consult him as to a lucky day for putting in the main beam of a house he was building. While they were engaged in conversation, a visitor was announced, and a ferocious-looking person, dressed in the guise of a Tamên runner, entered. The head of the Taoist sect asked the scholar to withdraw while he



received the new arrival. After they had been engaged in conversation for some time, he heard "the Preceptor of Heaven" say, "Although such is heaven's decree, you must deal with a lenient hand with a view to your own happiness." After the visitor had retired, the scholar inquired who the person was to whom such respect had been shown. The Heavenly Preceptor replied that he was the dragon of the Kwai Fung Hill, and that he had come to inform him that heaven was about to visit the province of Kwangtung with a great disaster, the carrying out of which had been entrusted to the "bob-tailed dragon".

The Cantonese firmly believe in the existence of this fabulous monster, and regard it as the instrument of violent storms, etc.

J. H. STEWART LOCKHART.

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*THE CAMPBELL OF ISLAY MSS.*  
*AT THE*  
*ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.*

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I TOOK advantage of an Easter holiday-trip to Edinburgh to devote a few hours to the examination of a portion of the MSS. bequeathed to the Advocates' Library by the late J. F. Campbell, the collector and editor of the *Popular Tales from the West Highlands*,<sup>1</sup> and of the *Leabhair na Feinne*. I reckoned that to work carefully through those MSS. bearing upon folk-lore and upon Celtic antiquities, and, by indexing them, to render their contents accessible to students, would require at least a month's steady labour. The following notes must thus only be considered as an attempt to draw the attention of folk-lorists to this mine of unworked matter; and no conclusion respecting the richness and value of the collection must be drawn from my silence respecting those portions which I had not time to examine. I may say at once, however, that the hopes I entertained of finding *English* versions of the many variants and unpublished tales to which Campbell refers in the *P. T.* were not realised. I came across a considerable deal of unpublished English, but chiefly stories about fairies, local and clan traditions. How many of the unpublished Gaelic tales, of which a list is given at the end of *P. T.*, vol. iv, may be found in the collection I cannot of course say, but I incline to believe very few. It would thus appear that, besides the MSS. in the Advocates' Library, there must be another batch elsewhere. If this is so, I would appeal to the owner to allow examination at the hands of a competent Gaelic scholar.

<sup>1</sup> Cited as *P. T.* throughout this article.

The MSS. interesting to the folk-lorist fall into four classes:—

(a.) The JOURNALS, which I was not able to do more than glance at cursorily, but which would repay attentive study.

(b.) A volume lettered "ORAL MYTHOLOGY".

This MS., completed in 1870, was offered for publication to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and refused by them in a letter dated July 1, 1870. The author looked through it in 1877, and noted that it would be unadvisable to publish it as it stood. In 1881 he again looked through it, and noted that it contained "honest, hard work". There is no index, only a brief list of contents, which I transcribe as some indication of the nature and scope of the work. The figures in brackets, giving the number of pages allotted to each subject, are Campbell's :

Tradition and Mythology (5).—Aryan Myth (8).—Current British Myth, Migration of Stories (45).—Eggs, Mythology, Kalewala, Edda (25).—Telegu Selections (3).—Indian Mythology in Ancient Sculptures ( ).—American Mythology ( ).—Serpents ( ).—Languages (44).—Water, etc. (17).—Birds and Air (27).—Stories (18).—Beasts and Earth (54).—Lion, etc. (18).—Philosophy (9);

thus making a total of 273 pages, exclusive of the cancelled numbers. The pages are not numbered, and I had no time to check Campbell's calculation, but I should roughly estimate the total number of pages at 350, equal to a similar number of fairly closely printed demy octavo pages.

In the last quarter of the volume I noted an unpublished Highland *märchen*, entitled *The Black Horse*, of which the following is a very brief abstract :

A king dies, and after a year his property is divided, and the youngest son (hero) gets a "limping white garron". He sets forth on his travels and meets a mysterious stranger, who proposes to give him for his white garron a black horse having this property : "there is no place you can think of in the four parts of the wheel of the world that he will not take you there." Hero accepts, and forthwith wishes himself in the realm of Under

Waves, by the prince of which he is bespelled to go seek the King of Greece's daughter. Hero effects this by inducing the Greek princess to get up behind him on the black horse. The princess delays the wedding by calling for different objects which the hero has to fetch. These are: (1) silver cup, (2) black silk hood locked within seven doors, (3) pair of shoes of light, (4) silver ring. To accomplish this last quest the hero, mounted upon his black horse, has to leap from a mountain of snow to one of ice, from thence through one of fire, and the horse must swim through a loch which takes fire and blazes. When this is done the hero has to make a castle, compared to which that of King Under Waves is but "washing water", and finally to dig a well in the courtyard of the castle. Down this the princess induces the king to look, pushes him in, and weds the hero. After three years the latter minds him of the black horse, beheads him at the horse's command, whereupon he turns into the Greek princess's brother.

Campbell justly remarks of this tale that it is imperfect; the magic articles won by the hero should serve him in the fulfilment of the succeeding tasks.

Whilst only able to examine this volume cursorily, I yet agree with the author's 1877 estimate, that it would not do to publish it as it stands. But it contains a deal of interesting matter, and should be studied by anyone purposing to write a general treatise upon folk-lore. It is much to be regretted that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. should not have seen their way to publish it in 1870, as it would have materially hastened the progress of research.

(c.) WEST HIGHLAND TALES, 17 volumes (16 very stout 4to., one thin 4to.).

These volumes contain the original MSS. of Campbell's collection, the press transcripts of same, the corrected proofs and revises, letters relating to same, newspaper cuttings and other matter, bound together without pagination and without index. As some of these volumes must contain upwards of a thousand different leaves, it will easily be understood what time a thorough overhauling of their contents would require.

I tested the first volume, i-xvi of **P. T.**, in half a dozen places, and I could not find that it contained the full text of the variants which Campbell cites or summarises.

Vols. ii-ix are of the same character, to judge from a very hasty inspection.

Vol. x opens with a cancelled list of fifty-one tales, followed by a new list of 224 tales, with provenance, narrator and brief characterisation of certain stories. These lists differ from the ones at end of **P. T.** iv. Then comes a very miscellaneous English collection of short tales, proverbs and folk-lore jottings, amongst them the opening of *Koisha Kayn* (from John Campbell, who had it from a very old man who knew the twenty-four tales making up the cycle). The remainder of the volume is in Gaelic, and *may* contain the full text of some of the unpublished versions.

Vol. xi, which is of the same character, but with less English, is lettered "Index", but though I searched carefully I could find none.

Vol. xii contains unpublished Gaelic poems.

Vol. xiii at once attracted my attention. It is lettered "English collection. Published and unpublished, copied out 1860." A brief description of this volume will show how difficult examination is. The bulk of it is formed by Miss Dempster's Sutherlandshire collection (since published in these pages, *F.-L. J.*, vol. vi), comprising 120 numbers; but this is interleaved (*not* interpaged) with two other series, one of which must have consisted of fifty-seven numbers, as there is a MS. list of contents to that effect at the beginning of the volume, but I could only find Nos. 1-18 and Nos. 25-57, whilst of Miss Dempster's collection, which is in two differently paged series, Nos. 1-79 of one series seem to be missing. The fifty-seven No. list is of much the same character as Miss Dempster's. At the end of the volume is a miscellaneous assortment of matter, chiefly fairy lore and local tradition, but some tales; amongst them what is apparently the full Gaelic text of a version of the *Battle of the Birds*, different from the one in **P. T.** Portions

of Campbell's diary seem to have got bound up in this volume by mistake, instead of with the Journals, and give fascinating glimpses of his method of collecting. The volume closes with a list of 170 English stories, quite different from the one in vol. x.

Vols. xiv-xvi do for the Introduction and Notes what vols. i-ix do for the Tales, *i.e.*, bring together author's MS., scribe's transcript, proofs, revise, letters, reviews, etc.

Vol. xvii is lettered O'Cein's Leg, 1870-71. It contains the fullest version as yet collected in the Highlands, running to 142 pages of MS., taken down by Hector MacLean from Lachlan MacNeill.<sup>1</sup> The Gaelic text is followed by fourteen pages of English abstract. In view of the great interest of this tale, I copied out the pith of this abstract, and give it here, with constant reference to Mr. MacInnes's version with my notes.<sup>2</sup> The abstract is preceded by a list of the chief characters in the story of O'Cein's Leg.

*In the framework.*

1. King of Ireland.
2. Son and Successor.
- 3, 4.<sup>3</sup> His Foster-Father and his Magic Wife.
5. O'Cein,<sup>4</sup> the wicked treasurer whose leg is broken.

*In the stories told.*

- 6.<sup>5</sup> The King of Lochlann, who does nothing and never appears.

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<sup>1</sup> I do not know if this is the old man referred to *supra*, p. 372, as possessing the twenty-four tales of the cycle.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire*. Text and Translation, pp. 206-277. Notes, pp. 464-473. I shall refer to this version as *McI.*, and to that of Mr. Campbell of Tiree (cf. *Tales*, 465) as *J. G. C.*

<sup>3</sup> These first four personages are apparently missing in both *McI.* and *J. G. C.*, which have different openings. In both of these a King of Ireland appears with wife and son, and is identified with Brian Boru, but the connection seems different.

<sup>4</sup> O'C. is not a treasurer in either *McI.* or *J. G. C.*

<sup>5</sup> Only mentioned in *McI.* and *J. G. C.*

- 6a. His daughter, who does nothing particular, but is carried off and recovered.<sup>1</sup>
- { 7.<sup>2</sup> Macan an Athamain, his son, who tells stories, and cures O'Cein's legs with them.
- { 8.<sup>3</sup> A Ghil Ghreine (Sunbright), his wife, carried off by
- 9.<sup>4</sup> Macabh Mór, who is slain by 17.
- { 10.<sup>5</sup> Calpach, eldest son of 7-8, who marries
- { 11.<sup>6</sup> Athan uchd sholais (Breast of Light), who is carried off by
12. Macan na Foraise fiadhaich, who marries nobody, and from whom she is taken by
- 13.<sup>7</sup> Righ an Domhain, from whom she is recovered by 10, 12, 19, 23, 30, the allies.
- { 14.<sup>8</sup> Gorm Shuil, son of 7-8, who marries
- { 15. Youngest daughter of
- 16.<sup>9</sup> The Man of the Flapping Grey Cassock.
- { 17.<sup>10</sup> Macan an uaigneas, third son of 7, the mysterious love-child who appears in so many stories. He marries
- { 18. Nighean righ an talamh iséal (the daughter of the King of the Lowlands).

*These chief actors have adventures with*

- { 19. Macabh mór mac righ Sorachain, married to
- { 20. the daughter of a king.
21. The King of Sigin, who does nothing here.
- { 22. His twenty-four sons married to
- { 23. the twenty-four daughters of 13.
24. The King of the Lowlands (? Netherlands), father of 18, who tells one story to

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<sup>1</sup> Together with his wife, according to both the other versions.

<sup>2</sup> *McI.*, Macan an Athar; *J. G. C.*, Manus Mor.

<sup>3</sup> *McI.* and *J. G. C.*, daughter of the King of the Great Universe.

<sup>4</sup> *McI.*, a big, big man; *J. G. C.*, a man who carries her in the palm of his hand.

<sup>5</sup> *McI.*, Macan-na-Sgéithe-Deirge.

<sup>6</sup> Does not appear in either *McI.* or *J. G. C.*

<sup>7</sup> 12 and 13 do not figure either in *J. G. C.* or *McI.*

<sup>8</sup> *McI.*, Macan-na-Falluine-Fliùche; unnamed in *J. G. C.*

<sup>9</sup> 15 and 16 do not figure in the other two versions.

<sup>10</sup> Same name in *McI.*; unnamed in *J. G. C.*

25. the big black man who wants the story.
26. The big giant of the one eye, brother of 25, and slain by 24.
27. The stepmother
28. The Harper } enchanters belonging to 24.
29. Art nan Casan Connallach (a king of whom I have not heard till now), who only appears to be slain.
- 30.<sup>1</sup> Druapach, who is an ally ; a kind of bard and henchman, herald, guide, pilot, and master-of-arms to Calpach.

*Abstract of Story.*

1. Heroine, as hare, jumps up behind hero ; they marry ; forthwith the landscape, from a barren waste, becomes fertile land. The King is invited against the wife's advice. O'Cein, the Treasurer, insults the wife. The country at once changes back to its former condition, and O'Cein's leg is broken into twenty-four bits.

2. Story of the Captain about an island which cures hurts. O'Cein is put there ; after being dragged round it, is left.<sup>2</sup> A man comes to heal him,

3. who tells of a church, and how his mother and sister were carried off,

4. of the pursuit after them, how Sunbright was rescued from a rock in the middle of the sea, and how the narrator slew the knight of the red shield.

5. Of the carrying off of Sunbright, and how, after seven years, the narrator pursues with his two sons. They part at three roads, and

6. a third son is born to narrator. For eighteen years the narrator and the two elder sons dwell at the cross-roads. The third son then comes, overcomes his two half-brothers, nearly overcomes his father, is recognised, and all four set off to rescue Sunbright, the youngest son slaying the giant who had carried her off.

7. Adventures of the youngest son ; he games against a black man and wins maiden, horse, and dog on three successive days.

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<sup>1</sup> 18-30 do not figure in the other two versions.

<sup>2</sup> Similar incident in *J. G. C.*, but not in *McI.*



8. The maiden is the daughter of the King of the Lowlands. She warns her husband not to continue gaming, but he does so, loses, and is bespelled to get

9. the story of the giant of the one eye and a bone of his bones. By his wife's advice the hero goes to his father, the King of the Lowlands, and gets the story, which is as follows: The King and his brethren had been changed by their stepmother into wolves, and forced to an island, when narrator eats his brethren from hunger, swims ashore, is hunted by his father's hounds, rescued, twice accused of devouring stepmother's children, third time watches and seizes monstrous black hand, tears it out at shoulder, follows up monster's trail, slays one-eyed giant, and recovers children. Stepmother and witch are burnt.

Hero returns home with this story and a bone of the monster, and, following his wife's counsel, slays the black man, brother of the one-eyed giant.

10. Adventures of Calpach, the second son.

11. How he carries off Breast of Light,

12. who is carried off by a big man. Calpach follows, overcomes King of Sigin's son and

13. warrior who had carried off Breast of Light, who

14. in the meantime had been carried off by the Emperor of the Universe. Calpach, Prince of Sigin and warrior set off in pursuit.

15. They challenge the King of the Universe, who gives up Breast of Light to Calpach, and his twenty-four daughters to the twenty-four sons of the King of Sigin.

16. Adventures of Gormshuil, the eldest son, and how he married the daughter of the Man with Flapping Grey Cassock. He picks up a servant, and falls in love with a maiden, who tells him

17. how her brother had been carried off by a sea monster, and might only be rescued by Gormshuil (Blue-eyes). The latter rescues the brother and weds the maiden, but she tells him he would fall in love with a harper's widow. So it falls out; but, after different adventures, hero and heroine are reunited.

18. Blue-eyes, beaten at stone-throwing by a hag, is sent off by her in quest of the head of Art nan Casan Connallach. By help of his servant, he accomplishes this and returns home.

19. The twenty-four bits of the leg are now replaced, and the King of Lochlann takes O'Cein back to Ireland. Apparently three hundred years had passed, and O'Cein was only recollected as a bad man. He repents, everything changes back, and O'Cein remains Treasurer to the end of his days.

Campbell notes that he can only make nineteen tales in all, whereas there should be twenty-four secondary ones for each broken bit. On comparing this with the two printed versions, the portion common to all three, the opening and the adventures of the King of Lochlann's son, would seem to be shorter; but the after-part, the adventures of the three sons, is only found in MacNeill's version. As Campbell points out, the adventures of Calpach are very similar to those of Conall Gulban. I may add that the story told by the King of the Lowlands is almost precisely similar to one of the episodes in "How the Great Tuairsgeul was put to death."<sup>1</sup>

The English extract is followed by Gaelic versions sent by the Rev. J. G. Campbell of Tiree, one of which he has since published and translated.

The first page of this volume has an interesting vignette photograph of Campbell and Hector MacLean taking down MacNeill's story. It is one of the best likenesses of Campbell I know.

In addition to these seventeen 4to. volumes bound in brown-red calf, there are four royal 8vo. volumes bound in cloth, which are lettered *West Highland Tales*. But this is a mistake. The first of these four volumes is half filled by a duplicate series of proofs and revise to the **P. T.**, but the other half, and vols. ii-iv, are taken up by (chiefly Gaelic) local and clan traditions, genealogical memoranda, and the like.

(d.) LEABHAR NA FEINNE.—There are three stout 4to. volumes lettered thus and bound in red-brown calf, which contain transcripts from which the text was printed. There are, furthermore, six thin 4to. and oblong folio

<sup>1</sup> *Scot. Celt. Rev.*, p. 76.

volumes also lettered thus. Of these, one lettered vol. i contains a working copy of the printed matter, which consists, as is well known, of the Gaelic texts, with brief critical introduction, and brief critical summaries and notes in English. The second volume of the work, which was to contain the general introduction and an English version, never appeared. It was, therefore, with great curiosity that I turned to "Vol. II. MS. Introduction". This contains a fair scribe's-copy, but revised, amended, and added to by Campbell himself, of his proposed Introduction to the second volume of the *Leabhar na Feinne*. His original autograph, from which this transcript was made, is also in the collection lettered *L. na F.*, and marked in left-hand upper corner of cover-verso, A. N. 4.

The transcript originally consisted of 177 numbered pages, increased by some 40 or 50 pages of additions, chiefly towards the end, and evidently after Campbell had been to Ireland and became better acquainted with the Irish evidence. The MS. was then continued to p. 221 ("ended Jan. 15th, 1872; copied March 12th, 1872"), and further increased by four pages of Sect. 16 ("March 22nd, 1877") and an unpagged Chronological Appendix of five pages. There is a MS. List of Contents for the first twelve sections, which I transcribe, adding remaining contents:—

Sect. I. Introduction.—Nature and Art.—Gaelic Folk-lore.—Table of Dates.—Foundation of Macpherson's Ossian.

Sect. II. Scotch Folk-lore.

Sect. III. Collecting Traditions: Method of Collection.—Macpherson's Fingal.—Folk-lore of Old.—Morison, Fort William, Mac Cisaig, South Uist, Mull, etc.

Sect. IV. Irish Phonology.—Letters.—Reading MSS.—Grammar.—Result.—Book of Leinster.—Ossian Language.

Sect. V. Old Gaelic MSS. and their Contents.—Irish MS. List of Stories, 1100 A.D.—O'Donovan's Catalogue—H 3, 17.—Book of Leacan—H 2, 16.—Conclusion.—Fenian Poetry.

Sect. VI. Later Irish MSS. (1) Fionn's Colloquy: Language.

(2) The Fair Woman's Hill.—The Death of Conlaoch.—The Lay of the Heads.—Deirdre.—Fraoch.—Cormac's Birth.—The Battle of Gabhra.—The Lay of the Great Fool.<sup>1</sup>—Heroic Gaelic Literature.—Conclusion.

Sect. VII. Irish MSS., Brit. Museum.

Sect. VIII. Growth of Folk-lore : Trash Bags ; Sorted Rubbish.—The Festivities at the House of Conan of Cearn Sleibhe, 1780.—A Geological Illustration.—A Breton Structure.—A Scotch Structure.—A Miniature Structure upon a large old Plan.—Irish Structure : The Dinn Seanchas.—Minglay Manners.—A Norse Structure : The Edda.—An Eastern Structure : The Arabian Nights.—A Sanscrit Structure : The Beast Epic.—Plan of Structures in the East and West.—An Irish Structure : The Book of Lismore, 1512-26.—A Medical (*sic*; *recte* mediæval ?) Structure : O'Cein's Leg.—A Fossil in a Structure : Conall Gulban, A.D. 464.—The Materials of the Broken Structure of O'Cein's Leg.—A Scotch Structure : Ossian.—Conclusion.

Sect. IX. The Growth of Folk-lore : The Drama.

Sect. X. Folk-lore and National Epics.—Homer.—National Poems and Folk-lore.

Sect. XI. Fact and Fiction.—The Aryan Theory.—Romans, Saxons, Danes, Norsemen.—Native Literature.—Kurroglou : Gaelic and Perso-Turkish Tales.—Master-thief : The Siege and Love Story.

Sect. XII. Early Scoto-Irish-Scandinavian Romantic History.—Keating, etc., 1629.—Cuchullain.—Children of Usnoth, Cumhall, Fionn, Caoilte, etc.—Oisein.—O'Mahony's Keating.—Fionn and the Feinne.—Ancient Fenian Warrior Bards. Fionn's Pedigree.—Oral Fenian Pedigree.

Sect. XIII.<sup>2</sup> Scoto-Irish Heroes and their Religion, A.D. 284-591 (pp. 178-189).

Sect. XIV. Scoto-Irish Heroes in Tradition in the first-third centuries (pp. 190-201).

Sect. XV. Ethnological and Social (pp. 202-220).

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<sup>1</sup> What the author says respecting this lay adds nothing to the information given, *L. n. F.*, p. 203.

<sup>2</sup> I add the pagination from Sect. XIII on. The List of Contents of the first twelve sections at beginning of volume indicates the paging.

The original MS. ended on pp. 202-220, with the following Conclusion, which I transcribe in full :

"The common Aryan traditional Gaelic history of the western parts of the British Isles is British, Scoto-Irish, and Scandinavian, from B.C. 20 and the days of Cuchullin down to Oscur, 281, Padruig 432, Conall Gulban 464, Column Cille 558, the battle of Clontarf and Murdoch Mac Brian 1014, and Magnus 1093.

"It is natural to find common traditions on both sides of the narrow sea, and the traditions of Gaelic Scotland and of Ireland *were of old and still are*<sup>1</sup> essentially the same in fact.

"No trace of Macpherson's Gaelic *Ossian* of 1807 as a composition is known to exist on either side before 1763, when he printed a sample.

"It is but a continuance of the manners and customs of ancestral predatory Aryan nomads, who lived in a state of 'war and individual action', when Scotch and Irish would fight all round for heroes who purport to have been chiefs amongst their common ancestors, according to their common history, romance, and tradition, preserved in dialects of their common speech.

"The people still firmly believe in their traditional history. I think that their heroes were real men, about whom missionaries wove legends and Christians composed romances founded upon ancient traditions orally preserved."

A sixteenth section was afterwards added (Dreams and their Interpretation) and, as already stated, a Chronological Appendix. In September 1876, Campbell went through the MS., and described it as "needing a deal of cutting down and condensation". He had previously (May 1876) asked Messrs. Macmillan to publish the work, but, without seeing the MS., they declined.

As far as I could judge a work of over 250 pp. of MS. in the brief time at my disposal, I should say that it would no longer be desirable to print this Introduction as it stands. Thanks chiefly to the labours of German scholars, our knowledge of early Gaelic myth and literature has

<sup>1</sup> Added to original transcript by Campbell.

greatly increased' since 1872, and in most respects more than revision would be required to bring the work up to date. But it still deserves careful study, and in 1876 it was so immeasurably ahead of anything published in this country, that its issue could not have failed to exercise a stimulating and beneficent influence upon the course of Celtic studies in these islands.

Vol. iii of this MS. series is lettered *Translations*. Campbell describes in a preliminary note what he has here done, as "scraps of translation made at odd times. To translate the whole (*i.e.*, the texts contained in vol. i) would be very hard and very thankless work . . . work for a professor, not for J. F. C., the collector." He adds: "I know enough to be sure that the stuff corresponds to like stuff in Japan, Ceylon, and Eurasia."

These scraps of translation are not arranged in the order of the printed text, or indeed in any order, and the volume is one of those which would best repay careful collation and indexing. In addition to the aforesaid scraps it contains numberless newspaper cuttings anent *Ossian*, and other odds and ends which it would probably be impossible to gather together again. In one place Campbell remarks upon the "common malady of his collectors, who insist upon explaining things they cannot possibly understand".

There are more translations in a volume bound in red, lettered *L. n. F.*, and marked in left-hand upper corners A. N. 5. Campbell thus describes them in a preliminary note (dated July 22, 1871):

"It is not *translation* of any one version of a story told in Gaelic. It is my way of telling in English the pith of a great many versions of the same story told in Gaelic, written in short notes and stored in a good memory, trained to this sort of oral collection. Fresh from hearing the story, this version of Fionn's birth and the slaying of his father, Cumhal, was written. Nobody else used to do this sort of work. It is oral heroic tradition told by the collector. I doubt if I could do it now, after ten years."

In July 1881, Campbell further notes :

"I am often asked about the second vol. of *Leabhar na Feinne*. This is a sample of part of the volume which probably never will be written. . . . So if I were to set myself to this, I could work out vol. ii on this sort of plan. But if I did, the Irishmen would hate me for making their heroes the *men* of whom people tell wild tales. Nobody would read such rubbish. Nevertheless, no country in Europe has such a stock of heroic tradition as the West Highlands, *orally preserved*.

"The time of the action is the first five centuries of our era, according to Irish writers.

"I tell the story without dates, as I have learnt it orally from the poorest classes, or as I have got it from writings which purport to have been orally collected in Scotland from people equally untaught.

"I have found ready help from Irish scholars and books. Nature is better than Art when Art produces popular ballads like 'Sam Hall', and the natural man sings about his mythical ancestors out in the wilds."

I think that even in 1881 Campbell was mistaken, and that he would have received more appreciative criticism at the hands of Irishmen and more welcome from the public than he looked for. At all events, if things have changed for the better in both respects, it is mainly owing to the influence of his life work.

This volume originally consisted of 74 pages folio (blue foolscap at beginning, white afterwards), but has been increased by the insertion of a number of unpagged, chiefly white, sheets of different sizes. At the beginning is a list of Contents for the original MS., which I transcribe. I had not time to draft in the additions.

"The origin of the Feinne, 3-5 (2 pages added).—Story of Cumhall, 6-11 (8 pages added).—Fionn's birth and youthful exploits, 12-25.—Fionn's baptism, 26-27.—Beast of Loch Lurgan, 28-29.—Fionn's wisdom-tooth. The fish myth, 30-33.—Fionn's revenge, 34-37.—Fionn in the wilds, 38.—Giant sailors, 39-43.—Dragon myth, 44-54.—Bran's colour, etc., 55-56.—Fionn's trea-

suers and his cup, 57.—Fionn's return, 58-62.—Fionn's hunting, 63-65.—Fionn's first battles, 66-73.—Fionn's wooing, 74."

It will be seen by this that Campbell had carried out his intention of re-telling the Finn saga in consecutive form to a very slight extent, not more, I should say, than to one-fifth of the projected work. What he has done deserves reprinting in a specialist periodical—in these pages, for instance, or in the *Transactions of the Inverness Gaelic Society*. Students would find it a distinct advantage to have before them even a small portion of the frame-work fashioned by one who had his Fenian tradition so thoroughly at his fingers' ends as had Campbell. But I may be excused if I say I think it would be very undesirable for anyone else to attempt to deal with his documents in the same way. The unrivalled combination of knowledge, critical power, and instinctive racial sympathy which gave to its owner his unique position in the study of folk-lore can hardly be expected from any other man. For us, the followers of Campbell, it is safer to keep to the beaten track of faithful collection than to essay a personal synthesis of tradition.

Some among the readers of FOLK- LORE may, it is hoped, be able to do the work I have sketched in the foregoing pages, the work of rendering accessible to fellow-students the rich stores of folk-fancy, and of learning so full of life and penetration, as almost to deserve the name of genius, at present hidden away in the MSS. of Campbell of Islay.

In conclusion, I would fain express my grateful sense of the ready courtesy of the Chief Librarian and of the Officials of the Advocates' Library.

ALFRED NUTT.

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**RECENT RESEARCH**  
**IN**  
**COMPARATIVE RELIGION.**

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*The Religion of the Semites: Fundamental Institutions*, by W. Robertson Smith. (Black). 1889.

*The Golden Bough: A Study in Comparative Religion*, by J. G. Frazer. (Macmillan.)

*The Pre-Historic Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples*, by O. Schrader. (Griffin.)

*The Origin of the Aryans*, by Isaac Taylor. (Scott.)

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THE first two books on our list are a veritable triumph for folk-lore, and especially for that conception of the science which has been consistently advocated by the Folk-Lore Society. Here we have two books dealing with the primitive religion of the two great groups of nations from which civilisation has obtained its chief spiritual material, and both avowedly appeal to folk-lore for methods of investigation and for corroborative criteria. Both use freely the analogy of savage custom and ritual to explain those of Semites and Aryans. Both apply with confidence the method of "survivals", in order to reconstruct the primitive systems from which the "survivals" derive. The two books deal with the deepest problems of human thought, and neither disdain, in seeking for their solution, the light that may be obtained from folk-tales, superstitions, and even games, those seemingly trivial remnants of older ways of thinking which folk-lore collects or investigates. As some justification for claiming the works of Prof. Smith and Mr. Frazer for our science, I think it would be generally admitted that there is no English specialist

journal in which they could be more appropriately reviewed than in FOLK-LORE. Would that the suitability of the review were matched by the capacity of the reviewer!

Of the two books, we may deal with Prof. Smith's first, as it appeared earlier, and is, perhaps, the more important. Though professedly dealing with the Religion of the Semites, it is mainly concerned with a hypothetical history of the ritual practices of the early Arabs in their relations to those of the Old Testament. Assyriological evidence is rejected as of too advanced and hieratic a character to throw light on origins. The evidence relating to Phœnicians and Syrians is too scanty and precarious to be of much value, though Prof. Smith refers to it now and again. So that, practically, all we have to go upon for the religion of the Semites is provided by the Old Testament and the traditions of Arabia in the times of ignorance before Mahomet. With regard to the latter, the evidence is very late, being mainly derived from the songs and anecdotes of pre-Islamite Arabs contained in the *Hamasa* and the *Kitab Al Aghani*. To these are added a few notices in the commentators and geographers, as well as those contained in classical sources. One of the latter, indeed, an account of the habits of the Sinaitic Arabs in the fourth century A.D. by Nilus, does Prof. Smith yeoman's service, as we shall see.

It is thus obvious, by a recital of Prof. Smith's sources, that he adopts fully one of the main principles of the anthropological method. He seeks for origins among the primitive conditions of savage or quasi-savage life, and does not go on the assumption that the earlier in date is necessarily the earlier in development. His implicit assumption throughout his book is, that the practices of the nomad Arabs, even though recorded much later, are more primitive and nearer the common source than the customs of the sessile and more civilised Hebrews. It need scarcely be said that such an assumption will meet with no demurrer in the pages of FOLK-LORE or from any

follower of Dr. Tylor. And equal welcome will be accorded to Prof. Smith's practice in resorting for confirmatory evidence to savage nations among non-Semites ; it would have been well, indeed, if he had had more frequent recourse to this class of evidence.

On the subject of sources, it is strange that Prof. Smith has not had more frequent recourse to the Talmud and kindred literature of the later Hebrews. Here, if anywhere, we should expect to find "survivals" of archaic custom ; and much of Talmudic ritual carries on the face of it evidence of more archaic practice than the more ideal codes of Ezekiel and the Pentateuch. Prof. Smith rightly praises the works of Spencer and Selden in the seventeenth century, but he would have done well to have followed their example in using the Talmud. He would, besides, have been able by this means to test the current hypothesis of the sequence of the three codes into which the Pentateuch has been divided by the Dutch and German critics. If these point to a development in a certain direction, we ought to find that development carried still further in the same direction in Talmudic times. As a matter of fact, literary analysis is of little use in archæological research, and is scarcely mentioned more than once or twice by Prof. Smith.

Another point in which Prof. Smith adopts the methods of the anthropological school, is, that he seeks for his *origines* in early practice rather than in early thought or theory. In other words, he looks for the religion of the primitive Semites in the ritual of Semites less primitive, and not in their creed, if indeed any ancient religion can be said to have a creed. Thus the present instalment of his work deals in the main with the ritual of Sacrifice, and its meaning among the primitive Semites ; and the subject of Semitic mythology is left for the second series of the Burnett Lectures. Here again Prof. Smith is at one with Mr. Spencer, Dr. Tylor, Mr. Lang, and all those who have

treated of early religion from an anthropological standpoint.

So much for method, which is entirely that of the English schools. It is scarcely a year ago since I expressed a hope in these pages (*Arch. Rev.*, iii) that Biblical Archaeology would be treated by anthropological methods, and even as I wrote, Prof. Smith was applying those methods with signal mastery. I need not say how cordially I welcome Prof. Smith's weighty contribution to Biblical Archaeology, and if in the sequel I demur to some of his conclusions, it is on the understanding that in a field of such complexity and precarious footing the first and foremost thing is right method, and herein—let me emphasise the fact from the start—Prof. Smith has found salvation.

The subject of this first series is, as I have said, mainly the ritual of Semitic sacrifice and its meaning. Prof. Smith has a few preliminary lectures on the nature of the Semitic gods, in which he has an ingenious suggestion explaining the Baalim as divine lords of the manor, so to speak, and a still more ingenious application of the *Jinn* (the Genii of our youth and of the *Arabian Nights*) as "potential totems" of the waste places of the desert. But all this is only introduced to emphasise the conception of the Semitic gods being regarded as of the same kin as their worshippers, and so to lead on to Prof. Smith's theory of Semitic sacrifice.

This is, briefly, that sacrifice is a common meal of the god and his worshippers, by which their community of blood (in a literal sense) should be reinforced from time to time. Prof. Smith shows that a similar conception governs the blood-bond made between two individuals. He gives instances where blood is used on the altar or sprinkled on the worshipper. He minimises the importance of vegetable offerings, and sees in them the quite late and advanced modes of approaching the god. Except, however, in the one instance given by Nilus, and referred to above, he fails

to find an actual sacred meal in which the absorption of blood into the worshippers seems part of the rites.<sup>1</sup> Nor has he been able to show any analogous rites with such an avowed object among savages. Mr. Frazer, indeed, in his new book gives numerous examples of such meals, but none in which the object is to restore communion between god and worshipper. The whole idea of communion seems to me too theologically abstract to be at the basis of savage rites of sacrifice. For these we must look to some utilitarian motive, based, it may be, on some savage and seemingly absurd idea, but logically deduced from it. Now, it is difficult to see what advantage a savage can derive from being made one with his god, by eating the same flesh as he. One could understand the use of "eating the god", by which to obtain the divine qualities and powers: Mr. Frazer gives many examples of this. But what is the use of eating the same thing as the god?

Even in the totem systems there does not seem to be any attempt to renew a tribal bond with the totem, though there is, in initiatory ceremonies, an attempt to give blood-communion with the fellow-tribesmen (Frazer, *Totemism*, 45-6). At the basis of Prof. Smith's views, indeed, there is an assumption of the existence of totemism among the primitive Semites, the evidence for which he has brought forward in his *Kinship and Marriage in Ancient Arabia*. Now, this is a question still *sub judice*, and there are extremely few *judices*. I cannot think of more than four men in Europe who are competent, from knowledge of pre-historic Arabia, to pass judgment on the success of Prof. Smith's attempt to prove totemism in Arabia; and of these, two, Wellhausen and Goldziher, are adverse to his claims. But even assuming Arabic totemism to be proved, Prof. Smith has still to show that in totemistic

<sup>1</sup> As the passage from Nilus is of such crucial importance for Prof. Smith's views, it would have been well if he had reprinted it in an Appendix. It is not everyone who has access to *Nili opera quædam inedita*, Parisiis, 1639.

communities sacrifice is of the character of a communion. The blood-communion between god and worshipper cannot be regarded as a *vera causa* till it has been shown to exist among savage tribes with the avowed object of restoring communion between the totem or god and his worshipper.<sup>1</sup>

With regard to the application of Prof. Smith's theory to the Semites, there is the further difficulty that those Semites whose ritual we know best—the Hebrews—were rigidly scrupulous in avoiding the taste of blood. No reason is given for this *tabu*, and this is just one of those seemingly irrational practices that are most likely to be primitive, or at least archaic. And on the ordinarily accepted view of the origin of sacrifice—which regards it as a gift to propitiate a superior being—this can be easily understood as the avoidance of the worshipper of taking what belongs especially to the god, the essence of the victim's life, the blood. In a similar way, almost all the practices of Hebrew ritual may be explained on the tributary theory of sacrifice,<sup>2</sup> where we do have a utilitarian basis for the practice. As a savage, I give the most precious gift I can to the god, my own blood, the life of an animal, or the most precious food I know, in order to prevent him injuring me, or to induce him to do me good. The analogy is with a tribute to a king, not, as Prof. Smith would have it, with a carouse with a comrade.

It will thus be seen that Prof. Smith's theory traces religion to a sort of friendship rather than, as on the older tributary theory of sacrifice, to a feeling of fear. "It is not with a vague fear of unknown powers," he says, p. 55, "but with a loving reverence for known gods, who

<sup>1</sup> I may refer the reader to my discussion of the question, "Are there Totem Clans in the Old Testament?" in the *Archæological Review*, vol. iii.

<sup>2</sup> It is, perhaps, worth while remarking that the most general Hebrew term for sacrifice, *Corban* (familiar to the reader from the New Testament), simply means offering or gift, and there is no doubt about the etymology.

are knit to their worshippers by strong bonds of kinship, there religion in the true sense of the word begins." That is an attractive picture, but it scarcely answers to what we know of savage practice and feeling about the higher beings. It does not answer, for the matter of that, to the feeling of the majority of men who are not savages. And it is met by the further difficulty of the facts of magic which are certainly worship, and are as certainly dominated by fear. To this Prof. Smith objects that magic is never religion nor its source. But surely its simplest explanation is that it is the survival of an older religion, and its gloomy aspect is due to its antinomianism with regard to the later and generally purer creed.

Another obstacle that stands in the way of Prof. Smith's theory is the fact of human sacrifice. That cannot be a common meal of god and worshippers, and accordingly Prof. Smith has to make the most ingenious hypotheses to explain the late origin of human sacrifices among the Semites, among whom it certainly existed. But if ever a practice bore on the face of it the marks of primitiveness it is that of human sacrifice, and its existence stands in the way of the loving reverence for a kindred god postulated by Prof. Smith's theory.

Finally, it would not be impossible to explain away much of the crucial significance attached by Prof. Smith to Nilus's account of the morning rites of the Sinaitic Arabs. Thus the importance attached to the completion of the sacrificial meal between the rising and disappearance of the day-star seems to point to some form of astral worship which we know to have been current among the Northern Arabs. And even with regard to the blood-drinking, I notice an important discrepancy in Prof. Smith's account. On p. 263, the flesh was eaten "half raw, and merely softened over the fire". On p. 320, the company "hack off pieces and devour them raw"; in the former case the significance of blood is practically *nil*.

Thus altogether for these reasons I cannot consider that

Prof. Smith has made out a case for the view that sacrifice among the Semites was in its origin a blood-bond between god and worshipper. The most favourable verdict that can be given for such a contribution is the Scotch one of "Not proven". Perhaps some of the want of conviction which Prof. Smith's book produces is due to its style and arrangement. The retention of the lecture-form has given a dogmatic tone to the presentation which is signally inappropriate in a field where facts are so scanty and theories so hypothetical. Little attention has been paid to the reader's needs for explanation, and the book, as a whole, is decidedly hard reading.

Prof. Smith's book suffers much by contrast with that of Mr. Frazer, whose literary skill is to be recognised throughout, both in arrangement and his clear and careful summaries at appropriate pauses of his argument. So great is his skill in this respect that one scarcely notices that his book is made up of somewhat incongruous elements. The avowed object of the book is to explain the curious rule of succession to the Arician priesthood, the priest of Aricia being succeeded by the man who managed to slay him after plucking the Golden Bough from the tree under which he lived. But besides this, Mr. Frazer has desired to make known to English readers Mannhardt's remarkable views and facts about agricultural deities. And beyond this, it is clear that Mr. Frazer has also seized the opportunity of putting into print some of the vast materials of primitive custom and belief that he has been collecting for many years. In noticing his book we may, perhaps, separate these three threads of this cunningly woven web.

Mr. Frazer's explanation of the Arician rule is, briefly, that the Priest-king of Aricia had to be slain by his successor, as he represented the sacred life of the fields around him, and this would be kept at its highest point of efficiency by being passed on when the priest's powers began to fail. He gives elaborate parallels for the existence of priestly kings or royal priests, and for their being



regarded as incarnations of the forest or field divinities. He points out similar cases where king, priest, or even god is slain, so that he should not die a natural death with his powers enfeebled. There can be little doubt that he has proved this part of his case up to the hilt. I am not so convinced, however, of his success with the bough that plays the title *rôle* to his book. This he considers to be the "external soul" ("Life-Index" was Capt. Temple's very apt title for it) of the tree, and probably of the grove. So far so good, but why should a would-be successor of the Arician priest have to pluck it before beginning the fight with the present possessor? There can be two or more external souls of a being, answers Mr. Frazer, and both must be slain or annihilated before the soul can pass in fresh to a new external home. The moral of that would seem to be, rather keep one of the external souls vigorous, and all will be well. As one of Mr. Stevenson's characters remarks, "It's not much use killing a man if he's got another life." The Golden Bough may be the mistletoe, and the external soul of the oak, but why it had to be plucked before the combat in the grove of Nemi, is, I confess, to me a mystery still.

So much for the nominal subject of the book, which, after all, is but one of the curiosities of custom that are interesting to solve indeed, but yet seem by-paths in the search after mythological truth. But those who remember Mr. Frazer's first and still most brilliant piece of work in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, for 1885, on Burial Customs, will know that it is his way to tack on to such seeming trivialities an enormous mass of well-digested facts bearing on his nominal subject, but really of more interest than it. He has pursued the same course on the present occasion. He has incorporated in this book the greater part of Mannhardt's researches on agricultural customs and their significance, with additions from his own unrivalled collections. The most remarkable of these is that deduced from Harvest Home games, which would

seem to render it probable that human sacrifices were common in archaic times to ensure the fertility of the soil. If the inferences of Mannhardt and Mr. Frazer are to be trusted, there is scarcely a field in Europe that has not at one time or another been reddened by the blood of such a sacrifice. I would, myself, hesitate before accepting such a sweeping assertion, simply on inference from folk-lore "survivals". We should have somewhat more explicit evidence of such general carnage before we can assert its general existence all over the countries where the folk-lore customs extend. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Frazer seems to me to overlook the imitative nature of man, and the possible spread of the customs and the rhymes from one centre.

Mr. Frazer, again following Mannhardt, applies these agricultural customs to explain some of the most archaic myths, as, *e.g.*, those of the deaths of Osiris and Adonis. These he connects with the habit of killing the "corn-demon" to ensure its vigorous life in another personality. Mr. Frazer confesses, in his preface, to some misgivings that he has pushed his hypothesis too far, and in the cases of Attis, Osiris, and Dionysus this seems to be the case, their connection with agriculture being of the slightest. Mr. Frazer might have taken more account of the thesis of Von Hehn, who suggests that the association of certain plants with certain deities—*e.g.*, the olive with Athene—was really due to its introduction by the priests of the god or goddess. However, it is the duty of every hypothesiser to push his theory to its furthest extent. Someone has said that the use of philosophical systems is in their weak places. So, too, the strength of an hypothesis is best shown in its weak places. Mr. Frazer's views have some plausibility, even when stretched and strained to their utmost.

But the merit of Mr. Frazer's book resides, not so much in his theories, ingenious as they are, as in his facts and in his co-ordinations of them. "The Golden Bough" is really

a series of monographs on folk-lore and mythological subjects. Some of these attain almost to the rank of treatises, *e.g.*, the section on royal and priestly taboos in vol. i, and that on the external soul in vol. ii.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Frazer's mastery of the whole literature of folk-lore and savage life is something remarkable, and is clearly based on a thorough and systematic search through all likely sources (the Dutch reports on their Eastern possessions are a quite unworked field). One quite envies Mr. Frazer the hours of happy work which must have been passed in compiling this mass of information. He must often have felt the supreme joy of the researcher in finding his chaotic materials slowly rounding themselves into an intelligible whole. He must, by this time, have pigeon-holed the greater part of savagism and folk-lore (if we can distinguish between the two), and "The Golden Bough" from this point of view offers greater promise than even its very great performance.

Looking back on the two books, which I have now, perhaps, sufficiently though summarily characterised, a few general remarks suggest themselves. Though to a certain degree the authors have worked together, it is somewhat curious to find them tending to opposite conclusions on the same point. Thus Prof. Smith traces the theocracy, or the conception of God as king, to the establishment of monarchy in Israel; Mr. Frazer, on the other hand, regards kingship as primarily incarnate deity on earth. Royal taboos, according to Mr. Frazer, are strictly the divinity that doth hedge a king. Prof. Smith regards taboo as the origin of holiness. I have already referred to the different attitudes of the two authors as regards human sacrifice, though it is fair to remember that Mr. Frazer is speaking mainly of the agricultural stage, Prof. Smith of the nomad or pastoral.

The two books, indeed, suggest that in the very near

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Clodd's "Philosophy of Punchkin", *F.-L. J.*, ii, might have been referred to in this connection.

future we may see the very desirable application of institutional archæology to mythology. The gods and rituals of a nomad or pastoral people will differ from those of an agricultural type of society, and we should find traces of the difference in the passage of one nation through these stages. Prof. Smith at times makes use of this criterion, but the institutional archæology of the Semites is in too immature a state to be of much use in this direction at present.

Both books are slightly old-fashioned in assuming a unity and solidarity among both Aryans and Semites, which all recent research tends to disprove. In all branches of pre-historic and folk-lore research the tendency is to regard customs, language, and institutions as having a definite origin at a fixed place and epoch, and their spread is to be explained through diffusion by borrowing. I have already referred to this in connection with Mr. Frazer's book, but the point is important enough to deserve reiteration. The borrowing hypothesis is clearly applicable to mythology, since the religions of the whole world have been borrowed from opposite races, the Buddhism of the Mongol races from the Aryans of India, the Christianity of Europe from the Semites of Judæa, and the Mahomedanism of Turkey, India, and Africa from Semitic Arabia. Those are borrowing facts which lend great plausibility to the borrowing hypothesis on a smaller scale and in less wide areas.

The last two books on our list deal on a large scale with this borrowing process, in language, custom, and institutions among the early Aryans. Dr. Schrader's book gives the facts of the pre-historic antiquities of the Aryan peoples, as deduced from their languages and their material archæology, with German thoroughness; but, alas! with German unreadableness. Though professing to review and revise the facts of philology by the facts of archæology, the book is, in the main, philological. It chiefly interests us here as giving the latest word on the original Aryan

mythology, which, twenty years ago, was going to give us the key to all the mythologies. Judging from Dr. Schrader's results, the key has broken in the wards. He declines to grant a single god common to the whole of Aryan-speaking peoples.

The resemblances in names are reduced to two or three notably Zeus = Dyaus, and these are explained away without the resort to the hypothesis of a common worship of the early Aryans. Thus, of the great mythological myth of the sixties one great stronghold is taken. The Aryans had no common gods. Dr. Schrader is even so heretical as to deny that they ever had a common home, and certainly not in Asia. This is a theme taken up with great skill by Canon Taylor, whose lucidity is a pleasant contrast to Dr. Schrader's painstaking piling up of materials for a book. Canon Taylor adds to the subsidiary aids of philology the use of anthropology. His craniology strikes one as somewhat amateurish, but his ethnological treatment of the subject brings out the main thesis of his book with great skill. This I take to be that the Aryan tongue was imposed upon the peoples now speaking Aryan by conquest, and was not a common possession of six or seven sets of races. In short, there was only one Aryan race and tongue, and the latter has been passed on to various races by conquest. Authorities are disagreed as to the Ur-Aryans: some are for the Scandinavians, some for the Celts. Canon Taylor himself has a brief for the Letts; but all seem to agree that there was never such a thing as a common Aryan race from whom Celts, Teutons, etc., "swarmed off" as they increased in numbers. The whole outcome is a remarkable lesson against precipitate decision in such inquiries. Twenty years ago we could all have sworn that the original home of the Aryans was in Asia, that they were all of one blood, that they had a common culture and worship, and that they passed into Europe westwards. All this was presented to us with such confidence, eloquence, and insistence, that denial seemed ignorant presumption. Now all this is changed, and great is the

fall of the originators thereof. And with their fall has gone the folk-etymology theory of the origin of the early mythologies.

No one theory has taken the place of the sun-myths and the rest. A wise syncretism is taking the place of the single key that was to fit all wards. There are gods of the woods and of the fields, there are totem-gods and ancestral gods, the generative powers were worshipped, stocks and stones received their cult, even the sun and moon had their votaries. Few would nowadays be prepared to reduce all these forms of man's reverence for the Divine to any one single principle. And even in details, the passion for explaining away the facts as given in ancient records is fast disappearing. When the sacrifice was given "as a sweet savour unto the Lord" the modern inquirer does not desire to explain this away. He thinks the ancient who spoke thus meant what he said, and no more or less. The results thus reached may often seem ludicrous, but they are not more so than facts observed every day in savage life. We ought not perhaps to be surprised to find that as man has risen from the beasts we can catch him at times in stages of mind which can be but little higher than the beast's.

The hope that the study of comparative religion would throw some light on religion itself seems to be fading away. It seems, in fact, as if the mythological show has somewhat disappointed the sight-seers. They have been invited by eloquent showmen to enter and take their seats, and they would see what they would see. What they have seen has been a curtain covered with figures, some beautiful and some grotesque, but all of lower orders of art. Many have been the guesses as to the meaning of these figures, and as to what was behind the curtain. But the curtain has never been raised, and some among the audience are beginning to ask, "Is the curtain the picture, and is there nothing behind the veil, behind the veil?"

JOSEPH JACOBS.

*PROCEEDINGS*  
*AT THE*  
*ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY,*

*Held at 22, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, on Tuesday*  
*Evening, June 24th, 1890.*

G. L. GOMME, ESQ., Director, in the Chair.

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**T**HE Report of the Council was read by the Secretary,  
Mr. FOSTER :—

The Council have deemed it desirable to revert to an earlier date for the Annual Meeting of the Society than has been the practice of the past two years.

There is only six months' work to report, therefore, and though a great deal of attention has been given by the Council and their Committees to the recommendations adopted by the Society in November last, it is too early to report definite results.

The Council's first attention was directed to the publications of the Society. They appointed an Editorial Committee, consisting of the Hon. J. Abercromby, Mr. Gomme, and Mr. Nutt, to whom were deputed the duties attendant upon the publication of the Journal of the Society. The title of this Journal was the first important question to be decided, and the Council congratulate the Society upon the one adopted—*Folk-Lore*. The Committee has the valuable aid of Mr. Joseph Jacobs as Editor of *Folk-Lore*, and the result of the new arrangement will, the Council believe, be satisfactory to the Members of the Society, and a distinct advantage to the scientific study of Folk-lore. The Council hope that Members will use every effort to make the new Journal known in all parts of the country, and will forward to the Editor all contributions that may prove of service.

The second volume of the year is the *Exempla of Jacques de Vitry*, to be edited by Professor Crane. This is now nearly through the press, and will be ready for issue in a short time.

The Tabulation of Folk-tales, to which the Council have given so much attention, has been the subject of some criticism, both at the Folk-lore Congress at Paris in 1889, and by scholars at home. The Council, while admitting that some improvement in detail might be adopted, consider that their plan on the whole will supply students with the most satisfactory collection of material for the proper study of folk-tales. They have, however, somewhat varied their plan of action. To arrive at quicker results, they consider that the tales should be taken up group by group, and as the tabulation of all the tales belonging to each group is completed, they have resolved to publish these separately for the use of Members. The first group selected for this purpose is "Cinderella". Miss Roalfe Cox kindly consented to edit the tabulation of this group, and accordingly all Members engaged in tabulation are now at work upon the several variants. As soon as this group has been completed, another will be taken up, and by this means a survey of the variants of each tale will be supplied, and, it is hoped, at no great distance of time.

*The Handbook of Folk-Lore* is not yet finished, but will be ready before the autumn session of the Society opens, and the Council hope that Members will do their utmost to make it widely known and used, both at home and by travellers abroad. As soon as this is out of the way, the Council hope to be able to press forward Mr. Gomme's *English Bibliography of Folk-Lore*.

At the Folk-lore Congress held at Paris in July 1889 it was resolved unanimously to hold the second meeting in London, in 1891, and Mr. C. G. Leland, President of the Gipsy-lore Society, was nominated by the meeting "pour s'occuper de son organisation". The Council, feeling the importance of the subject, have entered into hearty co-operation with Mr. Leland, and have decided to use every effort to promote the success of such a gathering. Many important detailed arrangements are necessary, and the Council look forward to the help of all Members, both to give our foreign visitors and fellow-workers a hearty welcome, and to advance by these international exchanges of thought the progress



of our study. The Council will issue further particulars as soon as definite arrangements are made, and so that no expense shall fall upon the funds of the Society, they propose the formation of a small guarantee fund to cover any expenditure in excess of the Congress fee.

During the last session the following evening meetings have been held, and have been very well attended.

1889.

Nov. 25.—Annual Address by the President.

Dec. 17.—Legends from Torres Straits. By Professor A. C. Haddon.

1890.

Jan. 28.—The Development of the Ossianic Saga. By Alfred Nutt.

Feb. 25.—Legends of the Island-Frisians. By William George Black.

Lady Godiva. By E. Sidney Hartland.

March 25.—Notes on the Folk-lore of Beetles. By W. F. Kirby.

The Grail and other Palestinian Legends. By the Rev. Dr. Gaster.

April 29.—A Highland Folk-tale and its Origin in Custom. By G. L. Gomme.

Recent Views on the Nibelungenlied. By Alfred Nutt.

An English Folk-tale. By Joseph Jacobs.

May 27.—Marriage Customs of the Mordvins. By the Hon. J. Abercromby.

June 24.—The Collection of English Folk-lore. By Miss Burne.

The roll of members has increased from 346 to 375.

ANDREW LANG, *President.*

G. L. GOMME, *Director.*

The CHAIRMAN moved the adoption of the Report, which was seconded and agreed to *nem. con.*

The Treasurer's Report was then read by Mr. FOSTER, and adopted *nem. con.* (*See opposite page.*)

Mr. CHRISTIE moved the election of Mr. Andrew Lang as President; Lord Beauchamp, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. E. B. Tylor, and General Pitt-Rivers as Vice-Presidents;

**Folk-Lore Society.**

*Treasurer's Account of Receipts and Expenditure for the Year ending December 31st, 1889.*

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
To Balance at Bank	...	...	207 15 7	By Printing Account	...	...	210 17 3
" Cash in hands of Hon. Sec.	...	...	9 6 0	" Advertising	...	...	5 6 6
" Subscriptions on Account of--				" Bank Charges, Postages, etc.	...	£0 1 1	
" " 1887	...	£2 2 0		" " Losses in Exchange	...	0 3 2	
" " 1888	...	5 5 0			ales	...	0 4 3
" " 1889	...	264 3 4		" " "	...	...	6 6 0
" " 1890	...	7 18 0		" " "	...	...	10 0 0
			279 8 4	" " "	...	...	4 19 1
Compounders' Fees	...	...	10 10 0	" Postage, Circulation, Annual and Subscription re-	...	...	46 0 0
" Sale of Publications	...	...	106 3 1	" " "	...	...	320 18 11
				" Balance at Bank	...	...	8 11 0
				" Cash in hands of Hon. Sec.	...	...	
			£613 3 0				£613 3 0

DD

**Examined and found correct,**

**GEO. L. APPERSON,**  
*Auditor.*

Mr. Gomme as Director, Mr. Clodd as Treasurer, and Mr. J. J. Foster as Hon. Secretary ; and the following as Council for the ensuing year :—

HON. JOHN ABERCROMBY.	E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A.
WALTER BESANT.	A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A.
EDWARD BRABROOK, F.S.A.	JOSEPH JACOBS, B.A.
DR. ROBERT BROWN.	W. F. KIRBY.
MISS C. S. BURNE.	ALFRED NUTT.
MISS M. ROALFE COX.	T. F. ORDISH, F.S.A.
J. G. FRASER, M.A.	PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE, M.A.
DR. GASTER.	MAJOR R. C. TEMPLE.
PROFESSOR A. C. HADDON.	HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

The Rev. A. LOEWY seconded the motion, which was carried *nem. con.*

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### "HOW THEY MET THEMSELVES."

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—In the very interesting paper, by M. Auguste Barth, in FOLK-LORE, No. II, entitled "How They Met Themselves", he states that he could never find among the most intimate friends of Dante Gabriel Rossetti anyone who could explain the subject of the picture by the poet-artist representing a couple meeting their own facsimiles.

I think that I can indicate the possible source of the subject in question. About twenty years ago I saw, in the studio of a picture-cleaner, the late Mr. Merritt, a very beautiful work by Carpaccio, representing two nuns walking in a garden. As Mr. Merritt proceeded in his uncovering, he was astonished to find that there were really four nuns, two of whom had been painted over. When all was perfectly restored (which was done with extraordinary skill and love), it was apparent that the restored nuns were duplicates of the other pair, but evidently of a spiritual nature, as the trees, or other portions of the landscape, were visible through their dresses as through a mist. When Mr. Merritt asked me what I thought it meant, I replied, in the words cited by Mr. Darmstetter :—

"It shall be told, ere Babylon was dust,  
The Magus Zoroaster, my great child,  
Met his own image walking in the garden."

There was no old Italian artist more congenial to Rossetti than Carpaccio, and the picture to which I refer, as regards rich golden orange sunset light, pre-Raphaelite details of peacocks and flowers, and a peculiar dreamy

expression as of the olden time, surpassed anything which I ever beheld. I have seen many Carpaccios in Venice and Florence, but none which were so *märchenhaft*, as Germans express it. Rossetti could hardly have been ignorant of it.

It may be worth observing in this connection that the belief in an *alter ego*, *fetch*, *wraith*, or *double*, is one of the few conceptions which may be set down as sporadic, or occurring spontaneously to man independently of tradition. The sight of one's own image in silent water, shining weapons, or mirrors, suggests that of a spirit taking our own likeness. When I was a very little boy, seeing my reflection in a well—this was at Holliston, Massachusetts—I was told that it was the face of another little boy who lived down in the water. The same story is told to children in South Slavonian lands, among the Hungarian Saxons and gipsies, with this difference, that it is a lady who appears to them.

As the reflection in a mirror is evidently due to natural causes, it is, to make it appear supernatural, moved further on, so to speak, to a new phenomenon. The late Abraham Lincoln, one night when looking at himself in a hand-glass opposite a mirror, saw his own face *double* in the former. Mrs. Lincoln explained this as a presage of approaching death, and he was actually murdered very soon afterwards. When I read this I at once went to a looking-glass with a hand-mirror, and succeeded in producing the same appearance.

There is good reason for believing that most of the Tuscan Florentine beliefs are old Etruscan. I have found nearly all of the charms and spells of Marcellus Burdigalensis current in the Toscana Romagna. And as the Etruscans were extremely superstitious, and, moreover, made great use of mirrors, it is possible that they carried the idea of the *Doppeltgänger* to a great extent.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

## “FASCINATION” AND HYPNOTISM.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—I have sometimes wondered whether students of sorcery, witchcraft, etc., were quite alive to the significance of recent investigations in hypnotism. Mr. Nutt's letter (*supra*, p. 274) seems to show that they are not. The suggestion is not new; it is recognised by scientific investigators of hypnotism that their studies have a bearing on these matters, and “fascination” is the name of a distinct series of hypnotic phenomena. There is a delightful field for fruitful investigation here for anyone combining the requisite qualifications, or for two persons working in collaboration. I hope that in your influential position you will stir someone up to the task.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

[Mr. Nutt's letter was designed to call attention of students of folk-lore to the connection, not that of experts in hypnotism, though, apart from some of M. Charcot's experiments, it would be difficult for these latter to show any direct treatment of the subject.—ED. *F.-L.*]

## A TALE OF CAMPBELL AND ITS FOUNDATION IN USAGE.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—Mr. Gomme's interesting paper on a tale of Campbell's, and its foundation in custom (*supra*, p. 197 *seq.*), appears to me to have one main weakness. The incident of finding the mallet in the box which the ill-treated father hides away from his children, pretending that it contained money, is not vital to the story. If the box had contained leaves or bricks or sand, the nemesis on the children would be the same. No doubt the rhyme on the mallet is effective, but against whom? Not against the children;

but against a parent who could be fool enough to trust them with all his wealth before his death. I am encouraged in this view of the want of the vital connection of the mallet by observing a variant of the story found as far away as Kashmir (Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, "How the wicked Sons were duped"), and without the mallet. Here we have the ungrateful children, the friend's advice, and the hoarded box with nothing in it, which leads to better treatment by the children; but all that is found in the box after the old man's death is dirt and leaves.

I would add that the presence of the same rhyme in the Gaelic tale, the twelfth century Latin story, and the German inscription, seem to me to tell for the origination of the stone in one single place in historic times, and its diffusion to the remaining spots where it is found. Till that centre of dispersion is settled the story cannot be used as evidence for custom in any place, as it may be merely an unmeaning rhyme borrowed from a place where it had meaning.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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AMONG forthcoming articles will be one by Hon. J. Abercromby, on the Marriage Customs of the Moravians ; to be followed by others on the Marriage Customs of the Early Russians and in the Caucasus, by Prof. Kowalwsky; and the same among the Chinese, by Mr. Lockhart.

THE Book of English Fairy Tales, by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, which is now almost ready, will have some folk-lore notes of interest, giving parallels to the tales, and discussing special points in them.

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON is preparing a third and supplementary volume of his " Popular Tales and Fictions".

MR. C. G. LELAND has in the press a work on Gipsy Charms and Incantations.

AT last Germany is to have a Folk-Lore Society, notwithstanding Professor Weinhold's scathing remarks on the subject in the *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie*. Dr. Veckenstedt is interesting himself in the Society, which will publish a *Zeitschrift für Volkskunde*, quarterly. We give the new venture a friendly "Hoch!"

MR. WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK'S volume on "Folk-medicine : a Chapter in the History of Culture", published by the Folk-Lore Society in 1883, has been translated into Spanish by Sn. Dn. Antonio Machado y Alvarez. (Madrid, *El Progreso Editorial*, 1889, 8vo., pp. xiii, 361). Both Mr. Black and the Folk-Lore Society may feel much complimented by Spanish appreciation of their work.



PREPARATIONS for the Congress are progressing very satisfactorily. A guarantee fund has been liberally subscribed, and Executive and Literary Committees have been elected out of the Organising Committee.

THE *Handbook of Folk-Lore* has now been nearly all passed for press, and will certainly be in the hands of most of our readers before the end of the year.

THE visit of the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") to this country has resulted in a scene of great interest to folk-lorists. On September 10th, the Queen, dressed in Roumanian peasant costume, exchanged folk-tales, legends, and ballads with a select number of Welsh bards.

M. GASTON PARIS, in his review in the *Journal des Savants* of Count Nigra's book on Piedmontese Folk-Songs (reviewed by Miss Busk *supra*, pp. 261-7), comes to the important conclusion that the majority of the lyrico-epic ballads common to the Romance-speaking countries are derived from N.W. France in the fifteenth or, at earliest, fourteenth century.

WE must all learn Finnish. The University of Helsingfors, besides possessing the only Professor of Folk-lore in the world, has MS. collections of over 100,000 items of Finnish folk-lore, including 12,000 folk tales.

COMMUNICATIONS for the next (December) number of FOLK-LORE should reach the Office, 270, Strand, W.C. before November 1.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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**A Jataka in Pausanias.**—Yet one more Jataka story in Greek, beyond those mentioned by Mr. Jacobs in his *Æsop*. The story of Ocnus and the She-Ass (*Pausanias*, x, 29) is found in Jataka, No. 77, "The Wonderful Dreams." I transcribe from my translation in MS.

[The 7th Dream.] "A man was twisting a rope, and as he twisted it he dropped it at his feet. A hungry she-jackal lay under the chair on which he sat, and she devoured it without his seeing what happened. That is what I saw, and that is my seventh dream. What will come of it?"

"This dream, too, will come to pass in the future. In days to come women shall be fond of men, fond of strong drink, fond of finery, fond of the streets, fond of enjoyment. Their husbands will till the field or tend the cattle, and gather wealth with toiling and moiling; the women will drink with their lovers, load themselves with garlands, scents, and perfumes; they will leave the urgent duties of the house, they will peep out of holes up in the outside wall to look for their lovers, they will manage to get broth and food of all kinds, even if they have to grind the seed which should be sown on the morrow. Thus they devour all their husbands have earned, just like the jackal that lay down below the chair and devoured the rope as it fell at the feet of the man that was twisting it."

Pausanias, in his account of Delphi, gives the following tale:—"After these there is a picture of a man seated, whom an inscription declares to be Ocnus. He is represented as twisting a rope, and a she-ass which stands by him eats the rope as it is twisted. It is said that this Ocnus was an industrious man who had an extravagant wife; all that he saved by his work she would squander without delay. This is what they would have Polygnotus to mean by his allegorical picture of Ocnus. I know that the Ionians have a proverb which they use when they see a man toiling to no purpose—'This fellow is making Ocnus's rope.'"

W. H. D. ROUSE.

*Christ's College, Cambridge, June 6, 1890.*

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# Folk-Lore.

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[No. IV.]

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## MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE MORDVINS.<sup>1</sup>

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CELIBACY is almost unknown among the Mordvins ; when it occurs it is almost always the result of a vow, and in places where Russian influence is strong. Sometimes a girl is not married in consequence of a vow to a deity—if hail, for instance, has ruined the crops, or some misfortune has befallen the family. Such a girl is termed the “wife of the hail-king”.

Mr. Mainoff was of opinion that formerly kinship, with one exception, was no bar to marriage. He arrived at this conclusion from the fact that the more the people have come under Russian and Christian influence, the more they avoid marriages between relations. In spite of all his efforts he was unable to discover why unions between closely related couples are illicit. He was simply assured that the prohibition was taken from the Russians ; and in the government of Penza he found a general impression that the children born of a marriage between near relations were sickly. He believed himself that the only old national taboo was on a union between brother and sister, such as is recorded in the following Erza folk-tale narrated to him in the village of Arzamas :—

“Once upon a time there was a brother and sister.

<sup>1</sup> I have taken the facts relating to the Mordvins from the late W. Mainoff's *Mordvankansan häätäpoja*, pp. 114, Helsingfors, 1883.

Their father took the brother to a certain town, where they lived for ten years. The sister came to the town and worked in the same house as the brother. They fell in love, slept together at night, and the sister gave birth to a dog. They had slept together like dogs, and therefore a dog was born."

With this may be compared the Kalmuk proverb quoted by McLennan,<sup>1</sup> "The great folk and dogs know no relationship." The fact of being a fellow-villager, or bearing the same family name, is no impediment to marriage, as there is no necessary relationship. Names, in fact, are generally the result of accident, for immediately after birth the child is taken out of doors by the midwife, who looks round, and gives it the name of the first object that catches her eye. Hence such names as *Potkai* (Horseshoe), *Pinai* (Dog), *Shi* (Sun), *Vatse* (Excrement).<sup>2</sup> An adopted child can also marry a member of the family of its adoption, as there is no necessary kinship.

There is no fixed age for entering the married state. Among the Erza it is sufficient if the bridegroom be nineteen years of age, but the bride must not be under seventeen. Among the Moksha, on the contrary, the bride must be older than the bridegroom. A lad may marry at the age of eighteen or nineteen, but his wife must be twenty or twenty-one. The betrothal of children under age is scarcely known, though Pallas (*Voyages en Russie*, i, p. 107), in the year 1768, mentions that they were betrothed at a very tender age, as if it were then usual. The Moksha under no circumstances will allow a younger sister to be married before an elder one; but parents do not object to a younger daughter falling in love with a lad and getting children before they can marry in consequence of this social rule.

<sup>1</sup> *Primitive Marriage*, p. 78 (1876).

<sup>2</sup> The Ostiaks also give names from accidental circumstances. O. Finsch, *Reise n. West Siberien*, p. 540; the Samoyedes, Le Brun's *Travels*, Eng. edit., p. 14; the Kalmuks, Pallas's *Voyages en Russie*, p. 571.

Among the Erza marriages are generally arranged by the parents, sometimes without the knowledge of their children, who have no voice in the matter; but this is not the case with the Moksha; with them some mutual inclination is necessary, and the young couple agree to marry before informing their parents.

Neither the Erza nor the Moksha lay much stress on the virginity of the bride, and it is certainly not a *sine quâ non*. No disgrace attaches to a girl for giving birth to a child; it only proves she has the great merit of being able to bear children. Her child belongs to her father. The Moksha have a saying which alludes to this: "A cow is at the pasture; the proprietor gets the calf." The Erza have borrowed from the Russians an adage of similar import: "The bull may be anybody's, but the calf is ours." Another proverb, common to both branches of the Mordvins, refers to the same thing: "A girl makes a child for her father, a wife for her husband, but a man for a stranger." In some places<sup>1</sup> the wedding-guests break the dishes and smash everything before them if the bridegroom has remarked that the bride is a virgin, and this procedure is regarded by her parents as a special mark of honour. Mainoff opined that this practice was due to Russian influence, but exactly the same custom is reported of the Ostiaks (Ahlqvist, *Unter Wogulen u. Ostjaken*, p. 161), among whom the virginity of the bride seems to be rarely preserved.

In the last century polygamy, though sanctioned, was of rare occurrence, and now, of course, is prohibited.

§ 1. Marriage with capture,<sup>2</sup> *lises*, is still in force. A young man falls in love with a girl who reciprocates his feelings, and they agree to marry. Sometimes, though rarely, she refuses to make a runaway marriage, *lises*; but if she is willing, the lad communicates their intention to his father,

<sup>1</sup> Sarlei (Nizhegorod); Semeikino (Simbirsk).

<sup>2</sup> At the end of this paper I have explained the difference between marriage with capture and marriage by capture.

otherwise as he would have no home to go to, and bargains with an easy-going priest to marry them. The reckless bridegroom, "who has plunged into the stream without knowing the ford," in other words, who has brought his bride to church without stipulating beforehand concerning the priest's fee, has to pay heavily for his want of foresight. The young man has also called upon his male friends to assist him in his enterprise. On a given night, about 11 P.M., some ten or twelve of these, in three or four troikas, assemble in the courtyard of his father's house, and, on hearing the first cockcrow, they whip the horses and dash off at full speed. On reaching the bride's village the young man goes alone to fetch his sweetheart, seizes her by the waist, and carries her back to where he had left his friends. She scratches and pinches him the whole time, but the more she resists the better pleased is her abductor. With the help of his friends he throws a cloth over her head, packs her into a carriage, and then they all drive off in hot haste.

Meanwhile the bride's people have perhaps remarked that something is amiss, and that she has been abducted. The alarm is given, the men of the village are summoned, and a pursuit begins. The pursuers have eventually either to return empty-handed, or they overtake the abductors. In the latter case a tussle ensues, resulting in broken teeth, bruised heads, and sometimes broken legs. If the young man's party is successful it carries off the girl to church, where the priest performs the marriage ceremony according to the Russian rite.

Marriages of this kind end in a huge carouse given at the house of the bridegroom to the parents and relations of the bride. Her father pretends at first not to wish to enter the gate, makes an uproar, and demands his daughter back ; but after a glass or two of spirits he relents, and is led by the arm into the common room. Custom requires that the bride's mother should resist all efforts to appease her, and she has to be carried in by force. An outraged

parent never dreams of making a formal complaint about the abduction of his daughter, as it would only be heard before the old men of the village, who look upon these marriages as quite natural. However, among the Erza they are becoming more and more rare, and it is only among the Moksha that marriage with abduction is a prevalent custom.

In the last three paragraphs Mainoff, who believed that marriage by capture or elopement, *lises*, was the old and sole mode of taking a wife formerly among the Mordvins, has, I think, put the matter too strongly; for elsewhere he incidentally mentions that, though the taking of a wife should have originated by *lises*, the wedding is held in the same manner as if it had happened with the consent of the parents, with the sole difference that the bride's parents and relations must be appeased with a larger quantity of spirits and *pure*,<sup>1</sup> and Lepekhin<sup>2</sup> states that if the lad is overtaken he must pay for it with a fearful thrashing, or even with his life; but if he escaped he kept the bride, but had to pay the kalym, though he was allowed to do this by instalments. Capture or elopement is therefore only an incident in a marriage by purchase. However, Mainoff was told that fifty years ago marriages by simple capture, *lises*, took place, with which the matter ended, for there was no carouse.

§ 2. Wooing, as a formal act, is always done by proxy.<sup>3</sup> In the Penza government, if a young man has no special object of his affections, he sends spokesmen "to take a look" at some girl. He may even be present, but must not disclose the object of his visit. If the girl is attractive

<sup>1</sup> A kind of beer mixed with honey.

<sup>2</sup> *Tagebuch d. Reise durch verschied. Provinz. d. Russ. Reiches in 1768-9*, p. 106.

<sup>3</sup> Baron v. Herberstein in 1549 (transl. by R. H. Major, i, 91) mentions that in Russia it was held to be dishonourable and a disgrace for a young man to address a girl in order that he might obtain her hand in marriage.

the spokesmen ask the parents if they intend marrying her, what presents they would give, and in this way negotiations are set on foot.

Elsewhere, if a father wishes to marry his son to some girl, or if the lad has already set his affections upon a certain maiden, the first act is to woo her in the prescribed manner. Either the young man's parents or specially appointed matchmakers proceed to the house of the bride-elect to broach the subject to her people. When the visit is made in the first instance by intermediaries, they report the result, and if their propositions have been favourably received, the young man's parents go there on a later occasion. It is considered very unlucky that the object of their visit should be prematurely known. Should they encounter anyone by the way who remarks, "Ah! I know where you are going; you are going to make a match for your son," they will at once retrace their steps and postpone their errand for another day. If they are fortunate enough to reach their destination unnoticed, they are received by the girl's parents as though the purpose of their coming were unsuspected. By hints the young man's father lets the girl's parents understand that it would be by no means a bad business were they to become connected. As soon as the object of the visit is thus disclosed the visitors are removed to the seat of honour, and negotiations are now begun. A wax candle is placed on the table, and prayer is made in the following terms:—"O mother, *Yurt azyr ava*,<sup>1</sup> O *Kud azyr ava*,<sup>2</sup> that giveth suck, O deceased ancestors, bless our intention; give a young couple luck, riches, and many children."

The girl's father then cuts off a corner of a loaf with three slashes of a knife, salts it, and places it under the threshold where the Penates are believed to frequent. This is called the "god's portion". For a long time they haggle about the price (*pitne*) to be paid for the bride and about

<sup>1</sup> Goddess of the homestead.

<sup>2</sup> Goddess of the dwelling-house.

the articles to be "put on the table", such as the bride's presents, the quantity of spirits, *pure*, and provisions required for the carouse. The day of the wedding carouse (*proksimme*) is also fixed. When everything is agreed to the girl is summoned, and she is asked if she wishes to be married. Silence is taken to give consent.

§ 2a. Melnikoff, writing of the Moksha of Simbirsk in the year 1851, mentions a curious custom of wooing. The young man's parents first make offerings at home to *Yurt azyr ava* and *Kud azyr ava*. These gifts consist of dough figures of domestic animals, which are placed under the threshold of the house and of the outside gate, while prayer is made to the goddesses and to deceased ancestors. The father then cuts off the corner of a loaf placed on the table, and at the time of the offerings scoops out the inside and fills it with honey. At midnight he drives in profound secrecy to the house of the bride-elect, places the honeyed bread on the gate-post, strikes the window with his whip, and shouts: "*Seta!* I, *Veshnak Mazakoff*, make a match between thy daughter *Kodai* and my son *Uru*. Take the honeyed bread from thy gate-post and pray.<sup>1</sup> After this speech *Veshnak* gallops home as hard as he can, while *Seta* dresses in haste and sallies forth in pursuit with his children and relations. Should the former be overtaken he is flogged within an inch of his life; if he escapes, the pursuers drive on to his house and demand if he is at home. He is now bound to show himself at the window in proof that he has not hidden somewhere on the road. *Seta* cannot now oppose the match or refuse his daughter, so he returns home, prays to *Yurt azyr ava*, *Kud azyr ava*, and to his ancestors, and offers up the "god's portion".

§ 2b. A very similar custom was formerly in vogue in the Moksha village of Napolni (Simbirsk). The young man's father, taking a staff and half a round loaf, pro-

<sup>1</sup> Though Mainoff did not believe the words of the original have been quite correctly translated, he has not amended the translation.



ceeded to the girl's house, struck the door with his staff, and when it was opened threw in the half loaf and took to his heels. He was immediately pursued, and if overtaken was mercilessly cudgelled ; but he was not only safe if he managed to pass beyond the village boundary in time, but his pursuers had to make terms with him and agree to the match.

§ 2c. Another type of wooing is found in the district of Bugulminsk. The parents and some relations of the young man proceed to the house of the bride-elect, and, on entering it, ask outright whether her parents will give their daughter in marriage. At the same time they demand a direct answer, and will not sit down till it is given. Meanwhile the women of the party just arrived lay on the table a loaf, salt, and spirits. Before the girl's father has expressed his assent to the match no one touches the things. Should he decline the offer, the bread and spirits are left on the table for three days, evidently to allow time for reconsideration ; but if he shows his approval by sitting down to table, all present follow suit, and he immediately sends to invite his relations and neighbours to the entertainment. The respective parents now come to terms about the *pitne* or kalym. When this important matter is settled the girl's father takes the young man's parents by the hand, leads them to the bride-elect, who is hiding in some corner, but will not let them see her till they have paid a special fee. She is then asked if she will marry the young man in question, and generally gives her consent, as she has possibly agreed with him to do so long ago. She then gives the suitors presents made by herself, and her future father-in-law gives her money in return.

§ 3. The negotiations which take place between the heads of families about to be connected by marriage are often very lengthy ; nor are they broken off, though meanwhile an elopement, *lises*, should have taken place. The Erza haggles most about what should be "put on the table". This is generally a crown, a breast-buckle, and other orna-

ments. With the Moksha everything, down to the most trifling matter, must be agreed upon beforehand, including the quantity of spirits to be brought by the young man's parents. Whatever arrangements are finally decided upon, they always remain verbal, and are never in the form of a written contract, as is the case with the Russians. The bride's price is from 25 to 100 roubles in cash, and also the expenses of the feasts and carouse, amounting to 50 or 60 roubles. With the Erza, this money goes into her father's pocket, who usually regards it as a compensation for the ornaments and gifts given to his daughter. The Moksha pay the *pitne* directly to the bride, who buys for herself a bed, furs, and wearing apparel. The Mordvins have no marriage portion or dowry,<sup>1</sup> in the full sense of the word, though they have something that partly answers to it. The articles that compose it are entirely worked by the bride and her friends, and so are entirely her own property, though sometimes her father will give her a calf or two or three sheep; but such a gift is not compulsory, and is rather to be regarded as a wedding-present.

Of course, it sometimes happens that a match is broken off; then a question of compensation may arise. Among the Moksha this is a matter of mutual private arrangement if possible; otherwise it must be brought into court. It once happened at Kemesker (Saratoff) that a match had been arranged, and the usual preparations were on foot, when suddenly the bridegroom had to be removed to a madhouse. The girl's father demanded compensation for the expense he had already been put to, but the court decided against him. On the other hand, at Verhis (Penza), in the year 1877, a young man heard that his intended was keeping company with the bone-setter of another village,

<sup>1</sup> Georgi, *Descrip. de toutes les nations de l'empire de Russie* (in 1766), i, p. 88, states that the Voguls have no marriage portion, and both he and Isbrants, in 1691, quoted by Le Brun, *op. cit.*, p. 144, mention that the Voguls obtain their wives by purchase, and that the marriages are conducted for the most part without ceremonies.

and on that account renounced his engagement. The matter came before the court, which sentenced him not only to pay costs, but also an additional ten roubles to the girl for spreading a scandalous report about her, and further, to receive twenty strokes with a rod, "that he might learn henceforth not to calumniate a girl."

§ 4. The wedding carouse, *proksimme*, or "hand-striking", forms one of the most essential features in the whole series of marriage customs, as the match is now finally ratified, and Makarius states expressly that, after it, the young man passes every night beside his bride. The period at which it takes place varies. According to Makarius, the Erza of Nizhegorod held it three days before the wedding, which did not take place for two or three years after the wooing, all which time was spent by the bride in preparing a trousseau for herself; but generally it seems to take place either simultaneously with the negotiations about the *kalym*, as recorded in § 2c, or when these are definitely settled.

On the day of the carouse there is first a gathering of the bridegroom's relations and friends at his father's house. When the guests have arrived, the proceedings of the day are begun with a prayer to *Chim Paz*, the sun-god: "O father *Chim Paz*, bless a good business, grant good luck, grant many children."

The "god's portion" is then offered, and a little brandy is spilt under the threshold. After this, the whole party, with a supply of pies and spirits, starts for the home of the bride-elect with much jubilation and singing. If her parents, who have received information beforehand of the coming of the match-makers, are inclined to the project, they either drive out by the horse-gate to meet them, or they meet them at the gate with bows, while carrying in their hands bread and a salt-cellar. All then enter the common room. The young man's father is again placed in the seat of honour, and, when everything is accurately agreed to, they begin to strike hands. This ceremony consisted

formerly in the future fathers-in-law seizing the tie-beam with the left hand, and taking each other's right hand, with the formula, *ked koshkek*, "dry thy hand". There is, however, only one Moksha village where all this is done.<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere they merely strike hands, without seizing the tie-beam.

The bride's mother now sets on the table the loaf and salt-cellar, with which the guests had been met. Her father opens the salt-cellar with a knife, and, holding the latter above his head, utters the above-mentioned prayer, adding to it the name of *Shkai*. All present bow in silence, and raise their hands above their heads. He then holds up the loaf, and hands the knife to the bridegroom's father, who, with three slashes, cuts off the "god's portion", and gives it, on the point of the knife, to the bridegroom, who first takes it into his hands, and then passes it to the bride's father, who salts it, carries it on the point of the knife—under no circumstances in his hands—and places it under the threshold. The rest of the loaf is divided among those present, and the bridegroom must taste it first. After this, the provisions and spirits brought by the bridegroom's party are laid on the table, all present sit down, and the feasting and drinking begin. The bride is not present; she is either sitting with her friends in another room, or is at some relation's house. In course of time the bridegroom's relations come to her to make her acquaintance, for many of them have not seen her before. She gives them presents, made by herself, to show that she is diligent and a good worker, and sends an embroidered handkerchief or a new shirt to the bridegroom, who must wear it, for the first time, on the wedding day. For these gifts her future parents-in-law kiss her, and the young man's mother praises the bride for her intelligence and industry. If the bride and bridegroom are from the same village, the rela-

<sup>1</sup> Mainoff seems to have been under the impression that this is a genuine Mordvin custom, but I believe it must have been taken from the Russians. See Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 265.

tives of the latter must invite the bride's relations to their houses and entertain them. The company then separates, and awaits the day of the wedding.

§ 4a. The following account of the carouse differs so considerably from the above, that it must be given separately. It is related by Melnikoff, of the Erza of Teryshevsk (Simbirsk), who are greatly Russianised, and have borrowed many customs from their Slav neighbours. On the day of the carouse the bridegroom proceeds, with his father, to the house of the bride-elect, taking all the articles agreed upon, including spirits and a barrel of beer. They enter the house without a word or the least salutation, lay bread and salt on the table, and place money on the loaf.<sup>1</sup> If the bride belongs to another village, the bridegroom does not accompany his father, nor under any circumstances does he see the bride before the wedding. At the carouse the bridegroom, if present, sits in a corner, and does not utter a word the whole time. His father, after a prayer to God, proffers spirits and beer to all the bride's relatives who are present. Then begins "placing on the table". The purchase, properly speaking, is now made. The bride's father demands a full price, then reduces it, and finally they come to terms. They pay twenty or thirty roubles of this "table money" to the bride, and never more. After this comes the "crown money", which amounts to sixty roubles additional. Then they agree about the fur coats and other articles of dress to be given to the bride. Finally the bride's father demands "pies", together with a *vedro* (3.25 gallons) of spirits, a small barrel of beer, a shoulder of cooked meat, and a cake for the girls, into which a pear has been baked. The bride is not present on these occasions.

On the day fixed for the "feast of holy pies" the bridegroom's relations assemble at his house, and, after refreshments, drive in a long procession to the home of the

<sup>1</sup> This reads like a wooing custom, though the words "agreed upon" show the two parties must have met before.

bride. The bridegroom, however, does not accompany them. The party does not go empty-handed, but takes with it spirits, beer, and the sacred pies, which are an ell-and-a-half long and half-an-ell broad, but contain nothing inside. On reaching the house, the bride's relations go outside to meet them. The pies are broken up, and the pieces are placed in a meal-trough, which is brought into the common room and laid on the table. When once the pies have been accepted, a girl can no longer choose another man, and her parents no longer consider her their own, but call her *iha*, *i.e.*, belonging to the bridegroom's family. As soon as the pies have been brought in, candles are lit before the holy pictures, and all begin to pray. After that, they eat, drink, and make merry, but do not dance. Meanwhile, the bridegroom's relations enter the courtyard, and take the girls' cake from the carriage. The bridegroom's brother, or nearest relation, raises it up, the girls surround him, and, with much laughter and shouting, try to get possession of it. When the party is about to start home, the girls sing to the bridegroom's father or the spokesman :

"Here are greedy fathers-in-law ; the horses, which are waiting, saddled and bridled, have torn up the grass with their hoofs. On the backs of the steeds are sitting men in red coats and in morocco leather boots of goatskin."

Then the girls begin teasing the bridegroom's father by saying :

"Father-in-law, father-in-law, thou hast boasted, hast greatly boasted that thou art rich : according to thee thou hast a couple of houses, but thou hast only one, and attached to it is but one barn, in the barn there one bin, in the bin one basket ; *kili kali*,<sup>1</sup> in the pot there's no meal at all ; the meal isn't ground, the water is full of salt, the dough-trough is on the lime-tree, the twirling-stick is still on the fir-tree ; the pigeons turn away, fly to

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<sup>1</sup> This indicates the sound produced by tapping the fingers against an empty dish.

other people's barns, picked up here and there a grain and carried it to the father-in-law's farm ; they ground it between two coals, sowed it in a besom ; in the besom they brewed beer ; they baked pies and brought them to us here ; devilish bad are the pies, the cakes are worth a farthing. Eat, consume our pies ; our pies are like the wheaten bread of Murom, but thy pies are like the oven-rakes of old women."

When the unlucky bridegroom's father has reached the anteroom the girls will not make way for him, but surround him, shake his skirts, and again sing the thoroughly Russian song of abuse of the father-in-law. On the third day of "holy pies" the bridegroom's father goes alone to the bride's house with half a *shtoff* ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  pints) of spirits and a barrel of beer, and then the day for the wedding is fixed.

§ 5. The day before the wedding is called "the weeping day" by the Erza of Teryshevsk (Simbirsk). On the evening before it the bride's relations assemble at her house. Some heat the bath for her, others plait her hair into a tail, but she herself weeps bitterly. After her friends have washed her and loosened her hair, they sit down to supper together, and sing marriage songs. No men are present. The bride and her friends do not go to bed, but pass the night sewing handkerchiefs and singing songs. Before dawn on the "weeping day" the bride goes to her parents and on her knees requests their blessing. When this has been given, she goes outside by the back door, bows profoundly towards the east five times, saying :

"Bless me, O father ; bless me, O mother ; bless me, O humid earth-mother ; bless me, heaven and earth. I now go to seek a good blessing."

She then returns home, sits in the centre of the room and weeps, surrounded by her friends, who also weep and sing songs. Afterwards the girls carry her to a neighbour's—in Arzamas (Nizhegorod) she is carried on a felt cover by men. On passing the outer gate she again bows five times, and seeing that it is beginning to dawn, recites :

"O mother Dawn, bless me with thy red sun, with thy bright moon and with thy bright stars. The dawn is dawning for me. Father drives me away. The lovely sun is rising; my freedom disappears."

After this they proceed to the neighbour's, and, when the sun is fully up, the bride and her friends return home.<sup>1</sup> Her mother receives her, seats her at table, and offers her pancakes. The bride and her friends then start off to visit all her relations and friends in rotation. At each place she is treated to spirits, beer, and pancakes. When the visits are finished, she is carried home by her friends to be dressed. Her mother again meets her, sets a loaf, a salt-cellar, a pot of groats, an egg-cake and a baked egg on the table, and lights a candle before the holy pictures, to which she makes three bows down to the floor. The bride approaches the table weeping; her father offers her beer in a ladle which must not be full, and says: "Look! here, my child, is something for your work; take and drink as much as you like." She laments with tears that a full ladle has not been offered her, praises her work and her submissiveness, and requests to be allowed to entertain her friends, "who had carried her in their white arms." She will not drink the beer proffered by her mother, as to do so would be "like tearing out her own heart". Her father meanwhile advances to the table, presses his hand to his breast, and breaks out in tears. Her friends take her up under the arms and carry her to him. She now recites:

"Stop, father, stop! Do not fear me. Stop, my kind sun. Do not be alarmed at me. I do not desire thy house. I will

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<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere in Simbirsk, the bride—apparently alone—starts at dawn for the house of some relation, and sitting at his gate, says: "My mother's brother (or my brother)! let me in, my beloved, for a moment to warm myself. A thundercloud rolls above my head, wets my beautiful white shirt, wets too my silk kerchief. Conceal me, dear, from the thunderclouds. I am no longer in father's favour—he has driven me from home." She is usually admitted and entertained with pancakes, after which she returns home.



not send thee on my business. Give me thy good blessing now that I am going among strange people. Bless me at a strange father's and mother's house. Just look, dear father, towards the open field ; behold the kind sun through the window. On the open field grows a lovely birch, in the sky shines the kind sun, variegated leaves are fluttering in the wind, by wind and storm they are blown down to the ground. Stop, father, stop ! Look not at the kind sun, gaze not at the lovely sun. The real sun shines not, a real white barked birch is not growing. Thy child stands before thee. Variegated leaves are not fluttering in the wind, are not shaken to the ground by violent gusts. Hot tears are falling from the face of thy child. Stop, father, stop ! Fear me not, my kind father, be not alarmed, my darling father. For thy bread, thy salt, thy drink, thy food, thy teaching, I fall down at thy dear feet, I kiss thy precious hand. I do not mind spoiling my gala-dress. I sink down at thy feet. Give me thy blessing. I keep kissing thy hands, I do not spare myself. Bless me, my father, to live with a stranger, to do the work of a stranger."

The bride now falls at her father's feet, lets her head fall on his knees and kisses his hands. He takes up a holy picture, sets it on his daughter's head, and says : "God bless thee, and I too bless thee." She then kisses her father and walks towards her mother, repeating the words : "Now I go to my dear mother. Disperse, stand aside, good friends and neighbours, now I go to the stove-mother ; they say mothers stand near the stove-mother." Her mother, in fact, is standing near the stove, and replies : "Come, my child, come, my dove, come, my darling. Come, that you may attain your desire. Thy mother sits near the stove-mother. Come, I will embrace thee to my heart." After receiving her mother's blessing, her friends take her up under the arms and carry her to a neighbouring house. In the street she recites : "My father did not need me ; my mother was angry at me ; they blessed me to live among strangers, to do the work of strangers." On reaching the house her friends undress her, and all go to rest thoroughly exhausted.

§ 5a. Sometimes a so-called "girls' feast" is held the day before the wedding day. As soon as she has risen, the bride dresses herself in her ordinary clothes, without any ornaments, and starts off to invite her friends, male as well as female, to her house to assist in making preparations, and to console her in her grief. Many of her girl friends have arrived at her house before she has returned home, and when they see her approaching they bar the gate, and do not allow her to enter, for she is going to be married, and has thus deceived them. The following dialogue takes place :

"Who are you?"

"Daughter Kate."

"You are not daughter Kate, you are old woman<sup>1</sup> Kate."

"I'm not old woman Kate."

"We don't know you. Our Kate is drunk, and carried away."

After a long parley, during which the bride repeatedly affirms that she is really their unhappy friend Kate, whom bad men wish to separate from her friends, the girls at last relent, and admit her. As soon as she has entered the room she takes from a chest a shirt made by herself, and sends it by some old woman to the bridegroom. He must wear it on the day of the wedding, and also give a present to the bringer. In the afternoon the work begins, and the praising of the bride. She sits on a stool with her face to the stove, does not touch work, but bursts into tears from time to time, replying that she is unworthy of her friends' praises, and without them she would pine away with sorrow. The following is an example of a song, widely spread among the Erza, from Kemesker (Saratoff), such as is sung by girls in praise of a bride :

"Our Kitty is gentle as a lamb,  
Our Kitty is good as the sun,  
Our Kitty's head is like a flower,

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<sup>1</sup> This expression in Mordvin implies, Mr. Mainoff remarks, that after the carouse the bride is *de facto* a wife.

Our Kitty's breasts are like knolls,  
 Our Kitty's legs are like oak trees,  
 Our Kitty's small hands are like a child's,  
 Our Kitty's body is like a lime tree,  
 Like a lime tree it does not bend,  
 Like a lime tree it does not break."

§ 56. In some places, on the day fixed for "the girls' feast", the bride must go off to say good-bye to her relations and friends. She is accompanied by two near male relations, usually her brothers. Her legs are so enveloped in bandages that she can scarcely walk, and she is in her every-day clothes. As she leaves the house she must courtesy three times to the ground, saying: "O earth, earth, take me! O wind, wind, carry me!"

After this she takes mould from under the threshold with her finger tips, and thrusts it into her bosom. With her head sunk upon her breast, the bride now starts off to visit her relations, says farewell to all, and thanks them for having enjoyed their goodwill. She announces her marriage, and bitterly bewails her lot which forces her to leave them, and begin the new life of a slave. Her two companions then take her up, and hurriedly transport her out of the room. They go to the next house, and the same scene is renewed. In the evening the future father-in-law, bringing with him a barrel of *pure*, pays a visit to the bride's parents. He offers the first ladleful of this to the bride, with the words:

"As *pure* is good, may thy life be also good. As *pure* is strong, may thy love be also strong. As *pure* conquers, conquer grief. As *pure* is clean, be thou clean. As hops are rich in leaves, may thou be rich in children. As *pure* is rich in hops, may thou be rich in cattle."

Then he dips his finger in the *pure*, besprinkles the bride, and offers her a ladleful, which she must drink empty.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Among the Erza of Nizhegorod this visit of the father-in-law takes place three days before the wedding. On the eve of the wedding

When this ceremony is concluded, the girls sit on benches and set to work, or, in default of work, they sing and converse.

§ 6. The preceding section narrates what takes place at the house of the bride on the day before the solemnisation of the wedding. Now we must turn to the house of the bridegroom, to see what happens contemporaneously there. In the morning a number of girls, who have been invited, come trooping into the room carrying sticks, the heads of which are covered with women's caps, and adorned with ribbons. Placing themselves in a row before the oldest members of the family, they sing :

"Bless us, silver-haired old man ; bless us, aged mothers ; bless us to invite guests to your house. The bell, hanging by a silver chain to the top of your house, has begun to ring. The sound of the bell is heard around your house. This bell bodes luck to you."

The old man settles what relations must be asked to the feast, and blesses them, with the words : "Go, and may the Lord preserve you." The girls take their departure, and every one whom they invite must give them a present. On their return, they sing :

"We have made visits in truth. What an extraordinary number of relations ! We have had great trouble to see them all ; we have waded in water up to the waist, in mud, up to the knees."

After taking some refreshment, they go to heat the bath-house for the bridegroom, but, before doing so, ask a blessing : "Give a blessing, grey-haired old man, that a thoroughly good bath may be heated auspiciously."

He replies : "Depart, and may the Lord be with you."

day the bride visits at the bridegroom's house, and brings him presents, but he must be absent, either at a neighbour's, or hiding in an outhouse.

Meanwhile, the women that have been invited<sup>1</sup> arrive at the bridegroom's, bringing groats, butter, eggs, meat, etc. His mother receives them in a friendly manner, and invites them to sit at table. When all the guests have arrived, the oldest female member of the household lays on the table a pie an ell long, stuffed with various things. First, a layer of groats, above it egg-cake, sour milk thickened in the oven, and again, eggs and groats. The outside is glazed with egg, and the whole surface stamped with impressions of signet-rings, spoons, and tumblers. While the pie is being placed on the table, the girls sing :

"O God, give good luck at this moment. Defend, O Creator, from the malicious man. Grant, O God, to the bridegroom abundant increase of crops and cattle."

The pie is then cut lengthways and across into four pieces, and the women set to eating, drinking, and making merry. No one goes to bed that night, as preparations have to be made for the feast of the morrow, after the wedding ceremony in church. In some places, in the Penza and Simbirsk governments, the bridegroom is expressly driven out of the house in the course of the evening. Some say it is done that he should not disturb the preparations ; others, that it is in compliance with an old custom, going back to a time when a man had to be on the look-out how most suitably to capture his bride.

§ 7. As the customs observed by the Erza and Moksha between the eve of the wedding-day and the entry into the bridal chamber on the night of the wedding are not quite the same, it is more convenient to give them separately. Among the Erza, on the eve of the wedding-day, the bridegroom's friends assemble at his house and help to prepare the bride's equipage. This consists of a tilt, covered with linen, which, if the bridegroom be rich, is covered with needlework, that may have taken many

<sup>1</sup> Women alone seem to be invited, as only they can assist in making preparations for the feast of the morrow.

months to work. A thick candle, and several thinner ones, have also been made ready for the occasion. The bridegroom's father lights the smaller ones before the holy pictures, but sets up the large one on the threshold. It is called "the house candle", and such a one is used in every home at family prayers. He then turns towards the pictures with a prayer to God to bless the bridegroom, and after that, turning towards the large candle, he exclaims :

"O father, *Chim Paz*, illuminate thy son. Illuminate his eyes to see good and evil. Make him to live prosperously. Make his heart amiable towards his wife, make his wife's heart amiable towards him. Give her plenty of children, and of wealth."

The bridegroom now gives a loaf to his father, who cuts off a piece with three slashes, takes it to the threshold and places it near the candle. With a loaf and a holy picture he gives a blessing to his son, and then makes the signal for departure. The party<sup>1</sup> then mounts into vehicles and drives<sup>2</sup> to the bride's house, but always by a circuitous route through the forest and across fields, unless it happens to be in the same village as the bridegroom's dwelling. After driving for a short distance the *cortège* halts, and the best man<sup>3</sup> walks round it, slashing all the time with a

<sup>1</sup> It is not positively stated here whether the bridegroom accompanies the party or not. In some places (Nizhegorod) he stays at home, and next day hurries to church secretly, and on foot.

<sup>2</sup> Among the Erza of Teryshevsk (Simbirsk), the bridegroom's mother drives off first with a crown on her head and a candle in her hand. His father follows second, but before getting into his carriage bows down to the ground towards the east, and throws a handful of money in four directions. The bridegroom has the third place. Before the party starts, the horseman who leads the way circles thrice round it with the sun. At Chistopolsk (Kazan), the bridegroom also goes with the party to the bride's.

<sup>3</sup> Often there are two best men. The principal one of the two is also master of the ceremonies, and ought to be very quick at repartee and badinage. Sometimes the youngest paternal or maternal uncle, or the eldest brother of the bridegroom, acts in this capacity, while an

sword or an axe. Sometimes he pretends to cut down a bush from the path, a reminiscence, Mr. Mainoff believed, of the time when obstacles really stood in the way when proceeding to carry off a bride by force. As soon as the party is seen approaching by the people at the bride's house the gates are barred, and a dialogue ensues :

"Who are you?"

"Merchants."

"What wares do you want?"

"Live wares."

"We won't negotiate."

"We shall take by force."

"Try it."<sup>1</sup>

The bridegroom's party tries to open the gate, but in vain ; and only after a long parley, and after promising to

aunt acts as bridesmaid on his part ; for there are two bridesmaids to represent and defend the interests of the bride and bridegroom respectively.

<sup>1</sup> In Simbirsk the bridegroom and his party are received by the parents of the bride with bread and salt, with the words : "Be welcome, come within." But just before this they are assailed by the girls in the house with abusive songs. They sing at the bridegroom : "You empty head ! what sort of bridegroom are you? You can't turn a boot round, you can't count money. You thief ! you visit ill-conditioned old women, and leave your shoe there. Why have you delayed till now? Didn't you find your boots. The bride is not like you. Place on one side of her a barrel of millet, on the other a barrel of walnuts, but count all the grains." Turning to his companions they shout : "You deceivers on horseback ! you have the dress of riders, and in your short fur coats are two pockets, and there you keep your hands."

In some parts of Simbirsk the bridegroom's party, headed by the best man, proceeds to the bride's village the evening before the wedding-day, and lodges there for the night, but does not go to the bride's domicile till early next morning. I think this must be the case also—though it is not expressly stated—in the narrative in the body of the text, where the proceedings of the eve of the wedding run into those of the wedding-day, without a break and without mention of night time. The dialogue above, therefore, really takes place, I presume, on the morning of the wedding day, not on the eve.

pay an entranee fee in money or spirits, is it allowed to enter. In some places the bargaining is renewed at the doors of the porch and of the common room, and additional payments must be made before the party is permitted to set foot within. After it has been at last ushered into the principal apartment, the bridegroom's mother, and the women with her, immediately arrange on the table the eatables and drinkables they have brought with them, and all eat standing. While the others are eating, the parents of the bridegroom start off to invite the bride's relations to the wedding.<sup>1</sup> At the same time the bride's friends dress her in a wedding dress, and envelope her legs with linen bandages till she can scarcely walk. When finally decked out she is brought back into

<sup>1</sup> At Bugulminsk, after the bridegroom's mother has laid out the eatables, before starting to invite the relations, she is led round the house by the bride's people, and must leave a round loaf in every room.

At Teryshevsk (Simbirsk) the parents do not start off to invite the relations, but the future mother-in-law, while the others are eating, proceeds to a neighbouring house, where the bride is being dressed, and is accosted with these words: "Look, girls! is not the thunder rolling and lightning flashing, accompanied with white hailstones?" The mother-in-law replies: "Fear me not, be not alarmed. The thunder is not rolling, lightning is not flashing, hail is not falling. Thy mother-in-law is bringing an escort. Art thou beautiful and handsome? Art thou useful, and a lover of order? I have come to see thee and bring a whole party with me." The bride replies: "Welcome, mother-in-law, welcome." Her future mother-in-law then offers her a ladleful of wort with the right hand. The bride refuses to take it from the right hand, and will only accept it from the left hand. This the mother-in-law declines to do, and at last the girl gives way. Dancing succeeds this ceremony, and the mother-in-law, returning to the house of the bride's father, thanks him for such a well dressed and dutiful daughter-in-law.

In Simbirsk, after the bridegroom and his party have arrived, the bride is taken by her friends to the relation's house where she had taken refuge the day before (p. 431 *note*), and where she remains till fetched by the best man. Meanwhile, the bridegroom, who remains at the bride's paternal house, hides himself.



the common room, when she falls at her parents' feet, begs their pardon, and asks for a blessing. The bride's father takes the round loaf, with which the bridegroom's father has already blessed him, and which has been brought for the purpose, and with it blesses his daughter, holding it over her head, and saying :

"May thy life be smooth, as this loaf is smooth. May thou be as rich as this loaf is rich in seeds. May thou be fruitful as this loaf is fruitful. *Vedava* hear us, and have mercy upon us."

In the loaf there is a hole scooped out in the undercrust by the bridegroom before leaving home, but Mainoff was unable to discover its significance.<sup>1</sup> After receiving the parental blessing the bride is taken up under the arms and carried out of the apartment. In some places this is done by the nearest relatives of the bridegroom, in others by men of her own family, but in either case she resists by pinching and scratching her bearers. Formerly she seized the doorpost three times, and only at the third time, when the best man had struck it with a sword close to where she was holding on, did she loosen her grasp. Nowadays she seizes thrice in succession the tie-beam, the door of the room, or the doorpost of the porch. The best man and the bridegroom's relations loosen her hands and try to carry her in such a way that she can seize nothing. However, a quick girl can grasp something oftener than three times, and tries her utmost to oppose being carried away ; for her comrades praise the more she resists, and extol her dexterity and her love for her parents' house. At last she is conveyed out of the house, when all halt and bow to the gate, for there or in the courtyard is the abode of the god that protects the dwelling-house. The following prayer is made to him :

"*Kardas sarko*, the nourisher, god of the house, do not

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<sup>1</sup> Compare the hole made in an omelette by the bridegroom in Ralston, *op. cit.*, p. 281.

abandon her that is about to depart ; always be near her just as thou art here."

The bride is now put in the tilt-cart, to be driven to church, but she stands the whole time, supported by a companion and her future mother-in-law. On reaching the village boundary the *cortège* halts at a signal from the best man, who distributes spirits to the party. While the others are drinking, the bride gives presents to her friends, and with tears extols their good qualities. Before the procession again moves off the bride leaves her carriage, throws herself at the horses' feet, and beseeches them not to be in too great a hurry to carry her away to strange men. She promises to take good care of them if they will but take her back to her parents : twists ribbons into their manes and forelocks, declaring she will always decorate them in future.<sup>1</sup> Getting no reply from the horses, she tries to break away from those around her, but is seized and hurriedly bundled into her carriage. The *cortège* again moves off with the reluctant bride, who tries to throw her head-dress or some part of her dress on to the road, to cause as much delay as possible. When she perceives that she must resign herself to her fate, she cuts or tears off a tuft of her hair and sends it by the best man as a memento to her mother. At last they arrive at the church, where the marriage is solemnised according to the Russian rite. When the ceremony is over the priest exhorts the young couple to kiss. The bride resists and tries in every way to avoid being kissed, even striking and pinching the bridegroom. But all this is make-believe and for the sake of custom, for

<sup>1</sup> According to a variant, she beseeches them to forget the evil she has possibly done them if she has not sufficiently spared them. She then gives them cloths and ribbons, which are plaited into their manes and forelocks (Bugulminsk). In Simbirsk the bride goes through a similar ceremony on reaching the church. She bows down to the horses' feet, saying : "Thank you, good steeds, for having brought me so quickly to my destination." She then presents them with copper money, cloths, and cakes.

if she allowed herself to be kissed for the first time before others she would never have any peace afterwards. During the struggle the father-in-law comes to assist his son and holds the bride by the scruff of the neck till the young man can kiss his wife. The bridegroom then requests the bride to sit at his side during the journey to his house, though he knows she will not consent, but will have to be led by force to the carriage. When this has been done the whole wedding party dashes off at full speed to the abode of the bridegroom. On reaching the gates<sup>1</sup> they are found bolted and guarded by the girls of the bridegroom's village and the bride's companions, who sing songs relating the previous love-adventures of the bridegroom; for it would be a great reproach if he had never had any, and would show that he was such a lout that no girl cared to look at him. But before they begin to sing the bridegroom dismounts from his carriage, slinks in unperceived by a side-entrance, and runs off to hide in an outhouse where the old women have prepared the nuptial bed. The bride is carried into the common room in the arms of some of the party, and now makes no resistance.<sup>2</sup> Her father-in-law meets her with a holy picture in his hand, and the nearest female relation of the bridegroom covers her with hops. On being brought into the common room she is placed opposite the stove near her friends, who continually abuse her husband, declaring he has one leg shorter than another,

<sup>1</sup> In some parts of Simbirsk, on reaching the bridegroom's house, the best man detaches the body of the carriage in which the bride has sat from the axle—a symbol, no doubt, that henceforth she is not to leave her husband's house.

<sup>2</sup> Among the Erza of Teryshevsk (Simbirsk) there are no songs sung on reaching the bridegroom's house. The bride orders the best man "to light her father's 'blessing', so that she shall enter a strange house with her own light." The candle is lit, and, holding it in her hand, she enters the house. Some female relation of the bridegroom, wearing a fur coat turned inside out, with a crown on her head to which is attached a man's cap, meets the bride, and from a hat full of hops she holds in her hands throws a handful over the bride.

and calling him lopsided, toothless, etc. The bridegroom's relations have to purchase the silence of the girls by giving them spirits, after which they are driven out of the room. The bride is then carried to the stove or fire-place, to become acquainted and good friends with it. She bows to it and beseeches it not to dirty her, but to love and obey her. Then she sits on the oven and a child is handed to her. Her mother-in-law gives her a glass of *pure*, which she drinks and then returns the child to her mother-in-law. While the rest of the company<sup>1</sup> is eating and drinking, the bride is carried to the outhouse serving as a bridal chamber, where her husband has remained since leaving his carriage. She does not go willingly, but tries to free herself, though her bearers pay no heed to her struggles, shove her into the room with the words, "Here, wolf, is a lamb for thee,"<sup>2</sup> and bolt the door. After a lapse of some minutes a bridesmaid brings in some spirits and a pan containing an omelette. She makes the couple eat and drink, and then they are left alone for half an hour. After this they are raised from the nuptial bed and brought with rejoicing into the common room, where all the guests impatiently await them. The young man proffers spirits to all present, and his bride gives presents chiefly made by herself. In doing this she bows down to the feet of each person and does not rise till the recipient has placed his hand on her head, drunk the spirits, and wiped his mouth with her gift. Each guest in turn gives her something, generally money.

After the wedding, the couple stay together a whole week, after which time the bride returns home on a visit to her parents. For a whole year she leads a happy life, and does not soil her hands with any household work.

<sup>1</sup> In the last century composed entirely of the bridegroom's relations and friends.

<sup>2</sup> *Variant*: "There is a wolf for thee there" (Erza of Teryshevsk). The bride is referred to as a lamb by the Magyars (*Magyar Folk-tales*, p. 414), and also by the Esthonians (Kohl, *Travels in Russia*, p. 388), though not in this connection.

On the day after the wedding, in Teryshevsk (Simbirsk), the bride takes a pail, and goes with her mother-in-law to fetch water. She bows politely to all she meets ; her mother-in-law shows her the water, which she then draws, carries home, and sets on a bench near the stove. Her mother-in-law then thanks her for her obedience. This is called "showing the water".

In Simbirsk, about five days after the wedding, the best man, and two or three of the bride's relations, come to the house of the young couple. The bridegroom's relations again assemble their friends, who bring materials for the feast. After laying these on the table, they pray :

"Grant, good God, that all the relations and friends shall love the young couple ; grant that their cattle and crops shall thrive."

The pies that have been brought are cut in four, and all eat and drink. When this is over, the guests drive home, and the bride is taken home by her relations on a visit, her husband fixing how long she is to stay away.

§ 7a. The customs of the Moksha, on the wedding-day, are as follows :—Between 7 A.M. and 8 A.M. the bridegroom's relations, who are about to take part in the wedding, assemble at his father's house, and sit down to a small breakfast. His father, rising from his seat, raises above his head a round loaf, on which is placed a salt-cellar and an omelette, while he exclaims :

"Great *Shkai*, exalted *Shkai*, here is a round loaf and a round egg for thee. Illuminate thy son ; illuminate his eyes to see good and evil. Make his life bright. Cause his heart to be warm towards his wife ; cause his wife's heart to be warm towards his. We give thee a loaf, do thou give him bread ; we give thee the seed of a hen, do thou give him the seed of a human being. Give him luck, wealth, and many children."

After this prayer, the father takes a knife and presents it to his son, whom he exhorts to cut off, for the first time in his life, the "god's portion". This the bridegroom does

with three slashes, then bites a small piece off it, lets his relations do the same, and throws the remainder into the burning stove, where the fire-god has his abode. The father then takes the loaf and a holy picture, and blesses his son, who must kiss the picture, the bread, the salt, and the omelette. His father wishes him success in his new life, and gives him general advice how he is to treat his wife. After doing this he gives the signal for departure.

All mount into their vehicles except the bridegroom, who remains at home, and has to hide himself. When the party has passed the outer gates, opened for it by the best man, he bows thrice to each gate-post, exclaiming: "As you have let us out, so let us in." After this he marches thrice round the wedding-party, with a drawn sword, or with a scythe in default of one, reciting imprecations against evil-wishers. He scratches, in four places, the tree-mark of the bridegroom's father, to which he then adds the bridegroom's own mark, that the good spirits may be able to know whom they must help.<sup>1</sup> Finally the party arrives before the bride's home.<sup>2</sup> The people within have long seen it approaching, and hasten to bar the outside gates. Naturally, a conversation begins, with the question, who the arrivals are, and what they want. The party is only admitted eventually on payment of a fee of from thirty to thirty-five kopeks; but, on entering the courtyard, it is not allowed to enter the house before another payment at the porch-door, nor to enter the common room without a third outlay. All this money goes to the bride's father. The bridegroom's father, when descending from his carriage, takes

<sup>1</sup> In Nizhegorod the best man walks thrice round the wedding-party, against the sun, holding a holy picture. He then places himself in front of the party, and scratches the ground, backwards and forwards, with a knife, uttering imprecations against evil spirits and malevolent persons.

<sup>2</sup> Milkovich, writing in the year 1783, says that the bridegroom's party was received at the bride's house with such insulting songs, so grossly expressed, that the older and better men composing it would burst into tears.

with him a forty-pound loaf, from which the "god's portion" has already been cut off at home, groats, 100 or 200 pancakes, two or three pork pies, about fifty omelettes, and the quantity of spirits agreed upon. All these are placed on the table, and become the property of the mistress of the house, with which the bride's parents—not the bridegroom's—entertain the guests. After a family prayer, the bridegroom's father pays the *kalym* to the bride's father, and all sit down to eat and drink. At the same time, a long stake is brought in, one end of which is stuck in between the tie-beam and the roof, and from the other end of which are suspended the presents to be given by the bride to the guests. When all is ready, she shows herself from behind a curtain, and begins lamenting her misfortune. With tears in her eyes, she then presents shirts, handkerchiefs, etc., for the most part made by herself, to her parents, her parents-in-law, and to her other relations. During this time she is not in full dress, but only in a white skirt, girt with a girdle, and a cloth on her head. She does not receive gifts in exchange, as her object is to show how diligent she is, and what a treasure her parents are losing in her. Her girl friends praise her diligence in songs, narrating how she could sew for a hundred persons; how *Vedyn azyr ava* had helped her from her great love for her. "When the bride span, the old woman (*i.e.*, the goddess) span; when the bride wove, the old woman wove; when the bride sewed, the old woman was sewing. Just let the bridegroom find himself such another worker; just let him look for one. He certainly won't find one, for the old woman loves her; the old woman helps her."

After this giving of presents, the bride retires behind the curtain to be fully dressed, and in place of her comes forth from behind it an old woman, in bridal attire, and wearing a fur coat, turned inside out, who dances before the company, twists herself about, and exhibits all sorts of quick, dexterous movements. She naturally excites laughter; and this is her object, for she announces that

she wishes the bride may awake joy in men, that all around her may laugh, and that the bride herself may laugh and smile all her days. After this performance the old woman retires.

Meanwhile the bride has been dressing, and, when this is completed, she is led into the room, covered with a red silk kerchief, and made to sit between her own and the bridegroom's bridesmaid. All now rise from their seats, and prayer is made to *Vedyn azyr ava* to bless the future wife, to mitigate her pains of labour, and to give her abundant offspring. Her father and mother then give her their blessing. During the prayers and blessing a large candle is burning on the threshold, and is not extinguished before the termination of the wedding ceremonies. The bride is then carried on men's shoulders, seated in the decorated tilt-cart<sup>1</sup> which the bridegroom had had made for her, and afterwards they go for the bridegroom. He is taken to church in a carriage-and-pair, and lies in a recumbent position, covered with a hide. Around this carriage drive the vehicles of his girl relations, who sing songs to belittle the family of the bride.<sup>2</sup> Before the bride's party, led by the best man, have gone a quarter of a mile, he halts it, and marches round the tilt-cart with his drawn sword to drive away evil spirits, or, after halting the *cortège*, he scratches a ring round it with a sword. This ceremony is again repeated before reaching the church.

After the solemnization of the marriage by a priest, the party drives straight to the bridegroom's house. Here it is received at the gates by the oldest man in the house, who cuts a notch with an axe in the door-post to mark the arrival of a new addition to the family. At the threshold of the house the young couple are met by the bridegroom's

<sup>1</sup> In Saratoff the bride is pushed into the tilt-cart by the best man who is armed with a sword or a scythe.

<sup>2</sup> It is not stated whether the bride's party and that of the bridegroom join before reaching the church, or whether they drive th independently.



mother,<sup>1</sup> who places before his foot a hot pan of hops, which he must kick away as far as possible. It is then set before the bride's foot, who must do the same. In some places she kicks it three times, and the bridegroom does not kick at all. If the pan rolls gently it shows she will be a gentle daughter-in-law. If it makes much clatter, it portends she will be noisy. Should the pan fall bottom upwards, connubial life will be unhappy ; but if it does not turn topsy-turvy, and no hops are upset, a happy future may be anticipated.<sup>2</sup>

As soon as the best man and bridesmaid have raised the young couple from the nuptial bed they prepare to take the bride to a river. A procession is formed, at the head of which walk two or more of her companions, carrying empty tubs ; behind them follows an old woman carrying on her head a round loaf, on the top of which is placed an omelette ; the best man and the bridesmaid, with ladles and barrels of wort, occupy the next place, while behind them walks the young wife in a bare shirt, ungirt and bareheaded. During the whole journey from the house to the banks of the river, the best man and the bridesmaid sprinkle the path with *pure*. The young wife carries a great pile of towels on her head, and holds a hen to be sacrificed to the water goddess, *Vedyn asyr ava*. On reaching the river she drowns the hen, throws the loaf and the omelette into the water, while the old woman loudly utters the following prayer :

“ O mother, Mistress of the Waters, thou art clean ; make her

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<sup>1</sup> Among the Moksha of Penza she meets the young couple at the gate, and sprinkles them with water from a spoon. The pan-kicking incident is omitted.

According to Milkovitch, in the last century, the young wife was here met by the father and mother of the bridegroom with their caps and fur coats turned inside out. Then followed the pan-kicking.

<sup>2</sup> There is a gap here in the narrative I have followed, as to what takes place between entering the house and being taken to the bridal chamber, but what occurs is probably the same as with the Erza.

clean, wash her from disease and iniquity. Permit her frequently and successfully to bear children. Permit her to see her children's children. Be a mother to her; love thy daughter."

After this invocation the bride either plunges entirely into the stream or she is drenched with water, and the remainder of the *pure* is upset into the river; then all return home in the same order.

On re-entering the house the bride is received by her mother-in-law, who gives her a new name, such as *Vechai* (the Darling), or *Mazai* (the Beautiful), or *Pavai* (the Lucky One), or *Tozai* (the Healthy), or any other name she prefers. The ceremony is performed as follows: she leads the young wife by the hand to the stove, from which she takes a loaf of bread and strikes her on the head with it, saying: "I call thee *Mazai*."<sup>1</sup> After this she leads her by the hand to the oven; the daughter-in-law places her hands upon it with the palms downwards, and her mother-in-law feeds her with bread, meat, eggs, and salt, out of hand, in such a way that the bride need not make the least movement, with the words, "Just as the stove never leaves the room, do thou never leave it."

In the Penza government, on the second day of the wedding, the young wife is again dressed and led by the other girls to a river to fetch water in a large bucket. On their way there they sing songs, and on their return besprinkle each other. The rest of the day is spent in dancing and merry-making.

On the third day of the wedding, prayer is made to *Ban asyr ava*, goddess of the bath-house, and to *Kud asyr ava*,<sup>2</sup> when the young wife offers to the first a new oaken

<sup>1</sup> In Simbirsk and Penza it is the best man who takes the bride to the stove, and, striking her on the head with a loaf, gives her a new name. Among the Erza a new name is also given to the bride, but on the third day of the wedding.

<sup>2</sup> In some places the bride offers to *Ban asyr ava* and *Ved asyr ava* by laying money, bread, and salt under the bench in the bath-house for the first goddess, and by throwing them into the water for the other divinity. (Moksha of Nizhegorod).

pail, and decorates the house with linen cloths and towels. The feasting lasts a week or more, according to the means of the parents. Sometimes a whole month elapses before a village settles down into its normal condition.

A wife during her whole life must never show her bare feet to her father and mother-in-law, and on that account women work in boots, for they fear to insult their ancestors.<sup>1</sup> With the Moksha of Nizhegorod the bride wears nothing on her head for six weeks. She is then invested with one, with a curious ceremony. After a prescribed prayer the mother-in-law or oldest woman of the house mounts upon the roof, opens the smoke-hole, and then gives the young wife a head-dress, with these words: "The old women of thine ancestors wore such an one, and order thee to wear one."

Among the Moksha of Saratoff, for the first year, the bride is termed *Odyrava* (young woman), or *Vechova* (beloved), and she goes about bareheaded. After that period she is invested with a head-dress in the same way as described, and receives the name of *Parava* (good woman), or *Mazava* (beautiful woman).<sup>2</sup>

§ 8. Separations and divorces are extremely rare, for the

<sup>1</sup> So, too, the Yakuts (Böhtlingk, *Ueber die Sprache der Jakuten*, iii, pt. 1, p. 67) do not allow the father, mother, or grown-up relations of a husband to see his wife's head uncovered or her feet bare. Ostiak women cover their faces before the grown-up men of their husband's family (Ahlqvist *Unter Wogul. u. Ostiak*, p. 160). Among the Kirgiz, a young wife must not show herself to her father-in-law or to any male relation of her husband for three years (Vámbéry, *Das Türken-volk*, p. 249). From this it is tolerably certain that the Mordvins brought with them from Asia the taboo against a wife showing her bare feet to her father-in-law.

<sup>2</sup> Not receiving the head-dress of a married woman for a year might be compared with De Gaya's statement (*Cérémonies nupt. de toutes les Nations*, p. 15) that in Poland young married women were considered girls till they had given birth to a son. The custom seems based upon a similar conception. With the Votiaks, too, a young married woman dresses for months, sometimes more than a year, like a girl. (Georgi, i, 71.)

Mordvins are of opinion that toleration and patience must be pushed to their extreme limit before such courses are adopted. There are a couple of sayings which illustrate their point of view. A Moksha says, "Wedlock is a fetter," and an Erza, that "Wedlock has forged together, no one can break it open." But this tenet is, I imagine, of recent growth, for Lepekhin, in 1768 (*op. cit.*, p. 106), averred that in heathen times the Mordvins had the right of selling their wives and children, and taking others. For a widow to re-marry is not considered in the least reprehensible, and is of frequent occurrence, for they have no theories about a future world in which a husband and wife will again meet. Among the Erza she must always dedicate six weeks to the memory of her late husband, after then she may think of marrying again. The Moksha are stricter in one respect, in requiring her to wait for a whole year; but then she is at liberty to live where she will, while an Erza widow must reside with her father-in-law, either for the rest of her life, or till she finds another husband.

A Mordvin who has lost his wife is much inclined to marry a sister-in-law. Writing in 1783, Milkovich relates the following wooing ceremony, which is very similar to the one already described at p. 423. If the man was refused in the first instance by his father-in-law, he laid secretly a small loaf on the table of the latter, with the words, "Get me my sister-in-law." Having done this, he ran away, was pursued, and if caught, received a sound thrashing. But if he was lucky enough to escape, he was given his sister-in-law in marriage.

Having now given a description of Mordvin marriage customs, I shall first make a few observations, and then recapitulate the main incidents, the better to compare them with similar points of resemblance in Slav, Finno-Ugrian, Turkish, and Mongol marriage ceremonies, though I have not been able to find very full accounts of some of these.

*Marriage Restrictions.*—We cannot be quite sure whether the Mordvins were originally divided into tribes or not, and

whether they were exogamous or endogamous. Their near neighbours, the Votiaks, are said to have formerly possessed a tribal organisation (Georgi, *Descrip.*, i, 65), but nothing is mentioned with regard to marrying in or out of the tribe. Ahlqvist (*Culturwörter*, 220), using language as a test, believed the Finns never coalesced into tribes. But beyond the Ural mountains, whence the Mordvins originally wandered into Europe, people, at about the same stage of civilisation as theirs was a few centuries ago, like the Samoyedes (Finsch, 543) and the Yakuts (Böhtlingk, iii, pt. I, 72) maintain a tribal system, and prohibit marriage within the tribe. Hence there is a presumption that at one time the Mordvins were also similarly divided with a like restriction. Mr. Mainoff's belief, that the only prohibited marriage among the Mordvins was that between a brother and sister by the same parents, rests on slight evidence, and should be received with reservation. It is true that Isbrants, in 1692 (Le Brun, 153, 144), states of the Ostiaks that consanguinity was no bar to marriage, and that the nearest relation was as acceptable as a stranger, while the Voguls could not marry within the fourth degree of consanguinity; but as he was a passing traveller his statement requires verification. For while Plano Carpini (Hakluyt, i, 62), who travelled in 1246, averred that the Tatars (Mongols) marry even near kinsfolk, save mother, daughter, and sister by the mother's side; that they marry a sister on the father's side; yet Rubruquis (Hakl., i, 109), who was in Tartary in 1253, declared that the Tatars (Mongols) kept the first and second degrees of consanguinity inviolable, though they paid no regard to degrees of affinity, since they married in succession two sisters. Marco Polo (Col. Yule's 2nd ed., i, 245) mentions that the Tatars may marry cousins. Timnovsky (*Travels through Mongolia to China*, ii, 303) says first-cousins are allowed to marry; and adds that the Mongols keep their genealogical registers with such care that they never lose sight of the degrees of affinity.

*Marriage with Capture.*—§ 1. By this I understand capture of a bride, associated with some other form of marriage, such as that by purchase. In marriage by capture, a man carries off and appropriates a woman, and that ends the matter. Mr. Mainoff was certainly of opinion that the old habitual method of obtaining a wife among the Mordvins was by capture, without, however, assigning any special reason for this belief. He probably imagined that it was a necessary survival from a remote epoch, when it was the only way of securing for oneself a wife. But this hypothesis is, I submit, an erroneous one. As marriage by purchase is, or is known to have once been, a usage among the Finns, Esthonians, Cheremis, Votiaks, Voguls, Ostiaks, Samoyedes, Turks, Jakuts, and Mongols, its origin among the Erza and Moksha Mordvins can be of no recent date ; its antiquity must be very great, reaching back, for all we know, to the polished stone period. No doubt during the centuries that have elapsed since purchase of the bride became an institution there have been concurrently endless instances of capture of women made by men of one tribe at war with another. But these instances hardly explain marriage with capture. Georgi (*Descrip.*, i, 71) describes the capture of girls among the Cheremis and Votiaks almost in the same words as Mainoff. If the abductor is overtaken he loses his bride and receives a sound cudgelling. Should he escape, he consummates the marriage before witnesses, so as to get her at a reduced price, for the parents, in spite of this outrage, will not part with her for nothing. The marriage is afterwards celebrated in the usual way. Here the reason of the capture is simply to lower the price of the bride, and the capture itself is merely an interlude in a marriage by purchase. Ahlqvist (*Unter Wogulen*, p. 159) mentions that the Ostiaks occasionally resort to capture to shirk paying the kalym, which is often enormous, and requires years to pay. The Avars and Khevsurs of the Caucasus frequently run away with a bride for the avowed reason of

displaying their spirit and gallantry, but they have, notwithstanding, to pay the kalym in order to avoid a blood feud. In folk-tales there are many instances of tasks imposed by a father on the suitor for the hand of his daughter, where the tasks, if successfully performed, have a double function; they serve to obtain a valuable object—a kalym, in fact, for the father of the bride, and likewise test the suitor's courage, dexterity, and hardihood. Any one of these three very natural reasons for eloping with a girl—(1) to reduce her price, (2) to avoid payment, (3) to exhibit courage—when translated into action, attaches itself in a perfectly natural and spontaneous manner as an incident in marriage by purchase. It is self-evident that capture for either of the first two reasons must be posterior in time to the institution of the practice of paying for a bride. And if marriage with capture is as ancient as marriage by purchase, its cause is to be found rather in the innate universal desire to display courage,<sup>1</sup> than as a survival of a still older practice of taking women captive in time of war. Capture for the third reason may be regarded as a stereotyped task imposed by custom, based on the double sentiment that a wife is not to be obtained too easily, and not without giving some proof of daring.

The special incidents accompanying the act of capture in § I seem to corroborate this view. For though the young man's friends accompany him to the girl's village, he goes alone to the house to carry her off—though there may be a suspicion that he has prearranged the affair with her—as if that must be the individual act of the bridegroom, to prove his personal intrepidity. Of course, it is likely enough that actual elopement, without any sort of subsequent ceremony, and without payment of the kalym, occasionally happened, but that it was ever the

<sup>1</sup> For instances of savages that require proofs of courage as qualifications for marriage, see H. Spencer, *Principles of Sociology*, i, 621, and E. Westermarck, *The History of Human Marriage*, pt. i, 24.

rule during the last few centuries is open to grave doubt.

*Wooing by Proxy.* § 2.—This is common to the Slav, Finno-Ugrian, Turkish, and Mongol peoples. But the incident that the match-makers should not be noticed on their way to the house of the bride-elect is Russian. (See Ralston, p. 265.) The prayers and offerings to the house-gods and to deceased ancestors, made on this occasion, can be paralleled by those made by the Chuvash, Tatars, and Yakuts; the maxim that "silence gives consent" is also found among the Yakuts.

*Wooing with Bread.*<sup>1</sup> § 2a, 2b, 8.—Here bread is evidently a symbol of maintenance. By leaving a loaf at the house of the girl's father, the wooer means that he, or he that he represents, will keep and maintain her. An old Russian wooing custom of a similar nature, though more elaborate in its details, is recorded by Jenkinson, in the year 1557 (Hakluyt, i, 360). In this, a man sends to the object of his affections a chest containing a whip, needles, silk, thread, spears, etc., and sometimes raisins and figs; meaning that if she offends she will be whipped; that she must sew and be industrious; and that if she does well she will have all good things. The running away of the wooer, who is not only safe if he passes a certain boundary in time, but compels his pursuer to agree to his terms, might be explained in the same way as marriage with capture. The wooer was bound to show his adroitness and fleetness, so

<sup>1</sup> It will be noticed that bread plays a considerable rôle in the wedding ceremonies. Wooing is made with it. The bride and bridegroom are both blessed with a loaf, and with a loaf the bride is struck on the head when receiving a new name. But this use is probably borrowed from the Russians, with whom bread is also used as a symbol. At a little Russian wedding, Kohl (*op. cit.*, p. 520) saw a pretty girl, led by a couple of peasant lads, and carrying in her hand a sabre thrust through a loaf. She followed immediately behind the bridegroom. He understood it to mean, obviously, that it was a warning, in the olden time, to the bridegroom that he had undertaken to defend his bride and furnish her with bread.



that, if he was superior in these respects to his pursuers, he gained his object by virtue of these good qualities ; the stereotyped task set by custom had been victoriously accomplished.

The incident in § 2, that the bride is only to be shown on payment of a fee, is quite Turkish ; see Vámbéry, *op. cit.*, p. 245.

*The Carouse.*<sup>1</sup> § 4.—1. Assembly of relations at bridegroom's (*i.e.*, at his father's) house. 2. Prayers and offerings to the household gods. 3. Drive to bride's home with provisions and strong drink. 4. Received with bread and salt. 5. Hand-striking.<sup>2</sup> 6. Prayers and offerings to the gods. 7. Feasting and drinking [at the expense of bridegroom's parents.<sup>3</sup> Bride not present<sup>4</sup>]. 8. Bridegroom's relations make acquaintance with bride. 9. Bride gives presents [bridegroom not present]. 10. Return home.

*Variant.* § 4a.—1. Bridegroom [if of same village as bride] and his father go to bride's home with supplies.

<sup>1</sup> This seems to answer to the Chuvash "driving with presents". After the wooing, and the negotiations about the kalym, the bridegroom and his parents visit the bride, and pay the rest of the kalym. They bring wheaten bread with them. The bride's father places this, with honey, on a dish, washes himself, and goes with a loaf and three ladlefuls of honey into the courtyard. Here he prays towards the sun to *Thore*. He offers another loaf and honey to the mother of the gods, and to all the divinities in whom he has confidence. The bride's mother gives her new relations shirts or linen cloths, and entertains them and the neighbours with food and drink, when they also dance and sing. They then fix the day for the wedding, and separate. (Georgi, *Reisen in Russland* (in 1770), ii, 852.)

<sup>2</sup> A Russian custom ; see Ralston, p. 265. At Lett courtships, the bride's father and the suitor join hands when the girl has given her consent (Kohl, p. 382). As the Magyar word for betrothal means "clasping the hands", the Magyars have probably borrowed the custom from their Slav or Teuton neighbours.

<sup>3</sup> With the Kalmuks, too, though the feast of betrothal is held at the tent of the bride's parents, it is at the bridegroom's expense. (B. Bergmann, *Nomad. Streifereien unter d. Kalmuken*, iii, 146.)

<sup>4</sup> Possibly because it is supposed to be no affair of hers, but merely of the respective parents.

2. Enter without salutation. 3. Bread, salt, and money laid on table. 4. Eating and drinking [bridegroom takes no part.<sup>1</sup> Bride not present]. 5. Negotiations about kalym, etc. 6. Return home.

*Feast of Sacred Pies.* § 4a.—1. Assembly of relations at bridegroom's. 2. Drive to bride's home, with pies, cake, and strong drink. 3. Welcomed; pies accepted [engagement cannot now be broken off, = hand-striking]. 4. Bride's girl friends bully and abuse bridegroom's father.<sup>2</sup> 5. Return home.

*Weeping-day.*<sup>3</sup> § 5. (The day before the wedding).—1. Before dawn, bride asks for parents' blessing. 2. Bows outside towards the east five times. 3. Weeps at home, surrounded by friends. 4. Prays at gate, and carried to neighbour's. *Variant.*—Goes at dawn to a relation's [begs for shelter, as she is driven from home]. 5. Bride carried to relation's in turn.<sup>4</sup> 6. Returns home; offered half-empty ladleful of beer by father. 7. Refuses beer offered by mother. 8. Asks for and receives parents' blessing. 9. Carried to a neighbour's. 10. Goes to bed there.

*Girls' Feast.*<sup>5</sup> § 5a. (The day before the wedding).—1. Bride leaves home to invite friends. 2. Refused admission on her return. 3. Sends shirt to bridegroom. 4. Her friends praise her.

*Variant.* § 5b.— . . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Probably because of the marriage points to Russian influence.

<sup>2</sup> Quite Turkish;

<sup>3</sup> With the Tatars, at wedding, the bride visits her to weep (Georgi, *Descrip.*, ii, 100).

<sup>4</sup> Part of the day is spent paying farewell visits.

<sup>5</sup> This social gathering is one to which all whom it has probably been described by Mr. Ralston (*op. cit.*).

brothers to take leave of relations. 2. Courtseys thrice at gate. 3. Takes mould from the threshold [abode of house-god], and puts it on her bosom. 4. Bewails her fate to relations in turn. 5. Returns home. 6. Father-in-law visits, proffers *pure*, and blesses her.

*Day before Wedding (at bridegroom's house).* § 6.—1. Girls arrive at bridegroom's, carrying sticks dressed with caps and ribbons. 2. Ask his father to bless them to invite guests [only women]. 3. Invite guests and return. 4. Ask a blessing to heat bridegroom's bath. 5. The guests arrive, eat and drink. 6. Sit up all night making preparations for feast. 7. Bridegroom sent away from the house before night.

*Afternoon of Wedding-day (Erza).* § 7.—Assembly at bridegroom's. 2. Prayer to *Chimpas*. 3. Father blesses with loaf and holy picture. Bridegroom's parents, bridegroom [sometimes], and relations start for bride's village [best man armed with a sword]. Pass the night there.

*Wedding-day (Erza).* § 7—1. Bridegroom's party refused admission at bride's<sup>1</sup>; only enter on payment. *Variant.*—Bridegroom's party received with insulting songs by bride's girl friends, but her parents welcome it with bread and salt. 2. Eatables and drinkables brought by party are set on table and all eat and drink [bride not present]. Bridegroom's parents start off to invite bride's relations [before starting his mother sometimes leaves a loaf in each room]. *Variant.*—His mother goes to see bride dressing at neighbour's; gives her beer and returns. 4. Bride dressed by friends in private room; then brought to common room. 5. Bride blessed with same loaf [a hole scooped out in its under-crust] as bridegroom was blessed with. 6. Bride [violently resisting]<sup>2</sup> carried outside; after prayer to house-

<sup>1</sup> This is customary in some parts of Russia. (Ralston, p. 285.)

<sup>2</sup> Mentioned by Jenkinson as Russian (Hakluyt, i, 360), and regarded by Mainoff—erroneously, as I believe—as a survival of the custom of marriage by capture.

hold god is put into tilt-cart [stands the whole way, supported by mother-in-law<sup>1</sup> and friend]. 7. Wedding *cortège* halts at village boundary ; bride gives presents ; best man distributes drink. 8. Bride falls at horses' feet ; gives them ribbons and money. 9. *Cortège* moves off [bride still resisting] to church ; [bride sometimes thanks horses]. *Variant.*—In last century, bride escorted to church half-way by her relations and rest of journey by bridegroom's friends alone, who had come to meet her there.<sup>2</sup> 10. Marriage solemnised after Russian rite<sup>3</sup>; bride refuses to kiss bridegroom<sup>4</sup>; his father assists him. 11. Bridal party drives to bridegroom's, where best man detaches body of bride's carriage.<sup>5</sup> 12. Bridegroom received with derisive songs by girls ; slinks in by side entrance and hides in nuptial out-house. 13. Bride carried<sup>6</sup> into common room and covered with hops.<sup>7</sup> *Variant.*—Bride walks in, carrying her father's

<sup>1</sup> With the Letts the bride is seated in her mother-in-law's lap, and her bridesmaid is at her side. (Kohl, p. 381.)

<sup>2</sup> A very old custom, probably, for Vámbéry (*op. cit.*, 239) mentions that though a Kirgiz bride is sometimes escorted part of the way to her husband's tent by her youngest brother, yet she must appear quite alone at the *aul* of her father-in-law.

<sup>3</sup> In Lepekhn's account (*op. cit.*, p. 104) there is no mention of going to church, and he states that the whole ceremony of marriage consisted in this : the bride's father (at his own house) took his daughter by the hand, while her mother took up bread and salt, and then these and the daughter were handed to the father and mother of the bridegroom, who seems not to have been present.

<sup>4</sup> Mentioned by Le Brun (*op. cit.*, p. 82) as a Russian usage.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps an old Slav custom. The Boeotians conducted the bride to the bridegroom's house in a chariot, and then burnt the axletree before the door, signifying thereby that she was to remain in her new home. (Montfaucon, Eng. ed., iii, 137.)

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps to avoid touching the threshold, the seat of the Penates. A Roman bride was lifted over the threshold for the same reason (Montfaucon, iii, 140); but treading on the threshold was also tabooed by the Tatars.

<sup>7</sup> In Russia, with barley and down. (Ralston, p. 280.)

"blessing" (a candle); hops thrown over her by woman [in fur coat, worn inside out]. 14. Bride introduced to stove<sup>1</sup>; mother-in-law gives her *pure*. 15. Guests eat and drink; bride carried out and shoved into nuptial outhouse [with the words, "Here, wolf, is a lamb<sup>2</sup> for thee"]; bridesmaid brings in omelette and spirits; couple left alone for half-an-hour. 16. Couple brought back to common room, and offer spirits to guests [bride bows to ground and requires each to bless her].

*Wedding-day (Moksha).* § 7a.—1. Assembly at bridegroom's of his relations. 2. Prayer to *Shkai*. 3. Bridegroom cuts off "god's portion" for fire-god. 4. Father blesses son [with loaf, salt, omelette, and picture]. 5. Start for bride's home [bridegroom stays at home,<sup>3</sup> and hides]. 6. Prayer to the gates, and imprecations against evil spirits. 7. Received at bride's with insulting songs; gates

<sup>1</sup> De Gaya (*op. cit.*, p. 15) mentions that in Poland part of the marriage ceremony consisted in leading the bride thrice round the fire.

<sup>2</sup> The designation of the bride as a lamb is, perhaps, of Slav origin (see above p. 443, note), or suggested itself as an antithesis to wolf. Though the Mordvins have no legend relating to their supposed origin from a wolf, so far as I am aware, several Turkish stocks derive themselves from a she-wolf (Deguignes, *Hist. générale des Huns*, i, pt. 2, p. 371); and the Hoeike Turks believed themselves descended from the union between a he-wolf and a Hunnish princess of great beauty, who had been shut up in a tower (Deguignes, ii, p. 2). It is just possible the Mordvins once held some such belief, which has only survived in this formula.

<sup>3</sup> In some parts of Russia the bridegroom accompanies his friends to the bride's house; in others, he remains at home (Ralston, p. 277). With the Letts, the bride's *cortège* and that of the bridegroom proceed independently to church, and meet at the altar (Kohl, p. 381). With the Cheremis, the bridegroom accompanies the party to fetch the bride (Georgi, *Descrip.*, i, 37). When the bridegroom stays at home, it is, perhaps, to be more certain of anticipating the bride at church, for if a Slovene bride contrives to reach the church-porch before the bridegroom, she hopes to enjoy a life-long supremacy over him (Ralston, p. 303).

barred<sup>1</sup>; only opened on payment. 8. Prayer; kalym paid; eating and drinking [bride not present]. 9. Bride [in undress] appears from behind curtain; bewails herself; gives presents; her friends praise her; bride retires. 10. Old woman [in fur coat, turned inside out] plays the buffoon; hopes bride will ever excite smiles of pleasure. 11. Bride brought in [in full dress]. 12. Prayer to water-goddess (goddess of marriage). 13. Bride blessed by parents [candle burning on threshold; not extinguished till marriage is over<sup>2</sup>]. 14. Carried to tilt-cart, and taken to church, with precautions against evil spirits. 15. Bridegroom [covered with a hide] is driven to church. 16. Marriage solemnised after Russian rite. 17. Wedding-party drives to bridegroom's. 18. Received by oldest man in house. *Variant*.—Received by father and mother of bridegroom [in coats, turned inside out]; notch cut in door-post. 19. Pan-kicking.<sup>3</sup> 20. Couple left in bridal chamber (outhouse). 21. Bride taken to river<sup>4</sup> [path sprinkled with *pure*]; hen sacrificed, and prayer to water-goddess; bride drenched, and returns home. 22. New name given [by striking on head with loaf]. 23. Bride led to stove, and fed out of hand by mother-in-law.

From the above we may arrive, with considerable probability, at the following conclusions:—That the Mordvins, before they came in contact with the Slavs, wooed by proxy, and contracted marriages by purchase, though there was a prevailing sentiment that a man should give proof of his

<sup>1</sup> This is also done in some parts of Russia. (Ralston, p. 285.)

<sup>2</sup> A Little Russian usage. (Haxthausen's *Russian Empire* (R. Farie), i, 413.)

<sup>3</sup> A Russian custom of similar purport is mentioned by Jenkinson in 1557 (Hakluyt, i, 360). After receiving the priestly blessing in church, the young couple had to drink out of a cup. The bride drank first, and, after the bridegroom had drunk, he let the cup fall to the ground. Whichever of the two could first tread upon it would have, it was supposed, the upper hand in future.

<sup>4</sup> A Russian bride takes a bath the morning after the wedding. (Ralston, p. 281.)

courage and address, which generally took the form of capturing and carrying off the bride. The original marriage ceremonies were, no doubt, few and simple, like those of the Voguls (see above, p. 425). But, as purchase involves discussion, and ultimately ratification; as the separation of a bride from the parental home, preparatory to exchanging a comparatively free-and-easy life with the hard, slave-like life of a married woman, cannot take place without reluctance on her part, and without many tears, we may see in these acts some of the original foundation-stones on which the existing superstructure of marriage usages and customs has gradually been built. This superstructure has been enormously augmented and modified through intercourse with Russian neighbours, through increasing civilisation, brought on by the change from a roving to a settled mode of life, and through the introduction of Christianity. For unquestionably a far larger proportion of incidents, set phrases, and other peculiarities have been borrowed from the Russians than I have been able to exemplify.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

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## MARRIAGE AMONG THE EARLY SLAVS.<sup>1</sup>

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THE earliest evidence which we possess as to the social relations of the Eastern Slavs, whose confederacy was the beginning of the Russian State, is contained in the so-called *Chronicle* of Nestor. Nestor is supposed to have been a Russian monk of the eleventh century.

Contrasting the mode of life of the most civilised Slavonic nations, the Polians, who were established on the banks of the Dnieper, with that of the more barbarous tribes of Russia, Nestor, or perhaps it is better to say, the unknown author of the *Chronicle* which bears this name, states as follows (I translate literally): "Each tribe had its own customs, and the laws of its forefathers and its own traditions, each its own manner of life (*nрав*). The Polians had the customs of their fathers, customs mild and peaceful (*tichi*); they showed a kind of reserve (*stidenie*) towards the daughters of their sons and towards their sisters, towards their mothers and their parents, towards the mothers of their wives, and towards the brothers of their husbands; to all of the persons named they showed great reserve. Amongst them the bridegroom did not go to seek his bride; she was taken to him in the evening, and the following morning they brought what was given for her."

"Another Slavonic tribe, the Drevlians," according to the same chronicler, "lived like beasts; they killed one another, they fed on things unclean; no marriage took place amongst them, but they captured young girls on the banks of rivers."

<sup>1</sup> One of the Ilchester Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford.



The same author narrates that three other Slavonic tribes, the Radimich, the Viatich, and the Sever, had the same customs; they lived "in forests, like other wild animals, they ate everything unclean, and shameful things occurred amongst them between fathers and daughters-in-law. Marriages were unknown to them, but games were held in the outskirts of villages; they met at these games for dancing and every kind of diabolic amusement, and there they captured their wives, each man the one he had covenanted with. They had generally two or three wives."

I have tried to give the nearest possible translation of this old Russian text, the interpretation of which, however, gives rise to certain difficulties not yet quite settled. I will now classify, to the best of my power, the various facts which we can infer from this text. First of all, it establishes the fact that marriage, in the sense of a constant union between husband and wife, was not a general institution among the Eastern Slavs. With the exception of the more civilised Polians, no other tribe is stated to have any notion of it. Of course this does not mean that all alike were entirely ignorant of the meaning of family life. It only means that their mode of constituting a family did not correspond to the idea which the author, who, as we have said, was a monk, entertained as to matrimonial revelations. The Radimich, Viatich, and Sever captured their wives after having previously come to an agreement with them. This certainly is a method which would meet with the approval of a Christian, but nevertheless it is marriage. We have before us an example of what ethnologists have named "marriage by capture".

The Drevlians were even less advanced as regards the intercourse between the sexes. They also had games at which women were captured, but not a word is said about any covenant entered into by the captor and his supposed victim. Neither is any mention made of these games being held on the boundaries or outskirts of villages—a fact which would point to the existence of a sort of exogamy

forbidding unions between persons of the same *gens*. In the description which the chronicler gives of the Drevlians we have an instance of an almost unlimited licence, whilst in that of the Radimich, Viatic, and Sever, we find a picture of an exogamous people ; contracting marriage by capture, and yet retaining from the period of almost unlimited licence a sort of family communism, which appears in the relations between fathers and daughters-in-law.

No trace of this either limited or unlimited promiscuousness is to be found among the Polians, who, according to our old chronicler, "conducted themselves with much reserve" towards daughters-in-law and sisters-in-law, towards mothers and fathers, towards fathers-in-law and brothers-in-law. They seem to have been an exogamous tribe like the Radimich, Viatic, and Sever, their wives being brought to them from outside their own *gens*. Unlike the tribes just mentioned, they did not, however, procure them by capture. It was not the custom for the bridegrooms to go in search of their wives ; they received them from the hands of the parents of the women, and they then paid the sum of money previously agreed upon. This means that their mode of constituting marriage was by buying their wives. The words of the chronicler concerning these payments are far from being clear, and Russian scholars have tried to interpret them in the sense of "dower" brought by the relatives of the wife. But it has been recently proved that no mention of "dower" is to be found in Russian charters before the fifteenth century, and that the word *veno* used in mediæval Russian to designate the payment made on marriage, has no other meaning than that of *pretium nuptiale*, or payment made by the bridegroom to the family of the bride.<sup>1</sup> The words of Tacitus concerning the *dos* paid amongst the German tribes by the future husband to his wife's father, give precisely the meaning of the old Russian "*veno*", and throw a light on the sort of payment which the chronicle of Nestor

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lange, *On the Mutual Rights, according to Old Russian Law, of Husband and Wife, as regards Fortune*. St. Petersburg, 1886.

had in view when speaking of the matrimonial customs of the Polians.

The testimony of our oldest chronicle concerning the different forms of matrimony among the eastern Slavs deserves our closest attention, because it is, in all points, confirmed by the study of the rest of our old written literature, of our epic poems, of our wedding-songs, and of the matrimonial usages and customs still, or lately, in existence in certain remote districts of Russia. The Drevlians are not the only Slavonic tribe to which the mediæval chronicles ascribe a low state of morality. The same is asserted of the old Bohemians or Czechs, in the account given of their manners and customs by Cosmus of Prague, a Latin annalist of the eleventh century, who says : *Connubia erant illis communia. Nam more pecudum singulas ad noctes novos probant hymenaeos, et surgente aurora . . . . ferrea amoris rumpunt vincula.*"

This statement is directly confirmed by that of another mediæval author, the unknown biographer of St. Adalbert. This writer ascribes the animosity of the Bohemian people towards the saint to the fact of his strong opposition to the shameful promiscuousness which in his time prevailed in Bohemia. It is confirmed, also, by the monk of the Russian Abbey of Eleasar, known by the name of Pamphil, who lived in the sixteenth century. Both speak of the existence of certain yearly festivals at which great licence prevailed. According to the last-named author, such meetings were regularly held on the borders of the State of Novgorod on the banks of rivers, resembling, in that particular, the annual festivals mentioned by Nestor. Not later than the beginning of the sixteenth century, they were complained of by the clergy of the State of Pscov. It was at that time monk Pamphil drew up his letter to the Governor of the State, admonishing him to put an end to these annual gatherings, since their only result was the corruption of the young women and girls. According to the author just cited, the meetings took place, as a rule,

the day before the festival of St. John the Baptist, which, in pagan times, was that of a divinity known by the name of Jarilo, corresponding to the Priapus of the Greeks. Half a century later the new ecclesiastical code, compiled by an assembly of divines convened in Moscow by the Czar Ivan the Terrible, took effectual measures for abolishing every vestige of paganism ; amongst them, the yearly festivals held on Christmas Day, on the day of the baptism of Our Lord, and on St. John the Baptist, commonly called Midsummer Day. A general feature of all these festivals, according to the code, was the prevalence of the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. How far the clergy succeeded in suppressing these yearly meetings, which had been regularly held for centuries before on the banks of rivers, we cannot precisely say, although the fact of their occasional occurrence, even in modern times, does not tend to prove their complete abolition. More than once have I had an opportunity of being present at these nightly meetings, held at the end of June, in commemoration of a heathen divinity. They usually take place close to a river or pond ; large fires are lighted, and over them young couples, bachelors and unmarried girls, jump barefoot. I have never found any trace of licentiousness ; but there is no doubt that cases of licence used to occur, though seldom in our time. That a few centuries ago they were very frequent has been lately proved by some curious documents preserved in the archives of some of the provincial ecclesiastical councils, particularly in those existing in the government of Kharkov. According to these documents, the local clergy were engaged in constant warfare with the shameful licentiousness which prevailed at the evening assemblies of the peasants, and more than once the clergy succeeded in inducing the authorities of the village to dissolve the assemblies by force. The priests were often wounded, and obliged to seek refuge in the houses of the village elders from the stones with which they were pelted. These evening assemblies are known to the people of Great

Russia under the name of Posidelki, and to the Little Russians by that of Vechernitzi.

The licentiousness which formed the characteristic feature of these meetings throws light on the motives which induce the peasants of certain great Russian communes to attach but small importance to virginity. Russian ethnographers have not infrequently mentioned the fact of young men living openly with unmarried women, and, even in case of marriage, of giving preference to those who were known to have already been mothers.

However peculiar all these facts may seem, they are very often met with among people of quite a distinct race. The Allemanic populations of the Grisons, no longer ago than the sixteenth century, held regular meetings which were not less shameful than those of the Cossacks. The "Kilbenen" were abolished by law,<sup>1</sup> but another custom, in direct antagonism to morality, continued to exist all over the northern cantons of Switzerland and in the southern provinces of Wurtemberg and of Baden. I mean the custom known under the name of "Kilchgang" or "Dorfgehen", which, according to the popular songs, consisted in nothing else than the right of a bachelor to become the lover of some young girl, and that quite openly, and with the implied consent of the parents of his sweetheart. May I also mention a similar custom amongst the Welsh, known as "bundling"? I am not well enough informed as to the character of this custom to insist on its resemblance to those already mentioned. The little I have said on the German survivals of early licence may suffice to establish this general conclusion: that the comparative immorality of Russian peasants has no other cause than the survival amongst them of numerous vestiges of the early forms of marriage.

Another feature of the matriarchal family, the lack of any prohibition as to marriages between persons who are

<sup>1</sup> *Das Landrecht von Kloster* (xv), ed. by Mohr.

sprung from the same father or grandfather, is also mentioned more than once by early Slavonic writers. Such marriages were not prohibited by custom among the old Bohemians or Czechs. "Populus miscebatur cum cognatis," says the biographer of St. Adalbert. They are also frequently mentioned in the epic poems of our peasants, the so-called *bilini*, of which the late W. R. S. Ralston has given to English readers an accurate and profound analysis. I will quote certain passages from these poems to give you the facts on which my theory is based.

One of the most celebrated heroes of our popular ballads, Ilia Mourometz, encounters one day a freebooter named Nightingale (Solovei Razboinik). "Why", asks the hero, "do all thy children look alike?" Nightingale gives the following answer: "Because, when my son is grown up, I marry him to my daughter; and when my daughter is old enough, I give her my son for a husband, and I do so in order that my race might not die out." Another popular ballad, representing the evil customs of former days, describes them in the following manner:

" Brother made war upon brother,  
Brother took sister to wife."

Endogamous marriages still occur in a few very remote parts of Russia. Such is the case in certain villages in the district of Onega, and especially in that of Liamika, where the peasants do their best to infringe the canonical prescriptions which disallow marriage between blood relations to the fourth degree inclusively. The same has also been noticed in certain parts of the Government of Archangel, quite on the shores of the White Sea, where the peasants are in the habit of saying that marriages between blood relations will be blessed with a more rapid increase of "cattle"—the word "cattle" standing in this case for *children*. In some provinces of Siberia, and in the district of Vetlougá, which belongs to the government of Nijni Novgorod, endogamous marriages, though contrary to the

prevailing custom, are looked upon with a favourable eye.<sup>1</sup>

Another fact which deserves the attention of all partisans of the theory of the matriarchate, first promulgated by McLennan, is the large independence enjoyed by the Slavonic women of old days. Let me first quote the words of Cosmus of Prague, which relate to this subject, and then show you what illustration they find both in written literature and in popular ballads and songs.

“Non virgines viri, sed ipsæmet viros, quos et quando voluerunt, accipiebant.”

This freedom of the Bohemian girls to dispose of their hearts according to their own wish, shows the comparative independence of the Bohemian women at that period.

The oldest legal code of this people, the “*sniem*”, seems to favour this independence, by recognising the right of the women to be free from any work, except that which is connected with the maintenance of the household.<sup>2</sup>

Confronted with the facts just brought forward, the popular legend, reported by Cosmus in his chronicle, of a kind of Bohemian Amazons, who took an active part in the wars of the time, appears in its true light. Free as they were from the bonds of marriage, not relying on husbands for the defence of their persons and estates, the old Bohemian Amazons were probably very similar to those warlike women who still appear in the King of Dahomey’s army, and who in the time of Pompey were known to exist among certain autochthonic tribes of the Caucasus. A fact well worth notice is, that the memory of these bellicose women is still preserved in the traditions of the Tcherkess, who call them by the name of “emcheck”. Giantesses, wandering by themselves through the country, and fighting the heroes they met on their way, are also mentioned more

<sup>1</sup> Smirnov, *Sketches of Family Relations according to the Customary Law of the Russians* (Moscow, 1877), pp. 105, 106.

<sup>2</sup> Ivanischev, *Dissertation on the Rights of the Individual according to the Old Laws of the Bohemians*. Complete Works, p. 92.

than once in our popular ballads, or *bilini*. The name under which they are known is that of "polinitzi", the word *pole* meaning the field, and in a secondary sense the battle-field.

Like the Bohemian girls described by Cosmus of Prague, these Russian Amazons chose their lovers as they liked.

"Is thy heart inclined to amuse itself with me?" such is the question addressed to Ilia Mourometz by one of these Amazons, the so-called beautiful princess. "Be my husband and I will be thy wife," says another of these *polinitzi*, Anastasia the Beautiful, to the paladin, Theodor Tougarev. It is not the freebooter Nightingale who chooses his wife, nor the paladin Dobrinia who is going in search of a bride; both are represented as accepting the offers of betrothal made to them by the Russian Amazons Zaprava and Marina.<sup>1</sup>

Evidence of still greater importance is that of the French writer, Beauplan, who, speaking of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Little Russia during his time, the latter half of the seventeenth century, states as follows :

"In the Ukraine, contrary to the custom of all other nations, the husbands do not choose their wives, but are themselves chosen by their future consorts."

I hope I have now given an amount of information, sufficient to answer the purpose I have in view; which is no other than to show that, in a low state of morality, communal marriage between near relations and endogamy went hand in hand, amongst the early Slavs, with a considerable degree of independence among the weaker sex.

To all these characteristic features of the matriarchate, we may add this very important one, that, according to the old Russian law, the tie which unites a man to his sister and the children she has brought into the world, was con-

<sup>1</sup> Ribnikov, *The Songs of the Russian People*, vol. i, p. 64; Kirscha Danilov, *Old Russian Poems*, pp. 9 and 70; Afanasiev, *Tales of the Russian People*, vol. i, p. 484.



sidered to be closer than that which unites two brothers or the uncle and his nephew. In a society organised on the principle of agnation, the son of a sister has no reason to interfere in the pursuit of the murderer of his uncle. The brother belongs altogether to another clan, and the duty of vengeance falls exclusively on the persons of that clan. But such is by no means the point of view of the old Russian law, recognising, as it does, the right of the sister's son to avenge the death of his uncle.

"In case a man shall be killed by a man," decrees the first article of the Pravda of Yaroslav (the *lex barborum* of the Russians), "vengeance may be taken by a son in case his father has been killed ; by the father when the son falls a victim ; by the brother's son, and by the son of a sister." These last words are omitted in the later versions of the Pravda, a fact which shows the increase of agnatic organisation, but they are found in the version generally recognised as the most ancient.

This close tie between brother and sister, between the uncle and the sister's children, still exists among the Southern Slavs. Professor Bogisic, and after him Mr. Krauss, have illustrated this fact by the epic songs of the Servian people. They speak of the custom generally in use among the Southern Slavs of securing from a person truthfulness in his statements by the invocation of the name of the sister. They mention, too, that peculiar relation of artificial brotherhood and sisterhood, into which young men and young women belonging to different kindreds frequently enter, in order to secure to the weaker sex protection and help.

I hardly need insist on the importance which all these facts have with regard to the theory of an early matriarchate among the Slavs, the more so because this has already been done in England by Mr. McLennan, in his well-known study on the Patriarchal theory, and in Germany by Bachofen in one of his Antiquarian Letters.<sup>1</sup> But I

<sup>1</sup> *Antiquarische Briefe*, 1880, p. 167 ; McLennan, *The Patriarchal Theory*, ch. vi, p. 71.

shall complete the information which these scholars have given by citing certain peculiar customs still in use among Russian peasants.

Whilst the father is considered to be the proper person to dispose of the hand of the bride, the brother, according to the wedding ritual, appears as the chief protector of her virginity. In more than one province of Russia the brother plays an important part in that portion of the nuptial ceremony which may be called by the Latin name of *in domus deductio*. As soon as the bridegroom has made his appearance in the court-yard of the family to which his bride belongs, the brother, in accordance with an old custom, takes his seat next the bride with a naked sword, or at least a stick, in his hand. The bridegroom or the groomsmen, asking to be allowed to take his seat, receives as answer, that the brother is there to keep ward over his sister, and that he will not consent to leave his seat unless he be paid for it. "Dear brother, don't give me away for nothing. Ask a hundred roubles for me, for the veil which covers my head, a thousand roubles. Ask for my beauty—God alone knows how much." Such is the tenor of the song composed for the occasion. "The brother, a true Tartar," we read in the text of another nuptial song, "has sold his sister for a thaler, and her fair tresses for fifty copecks."

In Little Russia the drawn sword, which the brother holds in his hand on the occasion, is ornamented with the red berries of the guelder-rose, red being the emblem of maidenhood among Slavonic peoples. Other emblems are the binding of the bride's tresses, and the veil which covers her head. The bridegroom is not allowed to remove the veil, nor to unbind the tresses of his future wife, unless he consents to pay a small sum of money to her brother.

Hitherto we have considered the different aspects of the earliest period in the evolution of the family—that which is known by the term of the matriarchate. The various

features which characterised the lowest state of the relations between the sexes did not vanish all at once. The incestuous relations between persons of the same blood seem to have been the first to disappear. No further mention of these occurs in Nestor's description of the Eastern tribes—the Radimich, Viatich, and Sever. Though they practise communal marriage so far that fathers and sons have wives in common, nevertheless fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, dare no longer cohabit with each other, and if licence still occurs at some annual festivities, it is kept under some check.

The *bilini*, or popular ballads, as also the old legends and folk-tales, often represent that transient period of social evolution, when endogamy was gradually giving way to exogamy, and relations between persons of the same kin were forbidden. A popular hero, known by the name of Michailo Kasarinov, and belonging to a later series of Russian paladins, in one of these ballads liberates a young Russian girl from the yoke of the Tartars, and is on the point of becoming her lover, when she discloses to him the secret of her birth, and proves that she is his sister. The paladin immediately abandons his purpose. In another popular tale, inserted by Afanasiov in his collection of these curious monuments of our unwritten literature, a brother is represented as insisting on marrying his sister, and the latter as strongly protesting against his desire. "What do you propose to do?" she asks. "Bethink you of God and of the sin? Is it right that a brother should espouse his own sister?" The brother persists, and the couple are on the point of retiring, when the earth opens, and the sister, unharmed, disappears from view.<sup>1</sup> In another popular legend, a husband, having discovered that his wife is his own sister, finds no means of escape but that of undertaking a pilgrimage in order to expiate his sins.<sup>2</sup>

The prohibition is gradually extended to all persons of

<sup>1</sup> Afanasiev, *Folk-tales*, vol. i, pp. 211, 212.

<sup>2</sup> Schein, *Songs of the White Russians*.

the same kin. A song<sup>1</sup> in vogue among the peasantry of Little Russia speaks of a bird wishing to marry, and finding no bride at his birth-place, all the females being his relations, there remains nothing for him to do but to cross the sea, and seek a bride of another kin than his own.

The complete discomfiture of endogamy, in its long struggle with exogamous prescriptions, is shown in the fact that in some parts of Russia, as for instance in the government of Simbirsk, in certain villages of the government of Olonizk, and of the district of Schadrinsk, inhabited by the Cossacks of the Don, the bride is always taken from another village than the bridegroom's. Even in provinces in which no similar custom is known to exist, the remembrance of the time when exogamy was considered a duty, is preserved in the fact that the bridegroom is constantly spoken of as a foreigner (*choujoy, choujaninin*), and his friends and attendants are represented as coming with him from a distant country, in order to take away the future spouse.

The origin of exogamy has been sought for in the fact of the general prevalence, at a certain period of social development, of the custom of capturing wives. The co-existence of both customs has been already noticed by the old Russian chronicler in his description of the manners and customs of the Radimich, Viatic, and Sever. His testimony is corroborated by that of the nuptial songs, and of the ceremonies still in use at country weddings. The information which is derived from these sources as to the general prevalence in past times of marriage by capture, I have summed up in a work published in Russian under the title of *The First Periods in the Evolution of Law*. I shall take the liberty of bringing forward on this occasion the facts there summarised. They concern the Eastern as well as the Southern Slavs.

Amongst the Southern Slavs, marriage by capture was still in existence no longer ago than the beginning of the

<sup>1</sup> Tereschenko, *Social Life of the Russians*, vol. iv, p. 280.

present century. A well-known Servian writer, Vouk Karadjich, gives the following details about this peculiar custom, known under the name of *otmitza*. "The capture of girls in order to marry them is still practised among the Servians. Young men very frequently have recourse to this mode of procuring a wife. On such occasions they are equipped and armed as if they were going out to do battle. They conceal themselves, and quietly await the moment till the girl passes near them on her way to look after the cattle. Sometimes they make a direct attack on the homestead she inhabits. In either case her resistance has no other result than a direct appeal to physical force. The young men seize her by her long, plaited tresses, drag and push her along, and sometimes use a whip or a stick to quicken her pace. The same custom prevailed not long ago in Montenegro. It existed also for centuries in Croatia, as may be seen from the mention made of it in the statute of Politza, a legal code published in 1605. In Bosnia and Herzegovina abductions still occur, but, as a rule, with the previous consent of the supposed victim, and with the declared intention of avoiding the expenses of a regular betrothal."

So much as regards marriage among the Southern Slavs.

As to the Eastern Slavs, the early development of a strong government, and of a powerful clergy, prevented the possibility of a long continuance of this wild method of constituting a family. An exception must, however, be made as regards the Cossacks of Little Russia and the Ukraine; who, according to the statement of Beauplan, continued to capture their wives no longer ago than the seventeenth century. But the existence, probably in pagan times, of marriage by capture in Russia, as well as in Poland, is still revealed by the old ballads, the wedding ceremonies of the country people, and the songs in use on the occasion of a betrothal.

The *bilini* more than once mention the cases of paladins like Ilia Mourometz having a personal encounter with the

Amazons they meet on their way. As soon as the paladins have succeeded in vanquishing the Amazons, they force them to become their wives. Among the different ceremonies still in use at a country wedding, one particularly deserves our attention, on account of the symbolical representation of the means to which the family of the bride once had recourse to prevent an abduction. On the day fixed for the wedding the doors leading to the homestead of the bride are closely shut. Sometimes a temporary wooden wall is erected to preserve the family from intrusion. The wedding-songs still in use in the government of Toula speak of the necessity of defending the approach to the bride's residence by oak trees, cut down to block up the road, and by shields arranged before the principal entrance of the homestead.

The bridegroom and his friends wear a warlike dress ; they are mounted on horseback, and carry guns and pistols. Such, at least, is the custom in the western provinces of Russia, whilst in the southern the whip, carried by the bridegroom's best man, appears to be the only weapon in use. The wedding-songs speak of arrows, shot in the direction of the bride's home, and of stone walls broken down, in order to take possession of her. The bridegroom and his followers are regularly met like foes. In the government of Perm it is the custom for the father of the bride to fire a pistol over their heads—of course, a pistol charged only with powder. The same custom is also in use in certain parts of the government of Archangel. The wedding-song speaks of the bridegroom's train in the following terms :—

“ They will come to the maiden's father  
With war.  
They will rob him,  
And imprison the mother.  
They will take the young girl away  
To a strange land.”

But capture, as we have already seen, was not the only mode of contracting marriage among the Slavs, even in the earliest period. According to the chronicle of Nestor, the Polians never had recourse to it. Instead of carrying off his bride by force, the Polian bridegroom preferred to pay to her father, or her family, a sort of *pretium nuptiale*, or bride-price. This custom of the Polians gradually became the general usage among all Slavonic tribes. In Servia, according to Wouk Karadjich, the sums of money paid to the bride's father by the bridegroom's family were so exorbitant that Georgius the Black issued a proclamation declaring it to be illegal to ask from the bridegroom more than a single ducat. In our days, says Bagisic, wives, as a rule, cannot be bought by their future husbands, but a reminiscence of this old custom is still preserved in the fact that the bride's father receives from the bridegroom a gift in money, varying from one to six ducats, according to the fortune of the giver.

Wives were also bought and sold among the Slavonic tribes of Austria. According to an old usage of the Loujichan, a Slavonic people inhabiting certain districts of Hungary, the bridegroom, on entering the homestead of his bride, apostrophised the father thus: "Pray do tell me if you have a cow to sell?" A Bohemian wedding-song puts into the mouth of the bridegroom's best man, the following sentence: "Please deliver to me the bride. I will give you a good price for her. The only reason I have for being here is that I may pay you in heavy thalers." No longer ago than the beginning of the last century, young men wishing to marry were in the habit of going to the fair at Krasni Brod, where unmarried women and widows, surrounded by their relations, awaited their coming. Each chose the woman he liked best, covenanted with her parents as to the amount of money to be paid for her, and proceeded to the ceremony of marriage. Polish wedding-songs also mention the custom of buying wives.

In Posnau the following ceremony is still observed on

the occasion of a betrothal. The bridegroom puts a small piece of money on the shoes of his bride, another on her knee, a third on her shoulder, a fourth on her head. It is only when this ceremony has been performed that the father delivers the maiden into the hands of her future husband.

I have already mentioned the fact that the payment made in Old Russia by the bridegroom was known under the name of "*veno*". The true meaning of this word is revealed by the use which is made of it by the translators of the Scriptures. In a Slavonic version of the words addressed by Jacob to Laban, when he asked him for the hand of his daughter Rachel, the translators write as follows: "Increase the sum of the *veno* as much as you like and I will pay it to you, and you shall give me this maiden to wife".<sup>1</sup>

In modern times the *veno* is mentioned only in certain wedding-songs. Another term, "*kladka*," has replaced it in most parts of Great Russia. This payment, amounting in certain parts of Russia to the sum of one hundred, and even of two or three hundred roubles, is made to the father of the bride. As a rule, the father disposes of the money in favour of his daughter, for he gives her as dowry a larger or smaller sum, according to what he has received from the bridegroom. But this fact cannot be brought forward as a proof that the "*kladka*" belongs by right to the bride. In more than one commune of the government of Tambov, Riasan, Vladimir, Moscow, Samara, and Saratov, no mention is made of the dowry given by the bride's father, whilst the *kladka* is regularly paid to the head of family to which the bride belongs.<sup>2</sup> We must therefore consider these two payments, that made by the bridegroom, and that made by the bride's father, as quite different institutions. The one payment proves the existence, at least in certain parts of modern Russia, of a mode of marriage similar to that of the Indian *Asura*; the other shows the way in which the

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xxix.

<sup>2</sup> Lange, p. 86.



*pretium emptionis*, to employ a term of Roman jurisprudence, passed into the *dos* or dowry. The custom was the same as that followed by the Germanic tribes. In saying this I have particularly in view Tacitus's statement about the payment made by the bridegroom at a marriage, and the more recent fact of the conversion of this payment into a dowry given by the bride's father.

That in former days in Russia wives were regularly bought from their parents is plainly recognised by the wedding-songs still in use among our peasants.

The "bayards", a term by which people designate the companions or followers of bridegroom, who on his part is called "the duke", *kniaz*—"the bayards", says a wedding-song of the government of Saratov, "surround the yard of the bride's house on all sides, they bargain for our Douniascha."

"The bayards have covered the ground with gold," sing the country people of White Russia.

The bridegroom is very often mentioned in the songs of the peasants of Great Russia as the "merchant", whilst the bride is spoken of as "merchandise". In the government of Jaroslav, for instance, the bride, following an ancient usage, complains of the treatment to which she will be subjected, saying that "unknown merchants will take her away from her father and her dear mother".

Now that we have carefully passed in review the different aspects under which matrimonial relations have been viewed, or still are viewed, by the country people of Russia, we may be allowed to say, that Russian ethnography quite corroborates the theory as to the evolution of marriage which English scholars were the first to establish.

M. KOWALEWSKY.

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## *THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE MANCHUS.*

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THE accompanying account of the marriage ceremonies of the Manchus was obtained by me from a Manchu gentleman, who hailed from Peking, and who taught me the Pekingese dialect. In order to ensure the accuracy of the account, I sent it to Peking from Hong-Kong, where I was residing, to my friend, Mr. Addis, of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, and requested him to get it checked by some of those better acquainted than myself with the Manchu customs. This he very kindly did. I was pleased to find, on his returning the account to me, that only a very few alterations had been suggested. These have been inserted in the original, and I think I may safely say that the account as now given is a complete and accurate one.

One of those who, through Mr. Addis's kind intervention, was good enough to revise my papers, was Mr. Arendt, of the German Legation at Peking, a well-known Sinologue, now Professor of Chinese at Berlin. In addition to revising my papers, he also wrote some stray notes on Chinese marriage ceremonies. These, coming from such an authority, cannot fail to be interesting, and have therefore been appended to the account of the Manchu marriage ceremonies.

J. H. STEWART LOCKHART.

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When a boy has reached the age of fifteen, his parents, especially if they are well off, fearing that the lad may become wild, make arrangements for his marriage by entrusting some relation, friend, or middle-man with the task of selecting a wife for him. The wealth of the woman's

family is not considered of so much importance as its past history. A girl of good looks, and able to perform the heavier, as well as the lighter, duties of the household, is preferred, without regard to the extent of her *dot*, as rich families generally intermarry with each other. The girl's bring-up, her behaviour to her parents, and her temper, are all generally carefully inquired into. Literary families, as a rule, prefer a girl who has some knowledge of reading and writing. When the bride is found by some friend or relation, her family and that of the bridegroom are usually well known to each other, so that inquiry into the past history of each is not necessary. Sometimes, however, the family of the man knows that a certain household contains a fair maid, with whom they are anxious to form an alliance, but, not being personally acquainted with her family, the employment of the services of a professional middle-man becomes necessary, who is deputed to broach the subject to the girl's family, but not till the fee he is to be paid, if successful, has been settled. The middle-man proceeds to the girl's family and opens the conversation by discussing ordinary topics. On seeing the daughter, he at once becomes loud in praises of her appearance and future good fortune, and asks her mother casually if she is yet betrothed. The mother may reply in an off-hand way that she is not, but that she would be glad if the middle-man would find a suitable husband for her. The middle-man avails himself at once of his opportunity, by telling her that, by the most fortunate coincidence, a certain family has a son, aged fifteen or sixteen, who is a student, distinguished in appearance, and of gentlemanly bearing, not given to drinking, opium smoking, licentiousness, or gambling, and who wishes to find a wife; that his family is well-off, and his parents highly respectable; that the son in question is their special pet, and they particularly wish to see him well settled; and that a match between the two families would be in every way suitable. In this way he works on the feelings of the girl's mother, until she promises that she will

consult with her good-man, and report the result of their deliberations in a day or two. The middle-man then returns in hot haste to the bridegroom's family, and offers his congratulations, declaring that the matter has been arranged satisfactorily, though such is far from the truth, and having obtained his fee, he departs, promising to return in two days to arrange as to the interchange of visits between the two families, for the purpose of viewing the bride and bridegroom.

If the parents of the bride consent, the middle-man on revisiting them is presented with a fee, and asked to arrange a date for viewing the bride and bridegroom. Should they refuse, the middle-man dares not show his face at the bridegroom's house. Before visiting each other, both families institute private inquiries as to the history and standing of each other.

*Inspecting the Bridegroom and Bride.*—After both parties have consented to the match, and are well acquainted with each other, a lucky date is chosen for the inspection of the bridegroom and his family by the bride's mother, and of the bride and her family by the bridegroom's mother. The bride's mother, on arrival at the bridegroom's family, first observes if the bridegroom is well grown and a fit match for her daughter, and then asks him a few questions to see that he is not dumb, afterwards turning her attention to his parents, and finally to the house and its furniture.

The bridegroom's mother then pays her visit to the bride's home, examining the bride's appearance, speaking a few words to her, and asking her to show her round the house, in order to satisfy herself that the bride is not lame, the latter being, of course, quite ignorant of her intention.

The inspection of the bride and bridegroom does not take place sometimes—as, for example, when the distance between the two families is great. In such cases a relative or friend must secure that both parties are suitable, and he is held responsible if they are found not to be so.

*Exchange of Cards.*—The next step is the exchange of cards containing the three generations—the names of the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of each family written on red cards. If these are found satisfactory, the *interchange of birthday or horoscope cards* takes place. These cards contain eight characters, there being two characters for the year, month, day, and hour of the bride and bridegroom's birth, which are examined by a fortune-teller. If they agree, the bridegroom sends a present to the bride of some jewellery, and the day is fixed for the sending of the chief betrothal presents to the bride.

*Sending of the Betrothal Presents.*—In ordinary families these consist of a head ornament of gold or gilt, a pair of bracelets, and two rings, and are sent along with four near female relations of the bridegroom. The presents are fixed on large red satin cards, and placed in jewellery cases, wrapped in red. Outside is a jade sceptre, which is meant to express a desire that everything may go with the happy couple as they wish.

On the arrival of the presents at the bride's house the bearers of them are met by the four ladies who are assisting the bride. The presents are placed on a table covered with a red cloth, and, after the bearers of them have exchanged the usual compliments, one of them takes up the jade sceptre, and presents it to the bride's mother, saying: "Heaven has decreed that the two families should be joined in matrimony; this sceptre is a sure sign that their good fortune will be as their hearts desire." The sceptre is afterwards laid on the lap of the bride. The cases containing the other presents are next opened, and, after they have been admired, the party retires to see the bride, taking the presents with them. The bride, dressed in red, is seated on a couch (the *K'ang*) with her face towards the south. The female representatives of the bridegroom, in order of age, approach her, and each takes a hair-pin from her hair and replaces it by another, wishing her, at the same time, every good fortune.

The next ceremony is called :

*The Sending of a Letter and Presents.*—After the date for the marriage has been fixed, the bridegroom, about three months before the appointed time, selects a lucky day for sending a communication to his bride, announcing the day chosen for the marriage, which is accompanied by a goose dyed red, a jar of wine, four pigs, four sheep, four ducks, which are all dyed red on the back. The presents vary according to the wealth or position of the families. Four of each kind of animal is the smallest number presented, the usual number being eight of each, but never more than sixteen of each kind. The poorer classes may dispense with sending living animals, and may send only presents of clothes which are sometimes borrowed and afterwards returned. The bearer of the communication is always a very near male relation.

In addition to the above presents, the material for bedding, for the red jacket and green trousers worn by the bride when she enters the bridal sedan, is sent and has to be made up in the bride's family. Ornaments, clothes, gold and silver head ornaments, a head-dress, are also among the presents; which are brought back with the bride's trousseau to the bridegroom's house.

*The Marriage Days.*—These generally extend over three days, the first day being the one on which the trousseau is sent to the bridegroom's house, and on the evening of which the bride goes to the bridegroom's abode at about twelve o'clock at night; the second being the marriage day, on which the friends of the bridegroom are present; and the third, the day on which the mother and friends of the bride go to the bridegroom's house to partake of the congratulatory feast. Generally now, only two days are necessary for these ceremonies, and in the case of the poor, one day. A master of the ceremonies is engaged, who directs the ceremonial, and whose word is law.

About three days before the "marriage days" invitations to a feast are issued by both families. The relations and

friends who attend are expected to bring presents generally to the bride, such as purses, handkerchiefs, fans, shoes, stockings, etc. These presents are termed "additions to the (bride's) trunks". The feast consists of many courses, and is generally a combination of the Manchu and Chinese forms of entertainment. The feast given at the bride's house takes place on the day on which the trousseau is sent; at this feast friends and relations attend. On the second day there is also a feast at the bride's house, the guests being limited to near relatives. The latter feast takes place before the bride starts for the bridegroom's house.

The trousseau is sent to the bridegroom's house at noon, accompanied by representatives of the bride, six, eight, or ten, and is met half-way by an equal number of representatives of the bridegroom and a band of musicians.

On the evening of the first day the marriage couch is carefully placed by two women, employed by the bridegroom's family, who must have a father and mother-in-law, husband, and children living. The bridal chair is despatched for the bride with a band of musicians before the marriage couch is placed. It is occupied by the bridegroom's mother or aunt, who goes to meet the bride. When she returns she occupies an ordinary sedan. Sometimes the bridal sedan is occupied by a child of ten years old, whose presence is supposed to be an omen of a numerous progeny of male children. The procession to the bride's house also consists of six, eight, and four male friends or relations of the bridegroom. Each of them takes with him several cust wrapped in red paper, and sometimes tea, or both. They also have a handful of cust, called "the heavens full of stars"—symbolical of wealth and prosperity. When the bridal sedan arrives at the bride's home, the mother of the bridegroom is invited to enter the house. She enters, and the doors are closed, the remainder of the procession staying outside. Children in the bride's house then demand the packets of cust wrapped in paper, which are handed to them through the crevices of the door, and the bride's friends

from inside request certain pieces of music to be played. When these are finished, the doors are opened at the request of the bridegroom's friends, and the cust, called "the heavens full of stars", is thrown into the house as an omen of wealth and prosperity. The bridegroom's representatives then enter the house, as does also the chair. Mutual congratulations follow over a cup of tea. While the female relations are making arrangements for the bride to leave her home, the male friends depart, and are soon followed by the bridegroom's mother or aunt, who, after she has placed an embroidered piece of silk over the bride's head, which covers her face, bids farewell to her. The chair is now "disinfected" by the bride's brothers with incense, to drive away evil spirits, and inside the chair a calendar is placed, as it contains a number of names of idols who can control evil spirits. The bride is then carried or assisted into the bridal sedan by her elder brother or maternal uncle. She is dressed in red, and weeps loudly. The sedan-carriers are next "tipped", and directed to carry their burden with great care, after which the sedan departs for the bridegroom's house. The younger brother, or nephew, of the bride runs by its side holding on to the shaft. Two men run in front of it, each of them holding a red cloth, which they hold up when the sedan passes a temple or well, in order to ward off evil influences. The mother follows in an ordinary sedan, and the other relations in carts. When the sedan arrives at the bridegroom's house, the door is shut, and crackers are fired to drive away evil spirits. After this the mother and bride's relations are requested to enter the house, and the sedan is carried inside, but has to pass over a charcoal pan, as a sign that the happy pair will be as brilliant as fire. The sedan is placed inside the door. Before the bride's mother opens the blind and assists the bride out, the bridegroom fires three arrows at the blinds. The bride, on coming out, has to step over a miniature saddle, as a sign that she will never marry a second husband, in accordance with the saying :



“ Just as a good horse will not carry two saddles,  
A chaste maiden will not marry two husbands.”

The floor from the door to the bridal chamber is covered with red carpet, along which the bride is conducted to the chamber, after she has worshipped heaven and earth with the bridegroom. Her mother now bids her farewell, and returns to her own home.

When in the bridal chamber, the bridegroom and bride sit upon a bed, face to face. An “offspring dumpling” is brought in, and handed to the bridegroom, who eats a mouthful. It is next handed to the bride, who takes a small piece into her mouth, and afterwards spits it out, as an omen that the marriage will be productive of a numerous offspring. The bridegroom then comes out of the bridal chamber, and the bride is left alone, still sitting on the bed. The first ceremony on the second day is called “the holding of the precious vase”. This vase contains gold, silver, precious stones and grain, and is covered with red silk, and tied with silk thread. The bride holds it in her arms all day long, until the pair retire to rest. During the day, the bridegroom attends to the guests, who are engaged in feasting. The majority of them disperse at noon, leaving behind only those who are either related to, or very intimate with, the family. They stay on till five or six in the evening, when they also leave. About ten o’clock the bridegroom returns to the bridal chamber, accompanied by his mother, and ascends the bridal couch, on which the bride is still sitting. On the four corners of the bed are placed laichees, lung ugan, chestnuts, and dates, which are intended to indicate that the pair will produce an early, numerous, and intelligent offspring. There is a lamp in the room, called “the longevity lamp”, which is kept burning all night. Before the pair retire to rest, the mother of the bridegroom, holding in her hand a bowl containing “longevity dough”, feeds both the bride and bridegroom, and then departs, leaving the happy pair alone.

The bridegroom leaves the bridal chamber soon after,

and sends a congratulatory invitation to the bride's family, asking her relations to come to a congratulatory feast. They must be invited six times before they accept. The feast generally takes place before daybreak, at three o'clock in the morning. The guests are met, on arrival at the main entrance, by the bridegroom, who kneels with his back to the house. Three glasses of wine are poured out by the attendant, and handed to the bridegroom, who presents them to his mother-in-law, and then three glasses to each of the other guests, which are not drunk but handed back to the attendants. The guests are next invited into the banqueting-shed, each guest sitting at a separate table, accompanied by two hosts. Tea, wine, and meats are served, but are left untouched, the guests interchanging compliments, until a course of soup is served. Each of the guests presents the attendant with a red packet containing money. After retiring from the banquet, a congratulatory visit is paid by all to the bridal chamber. The bride now, for the first time, uncovers her face, and descends from the bridal couch. After uncovering her face, the bride cuts off the hair hanging over her temples, as a sign that she is now a married woman, and offers tea and tobacco to her guests to show that she is the hostess. The guests then depart, the bridegroom pledging them, as on their arrival, with three glasses of wine.

The bride and bridegroom now partake of the bridal feast, and, when it is over, the bride visits the parents of the bridegroom, and worships the ancestors of the family and the god of the hearth, in the last case holding a bundle of firewood in her arms, as a sign that she knows how to cook. These ceremonies over, the bride and bridegroom "kotow" to the parents of the bridegroom, and the nearest senior relations of the family, in the order of their seniority, who present the happy couple with presents of money wrapped in red paper. The members of the family younger than the happy pair have to "kotow" to them. After all the marriage ceremonies are completed, the bride opens her

trunks, from which she takes two pairs of shoes and stockings, and, placing them on a copper tray, presents them to her mother and father-in-law. She also makes presents to all the members of the family. A lucky day is chosen for the ceremony, entitled "upsetting the precious vase", referred to above. Its contents are upset on the bed, and the bride and bridegroom struggle to see who will pick up most of them. The person who is most successful is considered lucky.

On the fourth day after the marriage, emissaries are sent from the bride's family to convey the daughter home, where she and the bridegroom are feasted. After the pair have been married a month, the bride returns to her father's family, staying there for a few days. She is not generally accompanied by the bridegroom, though, in some instances, he goes with her.

*Stray Notes.*<sup>1</sup>—It is strange that the Chinese should so firmly stick to the custom of go-betweens, as these latter individuals are counted amongst disreputable persons. So, amongst others, Chuhi tells us, in his *Instruction for the Young* (*Hsiao Hsiich*), and in a Pekin popular proverb the go-betweens are numbered amongst those categories of people whom "it is right to put to death without their having committed any *special* crime"—*wu*<sup>2</sup>-*tsui*<sup>3</sup>, *chiu*<sup>4</sup> *k'o*<sup>5</sup> *sha*<sup>1</sup>. The Chinese believe that marriages are made in heaven. One of their demi-gods is the Yüch-hsia-lào'rh<sup>8</sup> ("Old Man under the Moon"), who ties together, with an invisible red string, the feet of those who are destined by fate to become man and wife. A goddess of love will also be met with in the *Hung-lou-mêng* ("Dream of the Red Chamber"). The finding of a suitable bride is further expressed by the words, "san-shêng-yüan" (*Hung-lou-mêng*, chap. i), "the desire of the three lives", man and wife being destined for each other before they have come down to this lower world, becoming man and wife below here, and

<sup>1</sup> By Mr. C. Arendt, now Professor of Chinese at Berlin, in the Institution for the Teaching of Modern Oriental Languages. J. H. S. L.

being expected to remain true to each other, even after the death of one of them.


An *important* marriage ceremony, not mentioned, if I remember right, in the paper, reminds us also of the fable of "The Old Man under the Moon". Before the consummation of marriage, whilst the new married couple are sitting together on the "*k'ang*", they drink wine alternately from two cups, which are tied together by a red string. The bridegroom, after having sipped from his cup, hands it over to the bride, and the bride hands hers over to her husband, and so repeatedly. This ceremony is called *h'o chi'n*<sup>8</sup>, or *h'o-kin*, "to unite the cups."

The 'Manchu bride sits in a red chair, the Chinese bride in a *Mant'ien-hsing*—a chair covered all over with glass ornaments, and, therefore, bearing this name, which means, "the sky covered all over with stars."

I did not know the explanation given in the paper of the saddle on the threshold, over which the bride has to step, but it is decidedly the origin of this custom. At present, besides the saddle, they put frequently also an *apple* on the threshold. The Chinese name of this latter fruit is *p'ing-kuo*, or, abridged, *p'ing*, which means also "peace", whilst the saddle is called *an* in Chinese. *An* means also "tranquillity". Therefore this custom expresses a wish that peace (*p'ing*, represented by the apple) and tranquillity (*an*, represented by the saddle) may reign in the house of the newly married couple. The whole custom is probably *derived* from that of the saddle alone, as explained in the paper.

The bride must sit three whole days and nights on the *k'ang*. This is, I believe, mentioned, but perhaps not quite clearly stated in the paper.

It is not a very rare thing that the bride's family make it a condition that the couple, after marriage, should come and live in the house of the parents of the bride. This is called *ju-chui*. A pleasant drama in two parts, the *Té-i-yüan*, is based on such a marriage. The



condition is even imposed on the husband that he is not permitted ever to leave the house of his parents-in-law.

Frequently, especially in the country, children of different sex are promised to each other in marriage whilst they are still *quite* young. They live separately until marriage ; after marriage they are called *chua-chiu fu-ch'i*—"man and wife [who were promised to each other while they still wore] chua-chiu's"—*i.e.*, those small pigtails, of which Chinese babies have frequently *two*, one on each side of the head, and sometimes a third one on the top.

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## THE STORY OF "THE FROG PRINCE":

### BRETON VARIANT, AND SOME ANALOGUES.

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IN the following tale we have a Breton form of the well-known *märchen*, in Grimm's collection, of "The Frog Prince", combined with incidents found in other popular European and Asiatic fictions. It was taken down from the recital of an old beggar woman of Plouaret by M. F. M. Luzel, and published in *Mélusine* for September 1888, under the title of "Jannac aux Deux Sous", or

#### PENNY JACK.

A poor orphan lived on alms which he daily collected from door to door. One day a gentleman, passing along the highway, gave him a penny (*deux sous*). Laughing and dancing with joy at the possession of so much money, he rushed to the town, shouting through the streets, "I've a penny! I've a penny!" As his clothes were in rags, he went to a draper's and ordered coat, vest, and trousers. "Have you the money, my boy?" asked the merchant. "O yes," showing his cash. "Get you gone, Penny Jack!" said the draper, pushing him out of the door. The name "Penny Jack" stuck to him. At play with some youngsters he lost his money, wept like a calf, and set off for the country.

On the way he drinks at a fountain, lies down, and passes the night. In the morning, as he is about to drink again, he perceives an enormous frog in the basin, and shrinks back in horror. "Don't be alarmed, my boy; come, kiss me"; and the frog leaps up on the edge of the basin. After some persuasion and the promise of his finding money in abundance, Jack kissed the frog. He is directed to look behind a moss-grown stone for money, and is told he will get as much more there to-morrow

at the same hour. Jack finds money enough, which he takes, and then runs back to town. "Look ! look !" cries he, showing his money ; "my pockets full of gold and silver." The street boys and swindlers get round him, and he is soon left without a coin.

The next night he spends at the fountain, and tells of his loss in the morning. "Never mind," says the frog, "kiss me again, and you'll get plenty." But the frog is now larger and more hideous, and Jack has scruples which poverty overcomes. Money is got and lost as before, and for the third time Jack goes to the fountain. The frog is now so large as to fill the basin, and hideously swollen up with poison ; but, when kissed a third time, a spell is broken, and the frog becomes a beautiful princess, who thanks Jack, and tells him that a charm had kept her in the ugly form he had seen in the fountain, until a "virgin" young man of twenty years should kiss her thrice. She was going to her father, a powerful king of the East, but she intended to marry Jack, who would succeed her father. Meanwhile, he was to return to town, and after a year and a day he must come to the fountain, at eight in the morning, alone and fasting. She would be there, and would take him to her father. He must kiss no other woman, and take care to come fasting, else he should not see her.

He takes a new supply of money, and this time puts it in the keeping of the mistress of an inn where he stays. One of the servant girls took a fancy for him, in spite of his silliness, but he would have nothing to do with her, telling her how he must marry a princess, and stating the precautions he must observe. The girl clasped him round the neck, and kissed him, thus trying to make him break his promise ; but Jack still kept to it, and would go on the day appointed to the fountain. She tries in vain to get him misled as to the exact date ; and, as he sets out, she slips a pea into his pocket.

Jack arrives too early at the fountain, and, while waiting, finds the pea in his pocket, and thoughtlessly eats it and falls asleep. The princess comes presently, discovers him asleep, and exclaims : "Alas, he has either eaten, or embraced another !" She places in his hands a paper, on which she had written : "Alas, Jack, you have eaten, or perhaps kissed a woman before coming here,

and you are asleep. I shall be back at ten o'clock to-morrow at this fountain. Be careful to come fasting, and without having kissed either woman or girl." Jack awakes, and cries when he sees not the princess; and, finding the paper, he takes it to the inn, where the girl reads it to him.

Next morning he sets out again, but the girl has slipped a bean into his vest, which he eats, and then falls asleep, as before. The princess comes, and leaves a paper with him: she will give him one more chance; to-morrow, at noon. He awakes, and is full of sorrow, and, returning to the inn, gets the girl to read the paper for him as before.

The girl puts a fig into his pocket before he starts a third time for the fountain. Jack eats the fig and falls asleep. When he awakes he discovers a paper in his hand, and half of the princess's gold ring. This time Jack gets the schoolmaster to read the paper: The princess will return no more; she has gone to her Castle of Gold, held by four chains over the Red Sea. If he loves her he may see her there, but only after many trials and much hardship. She adds that, as soon as he returns to the inn, he must pull off all the buttons of his clothes, and, as each came off, someone in the house would die. So he goes back to the inn, pulls off his buttons, and all die—the girl first. Then he takes his staff and the half-ring, and sets out in quest of the Golden Castle.

After long travel and vain inquiries, he meets with an old hermit, who refers him to an elder brother-hermit, who commands all the beasts, from whom he receives an ointment that can heal any wound, and a ball which rolls before him when the anchorite says: "Go, my ball; go straight to my brother, the hermit—to his hermitage two hundred leagues hence." Jack follows. When the ball strikes against the door, out comes the elder hermit, who recognises the ball, but knows nothing of the Golden Castle, nor do the beasts, whom he summons, and who come, from the mouse to the lion, from the goat to the camel. Jack is sent by him three hundred leagues off to his brother-hermit, who commands all the feathered tribes. He follows a conducting-ball, as before, and feels very tired when it raps at the door of the third hermit. Out comes a man of great age, who is so wise that he knows all Jack's history and his mission, but confesses he knows



not the Golden Castle. He summons his birds, from the wren to the eagle. It is only after two calls that the eagle appears, last of all, and, when questioned as to the cause of his delay, he says that he was far away at the Golden Castle of the Red Sea, where the princess was next day to be married; oxen, calves, sheep, etc., were being slaughtered in great numbers, and he had been getting his share.

The eagle undertakes to carry Jack to the Castle, on condition of having a supply of fresh meat all the way. Twelve sheep are killed, and the quarters and Jack are fastened on the eagle's back. Whenever the bird cries "Oak!" Jack gives him a quarter of a sheep. The provision is all consumed as the Red Sea appears. "Oak! oak!" cries the eagle. "You've eaten the whole," says Jack. "Give me meat," rejoins the eagle, "or my strength is gone." Jack has to give the bird four more successive supplies, taken from the calves of his legs and his thighs. He is at length set down on the Castle wall, nearly dead from the loss of blood, but the ointment restores him, and he is as well as ever.

As the bridal procession goes to church, Jack puts himself in the way, and he is recognised by the bride. She pretends sudden sickness, and the ceremony is postponed till next day. In like manner she delays it for three days more. On the third day the wedding-dinner takes place, but they had not yet been to church. Jack is invited as a foreign prince, the princess having sent him splendid robes and jewels. At the end of the feast stories were told, and the princess, when asked, rose and related her story: "I had, your majesty, a key for my wardrobe, which I lost. I got a new key instead. I have now found the old one. Which would your majesty advise me to use?" The king said: "Honour is ever due to the eldest." Replied the princess: "That is also my opinion," and, pointing to Jack, she told how he had freed her from the spell, and so forth. So Jack was married to the princess, and in course of time became king.

In fairy tales of human beings transformed by witchcraft into hideous shapes, the spell is usually to be done away when some very unlikely thing should happen. Sometimes the victim declares the condition, as in the story told by

William of Malmesbury (ed. 1725, ch. iv, pp. 23-26) of the "Doughtre of Ypocras [*i.e.*, Hippocrates], in forme and lykenesse of a gret Dragoun, that is an hundred Fadme of lengthe, as Men seyn, for I have not seen hire," the famous traveller is careful to add. "And sche lyethe in an olde Castelle, in a Cave, and schewethe twyes or thryes in the Zeer. And sche dothe non harm to no Man, but if [*i.e.*, unless] Men don hire harm. And sche was thus chaunged and transformed, from a fair Damysele, in to lykenesse of a Dragoun, be a Goddesse, that was clept Deane [*i.e.*, called Diana]. And Men seyn, that sche schalle so endure in that forme of a Dragoun, unto the tyme that a Knighte come, that is so hardy, that dar come to hire and kisse hire on the Mouthe: And then schalle sche turne ayen to hire owne Kynde, and ben a Woman ayen: But afre that sche schalle not liven longe." One brave Knight of Rhodes, it seems, undertook this bold enterprise, but so soon as he beheld "that forme so hidous and so horrible he fleyghe away", and the disappointed damsel cast him and his horse into the sea. Another time, a youth, who knew not of the enchanted maiden, quitted his ship, and, going over the island, came upon her, and she told him that if he would kiss her on the mouth she should be restored to her woman's form, and he should have, for his reward, herself and all her great treasure; but he also could not screw his courage to the kissing point.

In most cases, however, the spell can only be broken in entire ignorance of the fact that the hideous creature is not what he, or she, appears to be, as in Grimm's story, where a princess accidentally drops her golden ball into a well, and a frog puts up his head and offers to restore it to her on condition that she love him, let him live with her, eat off a golden plate, and sleep on her couch. She promises to do all that he requires, in order to get back her golden ball. At night the frog comes to her door, and chants:

"Open the door, my princess dear,  
Open the door to thy true love here!

And mind the words that you and I said,  
By the fountain cool in the greensward shade ! "

She opens the door, and, after the frog has supped off a golden plate, he sleeps on her couch till morning, when he goes away. This happens three nights in succession, but when the princess awakes, on the third morning, she is astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome young prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and standing at the head of her bed. He then explains how he had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, and so on.

Robert Chambers, in his collection of Scottish songs, gives a curious variant, as told by an old Annandale nurse. A young girl is sent by her mother "to the well at the world's end" with a wooden dish to fetch water. When the lassie cam' to the well, she fand it dry ; but there was a padda [*i.e.*, a frog] that cam' loup-loup-loupin', and loupit into her dish. Says the padda to the lassie : " I'll gie ye plenty o' water if ye'll be my wife." The lassie didna like the padda, but she was fain to say she wad tak' him, just to get the water ; and, ye ken, she never thought the puir brute wad be serious, or wad ever say ony mair about it. Sae she got the water, and took it hame to her mother ; and she heard nae mair o' the padda till that night, when, as she and her mother were sitting by the fireside, what do they hear but the puir padda at the outside o' the door, singing wi' a' his micht :

" Open the door, my hinny, my heart,  
Open the door, my ain true love ;  
Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow where we twa met."

Says the mother : " What noise is that at the door, dauchter ? " " Hout ! " says the lassie, " it's naething but a filthy padda." " Open the door to the puir padda," says the mother. Sae the lassie opened the door, and the padda

cam' loup-loup-loupin' in, and sat down by the ingle-side. Then out says he :

"O gie me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,  
O gie me my supper, my ain true love ;"

and so on, as before. The lassie, persuaded by her mother, gives the padda his supper, after which he sings out :

"O put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,"

and so on, and she puts the padda in bed. Then he asks her to come to her bed, which she does. Next, at his request, she takes him to her bosom ; and lastly, to strike off his head with an axe, which, we may well suppose, she was nothing loth to do, whereupon up starts "the bonniest prince that ever was seen ; and, of course, they lived happy a' the rest o' their days."

In this version, it will be seen, the transformed prince is more exacting than in the German story, where, after having supped off a golden dish, and lain on the girl's couch for three nights, the spell is broken. In the Breton version, the enchanted princess is restored to her proper form when she has been *kissed* three times. We shall consider the incidents that follow in the Breton story after referring to some analogues which were current in Europe during mediæval times.

Under the title of "The Knight and the Loathly Lady", in *Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* (published for the Chaucer Society, pp. 483 ff.), I have cited, in full generally, the following variants, etc., of the "Wife of Bath's Tale": Gower's Tale of Florent, from the First Book of the *Confessio Amantis*, Harl. MS. 3869 leaf 34 ff. ; Ballad of the Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnell ; Ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawain ; Border Ballad of King Henrie ; Icelandic Version, from the Latin of Torfœus ; Another Icelandic Version, from Grim's Saga ; Gaelic Version, from Campbell's collection ; Mandeville's story, outlined above ; Turkish, Sanskrit, and

Kaffir analogues. The outline of Gower's Tale of Florent I reproduce as follows, from my side-notes to the reprint :—

Florent, nephew to the emperor, a worthy and brave knight, in quest of adventures, came to a castle, the heir of which, Branchus, he had slain. They would be avenged, but feared the anger of the emperor. The grandmother of Branchus, a sly woman, devised a plan for causing his death without blame to them. She sends for Florent, and says he will be quit if he answer a question, but, failing, he shall be killed. He will be allowed to depart, and time for inquiry. The agreement is sealed. She asks: "What do women most desire?" Florent returns to his uncle's court, and tells him of his pact. The wisest men are sent for, but can't agree, each having a different opinion of women's chief desire. So Florent must needs go forth to inquire, for he would rather die than break his word. Alone he goes, wondering what to do. Under a forest tree he sees a loathly woman, so foul as never was seen before. She calls him to her, and he comes up, marvelling. She says: "Florent, I only can save thee from death." Florent begs her counsel. "What will you give me if I save you?" "Anything." "Good; but, first, you must promise to marry me." "That I can't do." "Away, then, to thy fate." He promises much goods and lands, but she refuses them. He ponders the matter, and resolves to wed her, thinking she could not live long, and he would hide out of men's sight. So he says: "If only the answer to the question can save me, I will wed thee." "Agreed; for there is no other way. Listen: Return and make this answer without fear: 'Woman would be sovereign of man's love, and have her own will.' Then come back to me without fail."

Florent rides back, sad at heart, to think of such an ugly bride, and comes to the castle, to live or die. The lord comes with his council, sends for the old dame (*i.e.* the grandmother of the slain Branchus), and the covenant is read in presence of all three. Florent tries other answers at first, but in the end he says as the loathly lady had taught him. "Ha!" cries the old dame, "thou hast told truly; would thou wert burnt!" But Florent is safe; and now he grieves anew, for he must keep his word to the loathly lady. He finds the old witch in the same place. Never saw man

such a monster. She seizes his bridle and demands his part of the bargain, and he would fain flee if he could. As a sick man takes bitter drugs with spice and sugar, Florent drinks his draught. But, as a true knight, he must keep his troth, for the honour of womanhood ; and so he speaks to her as gently as he can, and sets her before him on his horse, sighing as he rides along. Like an owl, he hides during the day and journeys at night, till he comes to his own castle, and smuggles in the loathly lady. Then he consults his confidants how to wed her. The tire-women take off her rags, bathe and clothe her, but she wouldn't let them comb her hair. She looked more foul in her fine clothes. They were wedded that night. She begins to fondle him, calls him her husband, invites him to bed, and offers him a kiss. He was in torment, but he must bed with her. He lies awake, turning his face from the foul sight. She clips him, and prays him to turn towards her, but he lies still. At last he takes her hand, and, looking on her, sees a damsel of eighteen, the fairest in the world. She bids him choose whether he would have her so by night or by day. He is at a loss to decide, and leaves it with herself: "My love, I will be ruled by thee, for I cannot choose." Quoth she: "Since you give me sovereignty, I shall, night and day, be as you now see me. I am the King of Sicily's daughter, and was changed into a foul shape by my stepmother, until a good knight should give me his love and the mastery." Now all was joy, and they lived long and happily.

"And clerkes that this chaunce herde,  
Thei writen it in evidence,  
To teche how that obedience  
May wel fortune a man to love,  
And sette him in his lust a-bove,  
As it be-fell un-to this knyght.  
For-thi,<sup>1</sup> my sone, if thou do ryht,  
Thou shalt unto thi love obeie,  
And folwe her will, be alle weie."

Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale", though on the same "lines" as Gower's *Florent*, differs from it in several of the details, and there does not seem any reason to suppose

<sup>1</sup> Therefore.

that he borrowed it from "moral Gower". In Chaucer, a bachelor of the royal household is condemned to lose his life for committing rape. The queen intercedes for him, and the king leaves his life at her disposal. She tells the knight that he will be pardoned if he answer the question, "What does woman most desire?" The loathly lady is a benevolent fairy who had assumed a hideous form to test the knight's fidelity to his word, and save his life. In Gower she is the daughter of the King of Sicily metamorphosed by a spiteful stepmother. In most of the versions the loathly lady is a king's daughter. The solution of the question is peculiar to Chaucer, Gower, and the two ballads of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnall. In most of the other versions the loathly lady seeks admission, which is reluctantly granted, then to be allowed to lie beside the king, or knight; but, in the Grim's Saga, she makes it the condition of saving the hero's life, by curing his desperate wounds, that he should kiss her. Her appearance is thus described by Gower: Her nose low, or flat, her brow high; eyes small and deep-set; cheeks, wet with tears, shrivelled and hanging down to her chin; lips, shrunk with age; forehead narrow; locks hoary; neck, short; shoulders, bent; in brief, all her limbs and features distorted. In the ballad of "The Marriage of Sir Gawain" (*Percy Folio MS.*, ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. i), her portrait is thus limned:

"Then there as shold have been her mouth,  
Then there was sett her eye;  
The other was in her forehead fast,  
The way that she might see.

"Her nose was crooked and turned outward,  
Her mouth stood all a-wry;  
A worse formed lady than shee was  
Never man saw with his eye."

Nor does the author of the Border ballad of "King Henrie" spare the details:

" Her head touched the roof-tree of the house ;  
Her middle ye weel mot span ;  
Each frightened huntsman fled the ha',  
And left the king alane.

" Her teeth were a' like tether stakes,  
Her nose like a club or mell ;  
And I ken naething she appeared to be,  
But the fiend that wons in hell."

In Torfœus : " Expergefactus igitur, recluso ostio, informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum, habitu corporis fædum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie frigorisque tyrannide prope modum peremptum, deprehendit."—In Grim's Saga : Not taller than a child of seven years ; Grim's arms could not go round her ; misshapen, bald, black, ugly, and disgusting in every particular.—In the Turkish analogue (which occurs in a story-book not yet fully done into English) a poor orphan girl marries an exceedingly ugly old man for the sake of a home, and one day, while he is at the bazár, she begins, for the first time, to long for his return. When he came home she " ran to meet him with such joy as if the world had become her own, and when he beheld her longing, and her countenance glowing with delight, he suddenly shook himself, and became a young man of seventeen years—a sun of the world, a darling of the age ; and he clasped her round the neck and blessed her." Then he explained that he was a king of the fairies, whose mother, because of an idle word he had uttered, changed him to a man of seventy years, and he was not to return to his original shape until he was beloved by a daughter of the children of Adam.—In one of the Kaffir analogues, a youth had been changed to a crocodile by the enemies of his father's house ; in the other, to a snake with five heads. It is not easy to decide on the question of whether the transformation was originally to a beast-shape or to that of a hideous old woman.—The ending of the German tale, where the frog becomes a handsome young



prince the moment his head is struck off, has many parallels in European folk-tales; commonly it is a fox or a horse who had rendered the hero important service, and desires to be decapitated, with the like result.<sup>1</sup>

To return to the Breton version, the first part of which only is analogous to "The Frog Prince", the other incidents having a very distinct Eastern flavour; such as the lady's appointing Jack to meet her a year and a day hence at the fountain, fasting, and without having embraced another woman in the interim; his falling asleep after eating a trifle, and his consulting the maid of the inn: these will doubtless recall to readers of the *Arabian Nights* similar incidents in the story of "Azíz and Azíza" (Lane, Payne, Burton). Then we have the lady's departure for her own country—fairyland, evidently—and her imposing on him the task of coming to her; which reminds us of the Arabian tales of Mazin of Khurasán and Hasan of Basra (Scott, Lane, Payne, Burton), when the hero goes in quest of his fairy bride, after she has obtained possession of her feather-robe and fled away. The magic balls which rolled before Jack and conducted him to the second and third hermits are decidedly of Eastern conception, and occur in the tale of Mazin of Khurasán and others. The sending of Jack by one old man to one older, to obtain the information he desires, is common to European as well as Asiatic fictions. Thus in the Swedish tale of the Beautiful Palace, etc. (Thorpe's *Yule-tide Stories*), the hero is sent by an old woman to an older sister, who in turn sends him to one still more aged. In No. 2 of Dozon's *Contes Albanais* the hero is directed in like manner; and in Laura Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, a prince goes to three aged

<sup>1</sup> In the story of "The Laidly Worm of Spindleston Haugh," a young damsel is turned to a dragon by her wicked stepmother, and the enchantment can only be done away by Chylde Wynde, her own brother, kissing her.—See Mr. Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*, lately issued in a dainty volume by Mr. Nutt.

hermits in succession. In the great Hindú collection, *Kathá Sarit Ságara* (Ocean of the Streams of Story), Saktideva, in quest of the Golden City, is dispatched by a hermit, who had lived eight hundred years and never heard of it, to an elder brother. The same also occurs in the tale of Hasan of Basra. In the Tamil romance, translated by Pandit Natésa Sastrí under the title of *Dravidian Nights*, a prince is directed by an ascetic who opened his eyes once every watch to another who opened his eyes every second watch, and he sends him to another who opened his eyes every third watch. Similar instances occur in the countless Eastern and Western forms of the Legend of the Oldest Animal, the probable original of which is found in the *Mahábhárata*, and reproduced by me in the *Academy*, October 27, 1888, and other versions are cited in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii, p. 90 ff; from which the foregoing few are taken.

Jack's feeding the eagle with pieces of his own flesh occurs in many stories, and it seems to be essentially a Buddhistic idea. In Dozon's *Contes Albanais* (No. xv) a young hero in quest of a sister bridles a huge falcon, and supplies him with flesh from his thigh when the provision he had taken with him is exhausted, and on arriving at their destination, when the bird discovers that he is bleeding it disgorges the pieces, and, replacing them in his thigh, the youth is at once healed. In the Persian *Tútí Náma*, or Parrot-Book, a prince saves a frog from a snake, and gives the snake, in place of the prey of which he had been deprived, a piece of flesh from his arm. The snake then assumes the form of a man, as does also the frog, and the prince by their aid obtains a post of honour at the court of a foreign king, and marries his daughter, of course. In the Persian romance, which purports to recount the adventures of Hátim Tai, the generous Arab chief, we read that, while the self-sacrificing hero was journeying through a desert, he discovered a wolf pursuing a doe. Hátim calls on the wolf to allow the doe to escape, and then gives the

brute a slice of flesh from his own thigh, which, however, he heals instantly by means of a talisman. In the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* a prince meets with a rákshasa, and, "not being able to obtain other flesh to give the demon to eat, he cut off with his sword some of his own flesh and gave it to him."

The story of "Penny Jack", which begins so divertingly, belongs to that class of popular fictions in which the youngest son—aptly styled "Boots" by Dasent—who is considered as the fool of the family, proves to be the favourite of Fortune: at first he acts like an arrant noodle, but ultimately he becomes a great prince.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

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## FOLK-LORE CONGRESS, 1891.

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THE arrangements for the Folk-lore Congress are progressing very satisfactorily, and there is now every prospect of a successful meeting. The adhesions have come in freely, and the guarantee fund has been subscribed to with great liberality. Altogether it is probable that the Folk-lore Congress of 1891 will be attended by a large number of experts from the Continent and America.

Already much work has been done in the way of preparation. As will be remembered, the Congress takes its mandate from the Folk-lore Congress held at the Paris Exhibition in 1889; and the present Congress will be held under the auspices of its patrons, included in the following list:

### *Comité de Patronage of the Congress of 1889.*

Messrs. ALESSANDRI, Roumanian Minister,  
Paris (deceased).  
ANCONA (ALLESSANDRO D'), Pisa.  
BRAGA (TH.), Lisbon.  
BOGISIC (V.), Odessa.  
CHILD (F.-J.), President of the  
American Folk-lore Society.  
CRANE (J.-T.), Professor, Ithaca  
University, U.S.A.  
COELHO (ADOLPHO), Lisbon.  
COMPARETTI (DOMENICO), Florence.  
FLEURY (JEAN), St. Petersburg.  
GITTÉE (AUG.), Charleroi.  
GOMME (G. LAURENCE), Director  
of the Folk-lore Society.  
HERMANN (ANTON.), Director of  
Ethnologische Mitteilungen aus  
Ungarn.  
KARLOVICZ, Warsaw.  
KEHLER (REINHOLD), Weimar.  
KRAUSS (Dr. F. S.), Vienna.  
KURTH, Liège.  
LANG (ANDREW), President of the  
Folk-lore Society.

Messrs. MACRITCHIE (DAVID), Secretary  
of the Gypsy-lore Society.  
MACHADO Y ALVAREZ (ANTONIO).  
Director of the Biblioteca del  
Folk-Lore Espanol.  
MASPONS Y LABROS.  
MØE (MOLKE), Christiania.  
MONT (POL DE), Antwerp.  
NUTT (ALFRED), London.  
NYROP (KR.), Copenhagen.  
PITKÉ (Dr.), Director of the Archi-  
vio per lo studio delle Tradizioni  
popolari.  
POLITIS (N.), Athens.  
STEINTHAL (Professor), Director of  
Zeitschrift für Volkerpsychologie.  
TCHENG-KI-TONG, Chinese Em-  
bassy, Paris.  
TIELE (C.-P.), Leyden.  
TYLOR (EDWARD B.), Oxford.  
VECKENSTEDT, Director of Zeit-  
schrift für Volkskunde.  
WESSELOFSKY (ALEXANDRE), St.  
Petersburg.  
WINDISCH (E.), Leipzig.

In order to make this body still more representative, it will be proposed at the Congress to appoint an International Folk-lore Council, which shall be the standing authority to regulate all future Congresses. The present Committee will propose the following additional names besides those of the 1889 "Comité de Patronage".

*First List of Nominations to the Proposed International Folk-lore Council.*

ABERCROMBY (The Hon. J.), London.  
D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE, Paris.  
ANDREWS (J. B.), Mentone.  
BANCROFT (H. H.), America.  
BLÉMONT (EMILE), Paris.  
BOAS (F.), America.  
BRABROOK (EDWARD W.), London.  
BRINTON (Dr. D. G.), America.  
BRUEYRE (LOYS), Paris.  
CARNOY (H.), Paris.  
CERTÉUX (A.), Paris.  
CLODD (EDWARD), London.  
FOSTER (J. J.), London.  
FRAZER (J. G.), Cambridge.  
GAIDOZ (H.), Paris.  
GASTER (Dr.), London.  
GIRARD DE RIALLE, Paris.  
HADDON (Professor A. C.), Dublin.  
HAMY (E. T.), Paris.  
HARTLAND (E. SIDNEY), Gloucester.  
JACOBS (JOSEPH), London.

KIRBY (W. F.), London.  
KROHN (K.), Helsingfors.  
KOVALEVSKY (M.), Russia.  
LEFEVRE (ANDRÉ), Paris.  
LEGER (LOUIS), Paris.  
LEGRAND (EMILE), Paris.  
LELAND (C. G.), America.  
LOTH (J.), Rennes.  
LUBBOCK (Sir JOHN), London.  
LUZEL (F. M.), Quimper.  
NEWELL (W. N.), Cambridge, Mass.  
PEDROSO (Z. C.), Lisbon.  
PITT-RIVERS (Lieut.-Gen.), London.  
PLOIX (CHARLES), Paris.  
RHYS (Professor), Oxford.  
ROSIÈRES (RAOUL), Paris.  
SAYCE (Professor A. H.), Oxford.  
SÉBILLOT (PAUL), Paris.  
STEPHENS (Professor Dr. G.), Copenhagen.  
TEMPLE (Major R. C.), Burmah.  
WECKERLIN (J. B.), Paris.

Coming now to the working *personnel* of the Congress, the following have been constituted the Organising Committee.

*The Organising Committee of the Congress of 1891.*

*Chairman*—G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.

*Vice-Chairman*—C. G. LELAND.

HON. JOHN ABERCROMBY.  
G. L. APPERSON.  
The Right Hon. the EARL BRAUCHAMP,  
F.S.A.  
WALTER BESANT, M.A.  
W. G. BLACK.  
EDWARD W. BRABROOK, F.S.A., Sec.  
R.S.L.  
Dr. ROBERT BROWN, F.L.S.  
Miss C. S. BURNE,  
Miss ROALFE COX.

J. G. FRAZER, M.A.  
Dr. GASTER.  
Professor RHYS, M.A.  
Professor A. C. HADDON.  
Rev. WALTER GREGOR.  
E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A.  
A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A.  
JOSEPH JACOBS, B.A.  
G. H. KINAHAN.  
W. F. KIRBY, F.L.S.  
J. STEWART LOCKHART.

The Right Hon. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart.,  
F.R.S., M.P.  
ALFRED NUTT.  
T. FAIRMAN ORDISH, F.S.A.  
Lieut.-Gen. PITT-RIVERS, D.C.L., F.R.S.,  
F.S.A.

Professor A. H. SAYCE, M.A.  
Major R. C. TEMPLE.  
JOHN TOLHURST  
EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D., F.R.S.  
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

*Hon. Treasurer*—EDWARD CLODD, 19, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.

*Hon. Secretary*—J. J. FOSTER, Offa House, Upper Tooting, London, S.W.

From these gentlemen two Special Committees have been selected: the Executive, to concern itself with the practical work of the Congress; the Literary, to supervise its literary side, and especially the papers read. These two bodies are formed of the following gentlemen, with power to add to their numbers:

*Executive Committee.*

*Chairman*—G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.

Hon. JOHN ABERCROMBY.  
E. W. BRADBROOK.  
JAMES BRITTON.  
EDWARD CLODD.

JOSEPH JACOBS, B.A.  
T. F. ORDISH.  
H. B. WHEATLEY.

*Hon. Secretary*—J. J. FOSTER.

*Literary Committee.*

*Chairman*—JOSEPH JACOBS, B.A.

Hon. JOHN ABERCROMBY.  
Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.  
Dr. ROBERT BROWN, F.L.S.

EDWARD CLODD.  
Dr. GASTER.  
W. F. KIRBY.

*Hon. Secretary*—ALFRED NUTT.

Later on, as the Congress approaches nearer, it is proposed to form a Reception Committee, which will make arrangements for the convenience of members staying in London for the Congress, negotiating with special hotels for that purpose. This Committee will also make arrangements for a limited number of receptions and excursions during the course of the Congress.

The preliminary arrangements are now sufficiently far advanced to enable the Committee to indicate roughly the order of business during the Congress. This will perhaps be sufficiently indicated by the following Report of the Literary Committee, containing suggestions for the character of the papers which that Committee w

Congress. The list is obviously a tentative one, and it is hoped that the members of the Congress will largely add to it by suggesting papers of their own. More than one paper on the same subject will be willingly accepted, as the Congress is not committed to any special attitude towards the problems of Folk-lore.

#### REPORT.

The Literary Sub-Committee of the Folk-lore Congress of 1891 beg to report that :

They have elected Mr. Joseph Jacobs as Chairman, and Mr. Alfred Nutt as their Hon. Secretary.

They have met on two occasions, at which were discussed detailed plans for the literary work of the Congress, proposed by Messrs. E. Clodd, J. Jacobs, and A. Nutt. It was decided to make the following recommendations to the Organising Committee :

That the work of the Congress be divided over the five days, September 23 to September 27, thus : On Monday, September 23, the Congress to meet in the afternoon to hear the President's Address, and to elect the officers of the Congress, viz., the Presidents of the Sections, the (European) Folk-lore Council, and a Special Committee on methodology, which shall meet out of Congress hours, but report progress on Friday, the last day of Congress.

The Sub-Committee recommend that the Congress be divided into three major sections : (i) Folk-tales and Songs ; (ii) Myth and Ritual ; (iii) Custom and Institution ; and they recommend that Messrs. E. Clodd, J. G. Frazer, and G. L. Gomme be requested to preside over these sections respectively, and that Professor T. F. Crane be asked to preside over the Methodological Committee.

It seems desirable that each section shall meet on a separate day, at which papers shall be read devoted to questions connected with that section. The Committee recommend that under each section the papers and discussions should be taken, as far as possible, in chronological or logical order, dealing in turn with the relations of the subject—Tales, Myths, or Customs, in their

present phases—to those of savage, oriental, classical, and mediæval times and conditions.

Thus on the day devoted to Folk-tales it is hoped that papers and discussions will be forthcoming on the Incidents common to European and Savage Folk-tales—Ancient and Modern Folk-tales of the East, their relations to one another, and to the Folk-tales of Modern Europe—Traces of Modern Folk-tales in the Classics—Incidents common to Folk-tales and Romances—The Recent Origin of Ballads—The Problem of Diffusion.

On the day devoted to Myth and Ritual such subjects may be discussed as: The relation of the Classical Mythologies to the Modern Folk-tale—Modern Folk-lore and the Eddas—Primitive Philosophy in Myth and Ritual—Sacrifice Rituals and their meaning—Hell-Myths and their relations to Classical and Biblical Mythologies—Survivals of Myths in Modern Legend and Folk-lore.

On the day devoted to Custom and Institution it is suggested that some of the following topics be discussed: Identity of Marriage Customs in Remote Regions—Burial Customs and their Meaning—Harvest Customs among the Celtic and Teutonic populations of Great Britain—The Testimony of Folk-lore to the European or Asiatic Origin of the Aryans—The Diffusion of Games—The Borrowing Theory applied to Custom.

Besides those papers, and others that may be suggested by members of the Congress, each day, it is proposed, shall open with a Presidential Address from the chairman of the section.

Thus four out of the five days being accounted for, it only remains to determine the work of the last day, Friday. This, it is suggested, should be taken up with the Reports of the Methodological Committee, appointment of Committees of the Folk-lore Council, and on special points to be brought before the next Congress. Besides this, it is hoped that arrangements may be made by which a conference may be held on this day between the Congress and the Anthropological Institute, to settle the relative spheres of inquiry between Folk-lore and Anthropology. Also it is anticipated that a detailed account of the Helsingfors Folk-lore Collection will be forthcoming, as well as descriptions of the Folk-lore subjects of interest at the Ashmolean and the British Museum.



If these suggestions are adopted by the Organising Committee it may fairly be anticipated that the Folk-lore Congress of 1891 will not only effect good by bringing experts of the science into closer communion, but also may produce work that will directly advance our knowledge of the subject.

JOSEPH JACOBS, *Chairman.*

ALFRED NUTT, *Hon. Sec.*

This Report has been unanimously adopted by the Organising Committee, and the Literary Committee accordingly invite Papers on the above subjects or others thought suitable by the members of the Congress. Such Papers should be sent to the Hon. Secretary of the Literary Committee, Mr. Alfred Nutt. Each Paper should be accompanied by an abstract, which will probably be printed in the Bulletin of the Congress, if the Paper has been sanctioned by the Committee.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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AMONG forthcoming papers in the next number (March 1891) will be Mr. Gomme's annual address to the Folklore Society for the session 1890-91; conclusion of Hon. J. Abercromby's "Magic Songs of the Finns"; Dr. Gaster's paper on the Holy Grail; Mr. Joseph Jacobs on "Childe Rowland", and two Reports on Recent Research; Mr. Cecil Smith on Greek Archæology, and Mr. E. S. Hartland on Folk-tales.

MR. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND'S book on "The Science of Fairy Tales" will be ready by Dec. 10th. It will be eagerly welcomed by old readers of *The Folk-Lore Journal* and *The Archæological Review*, who have enjoyed a foretaste of its contents.

THERE is a distinct interest aroused in the English Folk-tale, the very existence of which has hitherto been doubted. Besides Mr. Hartland's and Mr. Jacobs' books on the subject, Mr. W. N. Newell, the erudite secretary of the American Folk-lore Society, is collecting English Folk-tales found in America.

PROFESSOR RHYS'S important work on Arthur will be issued by the Clarendon Press before Christmas.

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE'S collection of Irish Tales, with Mr. Alfred Nutt's annotations, will be also issued before the end of the year.

THE science of Folk-lore has lost one of its old masters in the last quarter. Felix Liebrecht, born 1812, Professor at Liège between 1849 and 1867 (the former date indicates political sympathies that caused him to leave Germany for a time), and then "privatgelehrte" till his death this summer.

These are the landmarks of a life devoted to comparative literature and folk-lore. His chief works were a translation of the *Pentamerone*, in 1846; an essay on *Barlaam*, 1847; a translation of Dunlop's *Prose Fiction*, with valuable notes, 1851; a selection from Gervasius of Tilbury, 1856. But his varied powers and wide erudition were shown to still greater advantage in his collection of short essays and studies, "*Zur Volkskunde*", 1879. Folk-tale, superstition, myth, folk-song, custom, chap-book, or lives of the saints, he had something instructive and interesting to say on each and all of these. He contributed some interesting notes to the *Folk-lore Record*, and was a member of the Folk-lore Society till his recent mental illness. The catalogue of his library, sold before his death, was a monument of painstaking collection, and the best substitute for a list of Best Books on Folk-lore in existence.

WITH the present number, FOLK-LORE concludes the first year of its existence. It must be left to our readers to judge how far it has fulfilled the promises held out in the opening editorial. If the judgment is in any degree favourable, that must be set down largely to the generous co-operation given by a somewhat limited number of workers. It is hoped that in the future the example of these gentlemen, mostly members of the Council of the Folk-lore Society, will be followed by other members of that Society. In particular, help will be welcome in making the bibliography as complete a record as possible of the current literature on Folk-lore.

THE opening meeting of the Session of 1890-91 of the Folk-lore Society was held on Nov. 19th, when Mr. G. L. Gomme, the Director of the Society, in the unavoidable absence of its President, read the Annual Address.

COMMUNICATIONS for the next number of FOLK-LORE must reach the Office, 270, Strand, W.C., before Feb. 1st, 1891.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### ZANZIBAR PARALLEL TO JACQUES DE VITRY.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—In the *Exempla* of Jacques de Vitry, p. 158, is the following story: "A nun, with whom a prince fell violently in love, asked the cause of his passion. She was told that it was inspired by her beautiful eyes, whereupon she tore them out, and said: 'Behold the eyes which he desires; bear them to him, that he may leave me in peace, and not cause me to lose my soul!'"

The following version has been written out for me by a friend to whom it was told by Miss Mary Allen, of University Mission, Zanzibar. It was told to Miss Allen by Sheikh Hamis, in Swaheli. She told him Bible stories; he was greatly absorbed. She said, "In return you must tell me of your nation's stories," when he related the following:

"A great chief saw a lovely slave-girl in the market, and gave a very large sum for her—her eyes were so very beautiful. He took her home and stood looking at her; she was so lovely. At last the tears came into his eyes. The slave said, 'Master, wherefore do you weep?' He answered, 'It is your eyes that cause me to weep; they are so lovely that I think of them always; they even come between me and my Lord when I am at my prayers.' Saying this, he gazed once more and left her, and went to the mosque to say his prayers. When he returned he went to look at the lovely slave—when lo! she had torn her eyes out. He cried, 'Why, what have you done?' 'Master,' she said, 'I have torn out my eyes. I could not bear that my eyes should come between you and your Lord.' 'Why, girl,' he exclaimed, 'do you know what you have done? I gave more than much (naming the sum) for you, and now you are worth nothing,' and

he went away very, very angry. In the night an angel said to him, 'You were angry with your slave because she put her eyes out; God has bought her of you, you will find the money under your pillow.' When he awoke, behold! the money was all there, and when he went to the slave-girl's cabin, she lay dead."

ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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## TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—I am engaged collecting, for literary purposes, legends, traditions, curious biographies, and habits of life among the Celtic clans of the west and north of Scotland, and wish to appeal, through the medium of FOLK-LORE, to those of your readers who take an interest in this subject, for assistance in carrying a proposed work to a successful issue. The points on which I desire information more particularly are the following:—

I. Traditions relating to the pursuit of agriculture—(1) Ceremonies, if any, before or during the preparation of the soil for seed, and connected with sowing, harrowing, cleaning, and reaping the crop. Particularly relating to first-fruits of corn, potatoes, or any other crop. (2) The threshing and winnowing of corn; grinding the new corn into meal, or making bread from the new meal.

II. Traditions and customs connected with the rearing of cattle, housing, feeding, and breeding them; drawing blood from cattle in time of scarcity to be used as food; and anything peculiar to the Celts.

III. Legends and tales—(1) Folk-lore and ancient laws. (2) Marriage customs and dances. (3) The practice of medicine, and miraculous cures attributed to persons. (4) Virtues supposed to dwell in pools, streams, and springs. (5) Customs at births, baptisms, and funerals—especially customs after a death has occurred. (6) Biographies of

remarkable persons, half-wits, or others who rose to eminence or notoriety through some peculiarity.

IV. Witchcraft and ghosts—(1) Practice of witchcraft, and stories illustrative of the power of witches. (2) The "Black Art", and legends connected with persons supposed to be in league with the devil. How one was admitted to the "Black School"? What powers it conferred, and on what conditions? (3) Ghost stories, haunted places, persons who "walked" after burial, the "laying" of ghosts, and why such could not rest.

V. Any other tradition or usage calculated to throw light on the life and habits of the people, their life, their food, and all kindred subjects.

If correspondents, who may favour me with communications, state the facts, it does not matter though they are not dressed up in literary form. I prefer to have them in the simple language of the people. They can more easily be used in that form than in any other. No correspondent's name will be used without his consent being specially obtained.

JAMES MACDONALD.

*Reay Free Manse, Shebster, Caithness,  
October, 1890.*

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## MISCELLANEA.

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**May Day in Greece.**—May-day in Greece is a festival of flowers. During a recent stay in Greece I had an opportunity of observing some of the customs which are practised on that day, and I ascertained others by inquiry. On the 12th of last May I slept at the great monastery of Megaspelaëum in Achaëa. Next morning was, according to the Greek reckoning, the first of May; and, as we descended the steep path which winds down from the monastery into the valley, a pretty little girl was standing by the wayside, who presented us with nosegays of wild-flowers. My dragoman told me that this was a May-day custom, and that the people on this day go out into the fields to gather flowers. In the course of the day we saw numerous traces of the custom. At the Khan of Mamousia the outside of the house where we lunched was adorned with a bunch of flowers, and in the town of Aegium, on the Gulf of Corinth, we saw flowers fastened to the doors or windows of many houses and shops. Moreover, on the road to Aegium some boys passed us, wearing gay crowns of roses, poppies, and wheat. In Aegium itself we observed a band of boys going through the streets, their heads crowned with wreaths of flowers. I was told that they had been going from house to house singing May songs. Some days later, at Palæo-Koundura, in the wooded pass which leads over Mount Cithæran from Bœotia into Attica, we noticed a wreath of flowers and a bunch of ripe wheat-stalks, with their roots, hanging over the door of the house where we baited. The flowers and wheat-stalks had been hung up on the Greek first of May, and would be allowed to stay there as long as they could. It is the custom to pick out the longest stalks to form the bunch.

My dragoman, Mr. John F. Weale, a native of Corfu, informed me that in Corfu the children go about singing May songs on the first of May. The boys carry small cypresses, decorated with ribbons, flowers, and the fruits of the season. They receive a glass of wine at each house. The girls go about carrying bouquets of flowers. One of them is dressed up like an angel, with gilt wings, and scatters flowers. The following is one of the songs sung by the children in Corfu on this occasion. The Greek text was procured for me by Mr. J. F. Weale, from his brother-in-law, who is a schoolmaster in Corfu.

The translation was kindly furnished by Mr. E. A. Gardner, Director of the British School at Athens :—

Τραγουῖδι ᾄδομενον ἐν Κερκύρα κατὰ τὴν πρωτομαγιά (1)

Song sung in Corfu on the first of May,

Κι' ἂν ᾔηται μὲ τὸν ὀρισμὸν νὰ ποῦμε καὶ τὸ Μάη.

If it is with your leave let us sing (of) the May.

1. Μπρέ ἐμπῆκε ὁ Μάης—ἐμπῆκε ὁ Μάης—ἐμπῆκε ὁ Μάης καὶ ὁ μῆνας.  
Lo, May has come—May has come—May has come, and the month.
2. Ὁ Μάης μὲ τὰ τριαντάφυλλα καὶ ὁ Ἀπρίλης μὲ τὰ ῥόδα  
May with the roses and April with the roses.
3. Ἀπρίλ—Ἀπρίλ ἀφόρετε, Μάη μου κανακάρη  
April—April fresh and fair, May my darling,
4. Ὅλο τὸ κόσμον γιόμισες τ' ἄνθη καὶ τὸ λουλουῖδι  
All over the world thou givest abundance of flowers and blossoms,
5. Κ' ἐμένα περικύκλωσες τῇ κόρης τῆς ἀγκάλαις  
And me thou enfoldest in the arms of my maiden.
6. Λουλουδισέ μου λιγυρή, λουλουδισέ μου κόρη,  
My slender girl has blossomed forth, has blossomed,
7. Νὰ 'παναδώσω τὸ φιλὶ μπρὶν βρεξή, μπρὶν χιονίστη,  
Let me give back her kiss before it rains, before it snows,
8. Μπρὶν κατεβάσῃ ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ σύρουν τὰ ποτάμια.  
Before the heavens are opened and the rivers come down.
9. Καὶ 'δὼ τοῦ τραγουδήσαμε πέτρα νὰ μὴ ραῖσῃ,  
And where we have sung may the rock not split,  
Καὶ ὁ νοικοκύρης τοῦ σπητιοῦ πολλοὺς χρόνους νὰ ζήσῃ.  
And may the master of the house live many years.
10. Νὰ ζήσῃ χρόνους ἑκατὸ καὶ νὰ τοὺς ἀπεράσῃ.  
May he live a hundred years and pass them,  
Καὶ τῶν παιδιῶν τῇ χαρᾷς κουφέτα νὰ μοιράσῃ,  
And may he scatter sweatmeats for the pleasure of his children,
11. Ὅχι κουφέτα μοναχὰ μονὲ καὶ λεφτο κάρνα.  
Not only sweatmeats, but also (hazel) nuts.
12. Κι' ἀνοίξε τὸ μπουκάκι σου τὸ μαργαριτρέγγιο  
Open your pearly box
13. Καὶ βάλε τὸ χεράκι σου ὥς τὸ 'χεις μαθημένο  
And put your hand, as you have learnt,
14. Κι' ἂν ἔχῃς γρόσσια δός μας τα, κι' ἂν ἔχῃς καὶ παράδες  
If you have pennies give us them, and if you have farthings,
15. Κι' ἂν ἔχῃς καὶ γλυκὸ κρασί, βγάλε νὰ μᾶς κερδάσῃς.  
And if you have sweet wine, bring it forth and pour it out for us.
16. Πολλὰ 'παμε τοῦ ἀφέστη μας, νὰ 'ποιμ' καὶ τῆς κυρᾶς μας  
We have said much to milord, let us say something to milady also.
17. Κυρὰ χρυσὴ κυρὰ ἀργυρὴ—κυρὰ μαλαματέγνια,  
Golden lady, silver lady—lady (all) golden,
18. Ποῦ σὲ χτενίζει ὁ ἔρωτας μὲ τὰ χρυσὰ τὰ χτέγνια,  
Whom love combs with his golden comb,



19. Μὲ τὰ χρυσὰ μὲ τ' ἀργυρὰ μὲ τὰ μαλαμα τέγνια.  
With his golden, his silver, his (all) golden comb.
20. Κυρά μου σύντα βούλεις νὰ πᾶς 'στὴν Ἐκκλησίαν,  
Milady, if it please you, go to the church,
21. Ὅλοι ὁ κόσμος χαίρεται καὶ τὰ μικρὰ παιδία,  
Everybody is rejoicing, and (as for) your little children,
22. Κυρά μου τὰ παιδάκια σου ὁ Θεὸς νὰ στὰ χαρίνη,  
Milady, your little ones, may God bless them,
23. Κι' ὁ Μέγας Ἀθανάσιος (2) νὰ στὰ πολοχρονίη  
And the great Athanasius prolong their years,
24. Κι' ἐδῶ ποῦ τραγουδήσαμε καὶ τώρα καὶ τοῦ χρόνου  
And may we who have sung here now sing also next year,
25. Καὶ τὴν ἡμέραν τῆς λαμπρᾶς μὲ τὸ Χριστὸς Ἀνέστη.  
And on Easter-day with (the song) "Christ is risen."

On the foregoing song Mr. Weale's informant adds the following notes :—

(1) "The festival of the first of May originated in Corcyra during the time of the Venetian domination. It was then splendidly celebrated by the vassals (ὕπὸ τῶν δουλοπαροίκων) (see *Ἱστορική ἔκθεσις καὶ ἐγγραφα περὶ τιμαρίων Κερκύρας* λ. 19-20 ὑπὸ Π. Χιώτου), who brought a tree with flowers, red eggs, birds, fruit, etc. ; and to the sound of drums and fifes and joyous cries set it up on the square, opposite the house of some Baron, while they sang the above song, and there they feasted all day long at the expense of the Baron.

(2) "Saint Athanasius is here mentioned, because on the second of May the Greek Church celebrates the recovery of the body of this saint."

I may here add a few jottings on some other Greek popular customs. In the room of the house where I slept at Tsipiana, in Arcadia, a laurel branch was fastened to a rafter. I was told that it had been placed there on Palm Sunday, and would be kept there for a year. In a corner of the room, before the two holy pictures, was another laurel branch, which also had been placed there on Palm Sunday. Moreover, from the little shrine hung the wedding crown of the woman of the house. I observed similar crowns similarly attached in other parts of Greece, and was informed that the custom is universal. The crown is left hanging as long as the woman lives.

I was told that on St. John's Eve the people light bonfires and jump over them ; and that the custom, in time of drought, of dressing a girl in leaves and drenching her with water, is still practised as a rain-charm in the country districts of Greece.

J. G. FRAZER.

**Folk-lore from Cairo.**—Last year I communicated to the *Folk-Lore Journal* some Cairene stories which had been told me by my servant, Mustafa 'Ali, and promised that I would collect some more. During the past winter, accordingly, I obtained some fresh stories from Mustafa ; who seems to have an inexhaustible supply of them. Unfortunately, circumstances prevented me from writing down more than one of them, and that the shortest. Such as it is, however, I give it here :—

“Wāhhid yôm es-Sultân kallim l'Âbu-Nowâs: Qâlet es-sitt', bil-lêl yitla' minnâh rîhhah. Âbu-Nowâs kallim l'es-Sultân: na'mil wāhhid shai hîya tekûn tâni illa rîhhah, wenhotteh barra. Bâdên Abu-Nowâs gab mâsûra, wërâhh el-askâr el'lâzim tigu bil-lêl 'and' es-serayeh betâ' 's-Sultân: lamma tisma'u el-rhafîr min fôq, lâzim ta'milu teshrîfeh. Ubâdên bil-lêl es-Sultân nâim; es-sitt' qâlet: yitla' minnî rîhhah; ûbâdên el-askâr 'amal teshrîfeh, u's-Sultân qâl: khabar ê? El-askâr qâl: Abu-Nowâs 'amal kideh. Fîs-subh' es-Sultân Kallim lil-wezîr: mûsh a'iz ashûf Abu-Nowâs ebeden. El-wezîr qâl lis-Sultân: izakan mûsh a'iz tashûf Abu-Nowas, nirmîh fil-bîr elli fîh el-qird yakûloh. Lamma yîgy Abu-Nowâs fîs-sûbh', el-wezîr kallim l'Âbu-Nowâs: es-Sultân yîrmik fil-bîr en-nehardeh. Abu-Nowâs kallim bâ'd etnên telâteh sâ'ah yîgy. Bâdên râhh ishtêri wāhhid kharûf; ishtêri wāhhid darabûkkah, ishtêri wāhhid zommâra; hatto fil-khorg werâhh 'and' es-Sultân. Bâdên el-wezîr qâl: khabar é, yabu-Nowâs? Qalloh: akl, 'alashân en-nâs elli mât makalsh. Abu-Nowâs el-akl betâ'o wayyâh, ûbâdên misikûh 'and' el-bîr. Bâdên Abu-Nowâs kallim el-qird yimauwwetsh lamma yenzil fil-bîr shwoyeh-shwoyeh. Ubâdên en-nâs yekallim: tayyib. Lamma nazal fil-bîr shwoyeh-shwoyeh, bâdên howa shâf el-qird fil-bîr. Abu-Nowâs yiddîloh hhattet el-lahhm, ûbâdên yiddîloh hhattêtâh wāhhid wāhhid, wel-qird yîgy shab'ân. Ubâdên en-nâs yekallim: khalâs! Abu-Nowâs nazal fil-bîr wel-qird akaloh. Lâkin Abu-Nowâs misik el-darabûkkah, wekullimâ el-qird yîgy gy'ân Abu-Nowâs yiddîloh hhattet el-lahhm. En-nâs yîgy yeshûf Abu-Nowâs; bâdên yeshûfoh fîz-zétah fil-bîr. Bâdên en-nâs yekallim lis-Sultân: daiman lamma tîrmi wāhhid râgil fil-bîr el-qird yak'loh qawâm; lâkin dilwaqti Abu-Nowâs beyidrob fî-tablo' wey'zommer fil-bîr: 's-Sultân râhh 'and' el-bîr wekallim: Abu-Nowâs! Abu-Nowâs yekallim: a'iz é? Yekallim: ta'âla. Abu-Nowâs yekallim: lâ, mûsh a'iz; ana mabsût. Bâdên en-nâs yenazzil hhabl wetalla' Abu-Nowâs min el-bîr; wekallim: ana kontë mabsût fil-bîr; 'alashân é tîgy 'andi?”

“One day the Sultan said to Abu-Nowâs, ‘My wife has declared that during the night a smell rises from her.’ Abu-Nowâs replied to the Sultan: ‘We will contrive a plan by means of which she shall

be again free from the smell, and we will expel it.' So Abu-Nowâs brought a pipe, and went to the soldiers who come during the night to the palace of the Sultan [saying to them]: 'When you hear the watchman above, you must make an uproar.'<sup>1</sup> The next night the Sultan was asleep, when his wife said: 'There's a smell rising from me.' Thereupon the soldiers made an uproar, and the Sultan cried: 'What's the matter?' The soldiers answered: 'Abu-Nowâs is the author of this.' In the morning the Sultan said to the Vizier: 'I never want to see Abu-Nowâs again.' The Vizier said to the Sultan: 'If you don't want to see Abu-Nowâs we will throw him into the well, where the ape will eat him.' When Abu-Nowâs comes in the morning the Vizier said to him: 'The Sultan will throw you into the well to-day.' Abu-Nowâs replied that he would come after two or three hours, so he went and bought a sheep; he bought a drum, (and) he bought some bagpipes; he put them into a bag and went to the Sultan's palace. Then the Vizier asked: 'What does this mean, Abu-Nowâs?' He answered: 'It's food, because the dead people have not eaten.' Abu-Nowâs took his food with him, and then took it to the well. Then Abu-Nowâs said that the ape would kill him if he descended slowly into the well. The people said: 'Very good.' While he was being let down slowly into the well, he saw the ape in the well. Abu-Nowâs gives it a piece of the meat, and went on giving it piece by piece until the ape was satiated. Then the people above say: 'All is over; Abu-Nowâs has been let down into the well, and the ape has eaten him!' But Abu-Nowâs took the drum, and while the ape is still hungry, he gives it a piece of the meat. The people come to see Abu-Nowâs, and, moreover, see him making a noise in the well. So the people say to the Sultan: 'Hitherto when you throw a man into the well the ape always eats him at once, but now Abu-Nowâs is playing on his drum and on the bagpipes in the well.' The Sultan went to the well and cried: 'Abu-Nowâs!' Abu-Nowâs answers: 'What do you want?' He says: 'Come!' Abu-Nowâs replies: 'No! I don't want (to come); I'm quite content (here).' Then the people let down a rope, and lift Abu-Nowâs out of the well. And he said: 'I was quite content in the well: why do you come to me?' "

Is there a reminiscence in this story of Daniel in the lions' den?

One day I asked Mustafa if he had ever seen an " 'afrî", or ghost. He told me he had not, but that when he was a lad of fifteen he was

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<sup>1</sup> Through the pipe, that is to say, which was supposed to be inserted in the wall of the Sultan's bedroom, and so become a channel of sound. I believe that the relater of the story forgot a portion of it at this point.

a waiter in a family at Helwân, where one evening a bottle of wine was wanted. Accordingly he sent the "marmiton", or scullion, who was a grown-up man, into the cellar for the wine, with a lighted candle. As the scullion did not appear he went to see what had happened, and found the cellar in darkness, with the candle and a broken bottle lying on the ground. Presently he discovered the scullion in the kitchen shivering with terror. The scullion informed him that after entering the cellar he put the candle on the floor, and stooped down in order to get the bottle of wine, when suddenly an 'afrît blew out the candle and grasped both his arms. Nothing would induce him to return to the cellar. "I am a lad", said Mustafa, "and you are a man, but I am not afraid to go there"; and accordingly he went, for, he remarked to me, "as long as you are not afraid, you will never see an 'afrît."

On another occasion Mustafa showed me a small "qarn khartît", or rhinoceros horn, which, he told me, was priceless. Water drunk from a glass or cup on the inside of which it has been rubbed is a sure antidote to all poisons.

In connection with this belief I may mention an incident that once occurred to me when examining the ancient city-wall, which still remains on the northern side of the mounds of Memphis. I had picked up a piece of decaying palm-wood, which had served to bind the wall together, and observed that my example was followed by a boy, who had attached himself to me. I asked him what he was going to do with the wood. He replied that he intended to mix it with "mummy", in order to make of it a potent "medicine". It is curious to find the old belief in the medicinal virtues of "mummy" still lingering on the spot from whence so many mummies were formerly exported to the physicians and druggists of Europe.

An older superstition was brought to my notice just before I left Egypt this winter. "If you buy a dahabiah", I was told, "you must kill a sheep, letting the blood flow on the deck or side of the boat, in order that it may be lucky. Your friends will afterwards have to dine on the sheep."

A. H. SAYCE.

*Γυναικεία* from the Greek Island of Calymnos.—

*Pregnancy*.—A pregnant woman is not allowed to step over a grave. People who do not give to pregnant women food for which they have a lect (as it is called) are liable to have styes in their eyes.

*Birth, etc.*—Women are not allowed to remain in a room alone during the forty days after confinement. They take no bath during this period. The bath taken on the fortieth day, and which purifies, is prepared by boiling certain herbs, laurel, thyme, *ἀργαυιά*, and others, and must be as hot as the patient can bear. When the

child's skin is too black the midwife makes an incision in the back of the neck, and draws blood. This is supposed to drain off the bad blood which causes the blackness. When the midwife makes the incision, they say that she *μελίζει τὸ βρέφος*.

*Menstruation.*—A woman during her periods may not go to the well to draw water, nor cross a running stream, nor enter the sea. Her presence in a boat is said to cause storms.

*Marriage.*—The house is always the wife's. If it is supposed that other suitors have bewitched the bride and bridegroom, so as to prevent the consummation of the marriage, a knife is placed under the pillow by the female relatives or friends of the bride, but without the knowledge of the bride and bridegroom. If bewitched, they are said to be tied, *δεμένοι*. The knife is supposed to cut the charm (*κόπτει τὸ δέσιμον*).

*Grand Nowe, Aberdeen.*

W. R. PATON.

**A "Devil's Bridge" Legend Exploded.**—A correspondent writes : " It may interest many of your readers who have doubtless heard of the famous 'Pont du Diable' in what is now the department of the Pyrénées Orientales, but was formerly the province of Rousillon, to learn that the precise origin and exact date of its construction have at length been discovered. The popular legend about this bridge, which spans a mountain torrent called the Tech, near the small town of Céret, was that it had been built during one night by Satan and his myrmidons, and the fact that the particulars as to its construction had never been found in any of the local archives of course gave additional strength to this legend. But the registrar of a neighbouring town, called Prats de Mollo, close to the Spanish frontier, has just unearthed a manuscript, dated 1321, which relates how the notables of that town 'contributed ten golden crowns of Barcelona towards the building of the bridge at Céret upon condition that the inhabitants of Prats de Mollo were exempted from paying toll'. The toll-gate has long since been done away with, and this, no doubt, was how all trace as to the origin of the 'Devil's Bridge' was lost."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Feb. 18, 1890.

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<sup>1</sup> Owing to the summer vacation, the number of books issued has been so small that the usual classification is omitted.

TILLO (A.) Die deutschen Volkslieder von Dr. Faust. (Halle.)  
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1890, UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

*[Arranged alphabetically under each language. Numbers not noticed  
in the present list will be given in the next.]*

**The American Anthropologist**, July. *Garrick Mallery*, Customs of  
Courtesy. *W. H. Holmes*, A West Virginian Rock Shelter. *F.  
Webb Hodge*, A Zuñi Foot-Race. *John Murdoch*, The History  
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Indian Personal Names. *T. H. Lewis*, Stone Monuments in  
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Quarterly Bibliography of Anthropologic Literature.

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The Sacred Enclosures of Ohio. *Silas Rand*, The Coming of  
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ing Island. *Silas Rand*, The Beautiful Bride. *M. Eels*, Myths  
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**Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland**,  
April. *W. Simpson*, The Trisula Symbol. *J. F. Hewitt*, Essay  
on the Pre-Vedic History of India, and the identity of the Early  
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**Journal of American Folk-Lore**, July-Sept. *Horatio Hale*, "Above"  
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*Nineteenth Century*, Nov. *Huxley*, Aryan Question and Prehistoric Man.

*New Englander and Yale Review*, July. *W. Churchill*, Domestic Poisons of the Sub-Papuans.

*Our Forest Children*, June. *E. F. Wilson*, Indian Tribes, Paper, No. 13; Seneca Indians.—July, Paper No. 14, Nez Percé Indians.

*The Popular Science Monthly*, June. *Fanny D. Bergen*, Animal and Plant Lore, iii.

*Ons Volksleven*, iv, 5. *J. B. Vervliet*, Vertelsels. *J. Cornelissen*, Sagen.—5. *J. Vlunius*, Vertelsels.

*Volkskunde*, iii, 5. *P. de Mont*, Onze Vlaamsche "Componisten" ofte Liedjeszangers. Vertelsels: Van drie Gebroeders.—6. *A. Gittée*, Over de Studie van het Volkslied. *J. de Rotter*, Sprookjes. Vragen en Aanteekeningen.

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**Revue des Traditions Populaires**, v, 9. *G. Dumoutier*, Astrologie des Annamites. *P. Sébillot*, Les Mines et les Mineurs : v, La bonne et la mauvaise chance ; vi, Coutumes. *J. Tiersot*, Le Rossignol messager, versions du Morvan. *A. Bon*, Superstitions auvergnates : Cantal. *M. de Crouskoff*, Les Chants héroïques du peuple russe (*suite*). *R. Basset*, La Chanson de Bricou, i. *L. Pineau*, Biquette, randonnée poitevine, ii. *L. de la Sicotière*, Biquette, ronde normande, iii. *A. Certeux*, Les Calendriers des illettrés : v, Calendrier breton. *P. Sébillot*, Les Crustacés (*suite*). *R. Basset*, Une fable de Florian et le Mythe d'Orion, iii. *P. S.*, La Boulangerie et le pain : Questionnaire. *L. Pineau*, Le long hiver : iii, Version poitevine. *F. Fertiault*, Les Haricots. *Mme. Destriché*, Traditions et Superstitions de la Sarthe, ii. *P. Bogisic*, Saint-Blaise, iii. *Mme. P. Sébillot*, Le joli Meunier, chanson de la Haute-Bretagne. *A. Desrousseaux*, Transformation des Légendes, des Anecdotes, etc. : i, Ne rien dire et n'en penser pas moins ; ii, La légende de St.-Christophe. *L. Pineau*, Les Oiseaux en Poitou. *P. S.*, Nécrologie : Ernest Faligan.—v, 10. *P. Sébillot*, Les Pendus. *J. Tiersot*, La Chanson du Géant. *R. Basset*, La Chanson de Bricou (*suite*) : iv, Versions lorraine et alsacienne. *R. Basset*, Lámhòigin, conte irlandais de la Saint-Martin. *D. Fitzgerald*, Notes sur quelques origines de la Tradition celtique. *L. Sichler*, Mœurs et coutumes de mariage : iii, Cérémonies de mariage chez les Permians. *F.-M. Lusel*, L'imagerie populaire : v, Basse-Bretagne. *L. Morin*, La Bêtise des gens, conte de Champagne. *D. Bellet*, Le Peuple et l'Histoire : v, Buckingham dans l'île de Ré. *A. Certeux*, Extraits et lectures : Le dieu Canon.

**La Tradition**, iv, 7. *Mme. L. Schischmanova* et *M. Dragomanov*, Les noces du soleil, récit populaire bulgare. *H. Carnoy*, Esthétique de la tradition. *A. Harou*, Le folk-lore de la Belgique, viii. *A. Grün*, Chansons populaires de la Carniole. Traduction de E. de Némethy et G. Doncieux. *R. Stielbel*, Moyen de retrouver le corps d'un noyé. *J. Nicolaïdes*, Moïse, Saint-Jean-Baptiste et Hyzyr, Légende turque. *Vic. de Colleville*, Devinettes et énigmes populaires. *P. Hugounet*, Les petites fleurs et les sapins : Apologue chinois. *E. Blémont*, Nains et pygmées, i. *R. P. Burtin*, Le folk-lore au Canada, i. *Dr. B. Ftraud*, La pluie d'oreillettes et de fèves roties. *J. Surya*, Chansons populaires de la Bourgogne. *Mme. de Nettis*, Traditions de la Beauce. *A. Sinval*, Les Russes chez eux, viii. *C. de Warloy*, Glanes traditionnistes.—9-10. *S. Prato*, Formules initiales et finales des contes populaires Grecs avec les références des contes Néo-Latins. *O. Colson*, Chansons

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**Allgem. Zeitung**, Beilage 175 (30 July). *W. Golther*, Perceval und der Gral.

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**Am Urquell**, i, 10-11. *M. Rösler*, Walpurgisnacht im Isergebirge. Wielant der Schmied. *H. Handelsmann*, Volksmedizin. *H. Frischbier*, Volksglauben (Aus Ostpreussen): i, Kindheit ; ii, Die Teufel ; iii, Arbeit und Mahlzeit.

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gen zwischen französischer und keltischer Literatur im  
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# INDEXES.

## INDEX TO ARTICLES.

- ABDUCTION, marriage by, among Mordvins, 420-21
- Abercromby (Hon. J.), "Magic Songs of Finns," 17-46, 331-47; "Marriage Customs among Mordvins," 417-462
- Abergele. *See* "Ffynnon Elian"
- Abyssinia, custom of concealing name in, 273-274
- Adder, Finnish accounts of origin of, 45-46
- Adi and his Wives, Drowning of (Torres Straits Tale), 181, 193
- Aegium, flower festival at, 518
- Africa, belief in ill-luck brought by turning back, 155
- Age, marriageable, among Mordvins, 418
- Agnatism in Russian law, 472
- Agricultural sacrifice, signification of, 392-393
- Alba, Fin Maccumhail and son of King of, 257
- All Souls' Eve, apple-begging custom on, 315
- Allemands, licentious festivals of, 468
- Alsace, belief that meeting oneself presages death, 228
- Ancients, some popular superstitions of the, 145-171
- Andaman Islanders, earthquake belief of, 150
- Anger necessary to ensure success at fishing (Esthonian belief), 165
- Animal, Finn charm for bite of, 20  
—— language—calf, 289; bird, 291
- Animals, figures of, Mordvin wooing-presents, 423  
—— Manchu marriage-presents, 485
- Annandale Frog-Prince story, 498-499
- Apples, custom of begging on Eve of All Souls for, 315  
—— placed on threshold at Manchu marriage, 491
- Archangel, Government of, endogamy in, 469; firing of pistol by father of bride, 477
- Arendt (C.), "Marriage Ceremonies of the Manchus," 481-492
- Arician priesthood, succession to, 391
- Arles, Drac legend at, 209
- Arm-guard used by islanders of Torres Straits, 81
- Armsdale, tradition of Duke of Buckingham at, 318
- Arrows, shooting of, at Manchu marriages, 487  
—— used in Torres Straits, 77
- Arthur, King, his death caused by cat, 251
- Arthurian Saga, 250-253
- Arverni, early gold coinage of the, 99
- Aryan epic literature of Iceland, 235-236
- Arzamas, carrying bride by, 430
- Ashes, pot not to be set on (Cambodian belief), 160
- Athens, method of keeping Easter in, 275
- Audley, tradition of death of Lord, 319
- Australia, spells and charms of, 17; thunder attributed to demons in, 153-154; laming by injuring footprints in, 157, 158; belief that injuring impression will injure the maker, 159
- Austria, sale of wives among Slavs of, 478
- Avars, marriage by capture among, 453
- Axe, use of, in Mordvin marriage ceremonies, 447
- Axle, Boeotian custom of burning, 459
- Aztecs, weasel regarded as an omen by, 157; hail-storms, superstitions of, 162
- BADEN, Dorfgehen custom in, 468
- Badu tales. *See* "Birth of Kusa Kap"; "Meta Kurabi"; "Dorgai I"; "Mutuk, Story of"; "Gabakwoikai, Adventures of"; "Dorgai of Karaper"; "Upi, Story of"; "Greedy Goba"; "Migration of Bia"; "Ya-

- war, Sad end of"; "Tiai inaugurated funeral ceremonies."
- Bamboo arrows of Torres Straits, 77 ; knives of New Guineans, 76 ; used as vessels in New Guinea, 190
- Baptismal name, Abyssinian concealment of, 273
- Barclay (Isabella), "Zanzibar parallel to Jacques de Vitry," 515-516
- Bargaining at bridals among Mordvins, 439
- Barley, Russian custom of covering bride with, 459
- Barth (Auguste) et James Darmesteter, "How they Met Themselves," 227-233
- Baskets, New Guinean method of carrying, 63, 80
- Basuto superstition of preserving grass on which an ally has sat, 159
- Bath, Tale of Wife of (variant of "Frog-Prince" tale), 501
- Bathing the bride, Mordvin ceremony, 448
- Bats, Torrean folk-tale of men transformed into, 79
- Bavaria, broom superstitions in, 157  
——, succession custom in, 201
- Bear, Finnish accounts of origin of, 24-29
- Beast skins, custom of dressing in, 13
- Bed, belief that it is disgraceful to die in, 203
- Begging for apples on All Souls' Eve, 315; by women on St. Thomas's Day, 321
- Beheading knife of New Guinea, 77
- Berchta, dame, Twelfth Night spirit, 213-214
- Betrothal purchase custom at Posnau, 478  
—— feast—Mordvin, 456 ; Kalmuk, 456  
—— presents, Manchu ceremonies connected with, 484, 485
- Bia, migration of (Torres Straits' tale) 174-175, 190
- Bibliography of Folk-Lore, 137-144, 281-288, 410-416, 525-530
- Birch, Finnish magic song of, origin of, 336
- Bird, Badu legend of woman giving birth to, 50
- Bird-marriage, Russian folk-tale of, 475
- Birds, totemistic prohibition against eating, 10
- Birth, Greek customs connected with, 523
- Birth of Fin Maccumbail (West Highland tale), 257  
—— of Kusa Kap (Nagu tale), 49-53, 76-77
- Birthday cards, Manchu exchange of, before marriage, 484
- Black (G. W.), "Player's Superstitions," 276-277
- Black, Brown, and Grey (Fenian tale), 257  
—— Horse (Highland *märchen*), 370-371
- Blacksmith, synonymous with wizard in Abyssinia, 273
- Blindness a mythical punishment for curiosity, 208-214
- Blood, vengeance required for death by shedding of, 206
- Blood-feud, payment for bride to avoid, 454
- Blood-offering to Finnish water-spirit, 18
- Blore Heath, tradition of, battle of, 319
- Blore Pipe, tradition of Duke of Buckingham at, 318
- Boeotia, keeping Easter in, 275
- Boeotian custom of burning axle of bride's chariot, 459
- Bohemia, wife-purchasing in, 478  
—— immorality of early inhabitants of, 466
- Boigu, island inhabited by spirits of dead (Torres Straits belief), 78
- Bombay, broom superstitions in, 157
- Bonfires, jumping over, Greek custom of, 520
- Boots, burial of, of dead men to lay ghost, 135-136
- Bosnia, marriage by abduction in, 476
- Bouda, Abyssinian blacksmith and wizard, 274
- Boundaries, importance of, in study of folk-lore, 314-317
- Boys and Girls, Solomon distinguishes between, 133-134, 354, 356
- Bozon, Les Contes Moralises de Nicole (Review), 270-271
- Bread, Mordvin marriage ceremonies connected with, 426, 428, 431, 439-440, 444, 446, 449 ; custom of wooing by, 455
- Brendan legend, 237-238
- Breton variant of "Frog-Prince," 493-496
- Bridal chair, Manchu, 486
- Bride, Manchu ceremony of inspecting, 483

- Bride songs of Mordvins, 430-432  
 ——— procession, Mordvin, 441  
 ——— purchase, Slav custom, 478  
 Bridegroom, Manchu ceremony of inspecting, 483  
 ———, Slav custom of barring out, 477  
 ———, warlike dress of Slav, 477  
 Bridge, Satanic origin of, disproved, 524  
 Britain, Greek trade, routes to, 82-107  
 ———, ancient trade of, 82  
 ——— gold coins of, standard weight of, 104, 107  
 Brittany, fairy punishment tales in, 209  
 Broom, jumping over, superstitions connected with, 157; breaking charm, 157  
 Brother and sister, tribal connection of, in Servia, 472  
 ———, the protector of sister's virginity in Russia, 473; part of, in wedding ritual, 473  
 Brotherhood, Servian artificial, 472  
 Buckingham's Cave, Blore Pipe, 318  
 Buckingham's Field, Armsdale, 318  
 Bugulminsk, wooing custom in district of, 424; bride presents at, 441; bridal processions at, 339  
 Bundling, Welsh custom, 468  
 Burial of Mr. Rose's Boots, 135-136  
 Burma, footprint superstition in, 158  
 Burne (Miss C.), "Collection of English Folk-lore," 313-330  
 Busk (Miss R. H.), "Horsehair turned into water-snake," 136; "Italian Folk-Songs, Report on," 261-267  
 Butterfly, Finnish legend that cabbage worm is descended from, 336
- CABBAGE WORM**, Finnish Magic song of origin of, 336  
 Cairns in New Guinean folk-tales, 190  
 Cairo, Folk-lore from, 521-523  
 Cakes, offered to Finnish wood spirit, 17  
 Calf, Fairy. *See* "Rashin Coatie."  
 Calymnos, Γυμνασία from, 523-524  
 Cambodia, dislike of natives of, to set pot on ashes, 160  
 Campbell MSS. at Edinburgh, 369-383  
 Campbell, tale of, and its foundation in usage, (letter) 405-406. *See* "Folk-tale, a Highland," etc.  
 Campbells, salmon badge of, 11
- Canada, thunder-frightening custom in, 153  
 Canoes, method of propelling, 195  
 Canton, haunted house at, 361-362  
 Cap o' Rushes, Suffolk folk-tale, 295-299  
 Capture, marriage by, practised by Mordvins, 419, 453, 458; by Slava, 464, 475  
 Cards, exchange of, before Manchu marriage, 483-484  
 Carouse, Mordvin bridal, 428  
 Carriage, body of, Mordvin bridal detached, 442  
 Carrow, stone monuments of, 242-243  
 Carthage, tin trade of, 89-90  
 Cassiterides, tin trade of, 89; people of, 91  
 Cat, requisite to success of a play, 276  
 ———, death of King Arthur caused by, 251  
 ——— Finnish account of origin of, 30  
 Celibacy, rarity of, among Mordvins, 417  
 Celtic Myth and Saga, Report on, 234-260  
 ——— civilisation, archaic, 239  
 Celtica, tin trade of, 87  
 Ceremonies, Manchu marriage, 481-492  
 Céret, 'Devil's Bridge at, 524  
 Chamba, princess walks naked to free spring from demon, 223  
 Chan Fan, fair of maidens at, 364  
 Channel Islands, coins of Greek type found in, 100  
 Charm for lizard's bite, Finn, 334  
 Chastity-test stories, Celtic, 252  
 Cheremis, marriage by purchase among, 453; bridal processions of, 460  
 Cherokee legend of snake with jewelled head, 278-279  
 Cheshire, hiring times in, 315  
 Child, foretelling by hands of newborn, 276; born at twelve will see ghosts, 276  
 Childbed ceremonies at King-sai, 360-361  
 ———, Roman superstition connected with, 165-166  
 ———, severe suffering in, caused by stepping over broom (Bombay belief), 157  
 Chinese Folk-lore, notes on, 359-368  
 ——— marriage ceremonies. *See* "Manchus."  
 Chistopolsk, bridal procession at, 437

- Christianity, its effect on Irish sagas, 239
- Christmas, hirings at, 315
- , prophetic superstition at, in Inverness-shire, 276
- Church-porch, Slavene belief that if bride reaches before groom, she is supreme, 430
- Chuvash marriage customs, similarity of to Mordvin, 455; driving with presents, custom of the, 456
- Cinderella tales, see "Cap o' Rushes," "Fair, Brown and Trembling," "Rashin Coatie."
- Cleonæ, sacrifice upon hailstorms at, 161
- Clodd (Edward), "What's in a Name," (letter), 272-274
- Cloth, Manchu custom of holding up to ward off evil spirits, 487
- Clouston (W.A.), "Story of the Frog-Prince," 493-506
- Club, family preserved at East Gothland, 203
- Coat o' Clay, folk-tale, 305-310
- Coca-nut, used as water-bottle in New Guinea, 77
- Cock, used to avert wind, 163; crowing after noon bad omen, 276; years before marriage decided by crowing of, 276
- Coins, evidence of Greek trade with Britain from, 98; Greek types discovered in Britain, 100, 103
- Communal feast, remnant of, at St. Briavels, 224-225
- Slav marriage, 471-473
- Conaire, descent of, from a bird, 10
- Conception from eating seeds (Badu legend), 50; from sea foam (Finn legend), 331
- Coneely, clan, totemism among, 11
- Conjurer, A Welsh, 131-133
- Contes Moralises de Nicole Bozon (Review), 270-271
- Copper, Finnish magic songs of origin of, 348
- Corcyra, May festival in, 520
- Corfu, flower festival at, 518
- Corn, Finnish charm for destroying rust in, 18
- Cornsheaf, Cornish harvest custom with, 280; attempt to drench with water, 280
- Cornwall, ancient tin mining in, 82
- , fairy punishment tale, 210
- , giant legends in, 321
- , harvest customs in, 280
- , subdivision of land in, 200
- Cossacks, licentious festivals of, 468; exogamy among, 475
- Coventry, Godiva legend at, 215; size of, in tenth century, 216; fair of, 217; procession at, 217
- Crackernuts, Story of Kate (Orkney folk-tale), 299-301
- Cranmere Pool, fairy legends of, 212-213
- Creative Name, the secret, 273
- Croatia, custom of "Otmitza" in, 476
- Cuculin (West Highland tale), 257
- Culture-heros, New Guinean, 80, 191-192, 193-194
- Cups, alternate drinking of Manchu bride and groom from same, 491
- Curative charm, Finnish, 18
- Cures, fairy, 301
- Curiosity, punishment for, in pixy story, 208, 210, 214
- Curses, English peasant belief in, 324
- Czechs, immorality of early, 466
- DALTON, haunted barn at, 131
- Damaras, footprint superstition among, 158
- Dance festivals of natives of Torres Straits, 79
- Danish fairy punishment tales, 211.
- Darmesteter (James), et Auguste Barth, "How they Met Themselves," 227-233
- Dartmoor. See "Cranmere Pool"
- Daughters of King O'Hara, 256; of King of the East, 257
- Dead, why the spirits of, go to Kibuka (Mabuiag legend), 55-56
- , belief in the Torres Straits that spirits of, go westward, 77
- , beliefs that earthquakes are caused by, 150
- Death presaged by man meeting himself, 228, 229
- Deerpark (Sligo), Druids' altar at, 244,
- Denbighshire assizes, trial of conjurer at, 131
- Derbyshire, hiring times in, 315; well-dressing in, 316
- Devil, Finnish beliefs concerning, 32-33
- Devil's Bridge legend, 524
- Devonshire, coins of Greek type found in, 100
- harvest custom, 280; pixy story, 207-208
- Diseases, cured by divination in Wales, 132
- Divination by skulls, 67, 80

- Divorce, Mordvin objection to, 451  
 Dog, Finnish account of origin of, 30-31  
 Dog-fish, myth accounting for mark on, 175, 191  
 Dog-man, folk-tale of Erza tribe, 417-418  
 Door, barring of bride's door, Slav custom, 477  
 Dorfgehen, custom of, 468  
 Dorgai, bogey of Torres Straits, 49, 53, 54, 60, 62, 68, 76, 180, 181, 193  
 Dorgai Meta Kurabi, Badu legend, 53-54  
 ——— of Karaper (Badu legend), 62-65  
 ——— of Muralug, Two (Muralug folk-tale), 180-181, 193  
 Dorgai I (Badu legend), 54  
 Doughtre of Ypocras, variant of Frog-Prince story, 497  
 Dower, absence of, in early Russian marriages, 465  
 Down, Russian custom of covering bride with, 459  
 Dowry not given by Mordvins, 425; Voguls, 425  
 Drac (water-being) story, 209  
 Dragon, the bob-tailed (Chinese folk-tale), 366-368  
 Draiglin' Horney, 310-312  
 Dress, contest of, at Lung Shan, China, 366  
 ———, Mordvin bridal, 439  
 ———, warlike, worn by Slav bridegroom, 477  
 Drevlians, Nestor's account of habits of, 463  
 Driving with presents, Chuvash marriage custom of, 456  
 Druidism in Ireland, 245  
 Druids' altar at Deerpark (co. Sligo), 244  
 Drum used in Torres Straits, 76; legendary use of, in, 49  
 Dugongs, use of, in Badu tales, 49, 51, 69, 76  
 Dugong Hunter, Sesere (Legend of Torres Straits), 69-75  
  
 EARTH placed in bosom by Mordvin bride, 434  
 ——— oven, Papuan, 80, 81  
 Earthquakes, myths regarding, 150  
 Easter in Greece, 275-276; at Thebes, 275  
 Edinburgh, Campbell MSS. at, 369-383  
  
 Effigy of Judas, burning of, at Easter, 275  
 Egg cowries, used as New Guinean ornaments, 77  
 Elf punishment tales, 210, 211  
 Elk, Finnish account of origin of, 31-32  
 Ellis (Havelock), Fascination and Hypnotism (letter), 405  
 Emporiae, coinage of, 102  
 Endogamy among Mordvins, 452; in Russia, 469  
 England, coins of Greek type found in, 100  
 English and Scotch Fairy Tales, 289-312  
 English Folk-lore, Collection of, 313-330  
 Enmity, survival of English tribal, 325  
 Eoghan Bel, burial place of, 243, 244  
 Erin, son of, King of, and Giant of Loch Léin, 256; and three daughters of King of the East, 257; the thirteenth son of, 257; and Queen of Lonesome Isle, 257  
 Erza, bridal carouse of, 428  
 ———, bridal processions of, 437  
 ———, custom of entering bridal chamber among, 436  
 ———, human-dog tale of, 417-418  
 ———, marriage arrangements of, 425  
 ———, marriage by capture among, 419-420  
 ———, marriage arranged by parents among, 419  
 ———, marriageable age among, 418  
 ———, period of mourning for husband by widow of, 451  
 ———, unimportance of virginity among, 419  
 Escribeto, analysis of (Italian folk-song), 264  
 Esthonian thunder-averting custom, 153; ill luck belief of, 155; fishing superstition, 165  
 ———, bride called lamb, 443  
 ———, marriage by purchase among, 453  
 Etruscans, superstitions of, 404  
 Evans (John), trial of, for divination, 131  
 Exogamy among Mordvins, 452; early Slavs, 464-465, 471  
 Eye-salves, magic, 208, 209, 210  
 Eyes, fairy vengeance on, 208, 209, 210  
 ———, legends of tearing out, 515-516



- FAIR, Brown and Trembling, 256  
 Fair of Fair Maidens (Chan Fan, China), 364  
 Fairy animals. *See* "Rashin Coatie."  
 ——— birth legend, 207-8  
 ——— cures, 301  
 ——— eye-salves, 208, 209  
 ——— hill, 300  
 ——— punishments, 208, 209  
 ——— tales, English and Scotch, 289-312  
 ——— tasks. *See* "Nicht Nought Nothing."  
 Fairies, assistance of, 303  
 ——— drowned at Ferry, 276  
 Family communism of early Slavs, 465  
 Farmers, superstitions of Greek, 161  
 Fascination and hypnotism (letters), 274, 405  
 Father-in-law, visit of Mordvin, 434  
 ——— not allowed to see bare feet of Mordvin woman, 450  
 Feasts, Manchu marriage, 486, 489  
 Feet of mother-in-law washed by Chinese bride, 366  
 ———, Mordvin prohibition of bare, in wives, 450  
 Feniaus in Castle of Fear Dubh, Fin Maccumhail and (West Highland tale), 257  
 Fern-seed, superstitions connected with, 279  
 Ferry, drowning of Scotch fairies at, 276  
 Ffynnon Elian, divination at, 131  
 Fin Maccumhail, birth of, 257; and Feniaus of Castle Fear Dubh, 257; and knight of full Axe, 257; and Gilla na Grakin, 257; and seven brothers, 257; and son of King of Alba, 257  
 Finch, Finnish belief that bear was rocked by a, 24  
 Finn, accounts of origin of Bear, 24-29; Cat, 30; Dog, 30-31; Elk, 31-32; demons of, 32-33; Horse, origin of, 33; Pig, 34; Seal, 34; Wolf, 35-37; Snake, 37-45; Viper, 45-46; Lizard, 331-334; Snail, 334; Raven, 334-335; Titmouse, 335; Pike, 336; Cabbage-worm, 336; Wasp, 336; Birch, 336; Flax, 337-338; Oak, 338-342; Trees, 343-348; Copper, 348  
 Finno-Ugrian marriage customs similar to Mordvin, 451, 455  
 Finns, corn charms of, 18; varieties of charms used by wizards of, 19-21  
 Finns, hunter's charms of, 17; water-cure charm, 18  
 ———, magic songs of, 17-46, 331-348  
 ———, marriage by purchase among, 453  
 Firbolgs and Tuatha dé Danann, conflicts between, 244-245  
 Fire and Totems, origin of (New Guinea legend), 185, 195  
 ———, Polish brides conducted round, 460  
 ———, shelter of goods after a, refused at Kwongsai, 364  
 Fire-house, sacrilege to steal swallow's nest from, 279  
 Fire-myth of Torres Straits, 185, 195  
 Fisherman's son and Gruagach of Tricks, 257  
 Fish-market made to prognosticate success, China, 360  
 Flax, Finnish magic songs of origin of, 337-338  
 Flesh, feeding of magic bird with, 505  
 Florent, Gower's tale of, Frog-Prince story in, 500  
 Flowers, use of, on May-day in Greece, 518  
 Folk-lore bibliography, 137-144; 281-288; 410-416; 525-530  
 ———, collection of English, 313-330  
 ———, importance of geographical boundaries in, 314-317; relation of history to, 317-322; methods of collecting, 322-330  
 ——— from Cairo, 521-523  
 ———, notes on Chinese, 359-368  
 Folk-lore Society, annual meeting of, 398-402  
 Folk-songs, report on Italian, 261-267  
 Folk-tale and its foundation in usage, Highland, 197-206  
 ———, recent research on, 108-117  
 Food offered to propitiate Finnish deities, 17  
 Footprint superstitions, 157  
 Fortune-tellers' employed at Manchu marriages, 484  
 Fowl (white) given to appease ghost of mother died in childbed, 361  
 Foxes, flying, Badu dead transformed into, 58  
 France, King of, and Fin Maccumhail (West Highland tale), 257  
 Frazer (J. G.), "Some popular superstitions of the Ancients," 145-171; Easter in Greece," 275-276; "Highland superstitions in Inverness-

- shire," 276 ; "May-day in Greece," 518-520
- Frog-Prince, Breton variant of, 493-506 ; Grimm variant of, 497 ; Annandale variant, 498
- Fung Shui or Geomancy, Chinese, 360-361
- GABAKWOIKAI, adventures of (Badu folk-tale), 60-62
- Gade-sceptre, Manchu marriage present of, 484
- Gades, tin trade of, 89 ; Massaliote trade with, 89
- Gapu. See "Sucker-fish."
- Gardening, folk-tale of introduction to Torres Straits of, 175, 191
- Gaster (Rev. M.), "Story of Solomon's Wisdom," 133-135
- Gaul, tin trade with Britain of, 84 ; trade across, 87-93 ; early coinage of, 99 ; imitation of Greek coins by, 101
- Gawain (Sir) and Dame Ragnell, variant of 'Frog-Prince' story, 502
- Geomancy, Chinese, 360-361
- German 'Frog Prince' story, 499 ; Godiva story, 219
- superstition against pointing to stars, 151 ; footprint superstition, 158
- Germany (South), belief in Dame Berchta in, 213
- Ghost, child born between 12 and 1 liable to see, 276
- of persons committing suicide before looking-glass, fierce (Chinese belief), 362
- of woman dying in childbed, laying Chinese, 360 361
- laid by burying boots of dead, 135
- Giant folk-tales. See "Nicht Nought Nothing." "Peerifool."
- legends in hill lands, prevalence of, 321
- of Loch Léin, son of the King of Erin and, 256
- of New Mills, 130-31
- Giant's grave at Deerpark (co. Sligo), 244
- Gilla na Grakin and Fin Maccumhail (West Highland tale), 257
- Girls and boys, Solomon distinguishes between, 134, 354, 356
- Girls' feast, Mordvin bridal, 433-434, 457
- Goba, story of greedy (Badu folk-tale), 172-174, 190
- Goblindom, Chinese folk-tales of, 361-362
- Goddess of Mercy, Chinese, 366
- Godiva, Peeping Tom and lady, 207-226
- historical existence of, 215
- Coventry legend of, 215 ; St. Briavels' variant, 218 ; German variant, 219 ; "Arabian Nights" variant, 219-220 ; Persian, 220 ; Sanskrit, 221 ; Chamba, 222
- God's portion, Mordvin, 422, 426, 427, 444
- Gomme (G. L.), "A Highland folk-tale and its foundation in Usage," 197-206
- Gorakhpur, rain-spell practised during, 223
- Gornall, Staffordshire noodle village, 326
- Gosselin (G.), "Folk-lore Extracts," 278-280
- Gothland (East), family club at, 203
- Gould (Rev. S. Baring), "Giant of New Mills," 130-131
- Grass on which an ally has sat preserved by Basutos, 159
- relieves woman in labour, 278
- Grave, pregnant women not to step over, 523
- Greece, Easter in, 275-276
- , May-day in, 518-520
- Greedy Goba, story of (Badu folk-tale), 172-174, 190
- Greek custom of extinguishing fire on thunderstorm, 153
- farmers, superstitions of, 161, 163, 164, 165
- trade routes to Britain, 82-107
- Grimm story, Rabbinic parallel to, 277-278
- Grisons, Allemanic festivals in, 468
- Gruagach Gaire, Shee an Gannon and, 257
- of the Tricks, fisherman's son and, 257
- Guernsey fairy punishment tale, 210
- Guinea (New), *akul* knives of, 192
- divination by skulls in, 67, 80
- funeral ceremonies, 176, 191
- knives used in, 77
- Tabu clan, 192
- use of bamboo for vessels in, 190
- HADDON (Prof. A. C.). "Legends from Torres Straits," 47-81, 172-196

- Hailstorms, Greek sacrifices upon, 162  
 Hair, lock of, sent by Mordvin bride, 441  
 ——— pins, Manchu marriage custom connected with, 484  
 Hartland (E. Sidney), "Recent Research on Folk-Tales," 108-117; "Peeping Tom and Lady Godiva," 207-226  
 Hamilton, Marie, ballad of, 14  
 Hammond Island, legend of cause of rocks at, 181  
 Handstriking, Mordvin marriage custom of, 426, 456; Russian, 456  
 Hansel believed by English peasants to be binding, 323  
 Harvest customs of Devon and Cornwall, 280  
 Head, Mordvin brides require to go with bare, 450  
 Head-dress, Mordvin wife's investiture with, 450  
 Headless woman, legend of, at Dalton, 131  
 Heligan, harvest customs at, 280  
 Helsingfors, Folk-lore collection in University of, 408  
 Hen, sacrifice of, in Mordvin marriage customs, 448  
 Henwives in folk-tales, 291, 292, 299  
 Hereford, Countess of, obtains privileges for parish of St. Briavels by riding naked, 219  
 Hereford diocese, influence of boundaries of, in customs, 315  
 Hertha, traditions of, connected with Godiva legends, 214, 224  
 Herthaburg, fairy bathing legend at, 214  
 Herzegovina, marriage by abduction in, 476  
 Highland folk-tale and its foundation in usage, 197-206  
 ——— superstitions, 276  
 Highlands, belief in, that ghost is laid by burying boots of dead, 135  
 ———, Tales and Legends of (letter), 516-517  
 High Otley, village wake at, 319  
 Hiisi, Finnish demon, 32-33  
 Hill, Fairy, 300  
 Hiring times for servants, 315  
 History; relations between folk-lore and, 317-322  
 Holike Turks, belief in descent from wolf of, 460  
 Holliston, Mass., Doppeltganger belief in, 404  
 Holy Innocents' day. See "Innocents."  
 Hops, bridal ceremony with, among Mordvins, 442  
 ———, divination by, 448  
 ———, Mordvin marriage ceremony of kicking, 448  
 Horoscopes exchanged on Manchu marriages, 484  
 Horse, Black (Highland *märchen*), 370-371  
 ———, Finnish account of origin of, 33  
 ———, Mordvin bridal ceremony with, 441  
 Horsehair turned into water-snake, 136  
 Horse-shoes, reversed, 319  
 Hottentots, destruction of aged people by, 202  
 ———, footprint superstition of, 158  
 How they met themselves, 227-233; (letter), 403-404  
 Human-dog folk-tale of Erza, 417-418  
 Hunter's charm, Finnish, 17-18  
 ———, ill-luck brought to, by meeting old woman, 155  
 Husband, intermittent residence of Kun Kong wife with, 365  
 Hyæna skin, Greek belief in protection against lightning by, 154  
 Hypnotism, Fascination and (letters), 274, 405  
 IBERIA, Keltic occupation of, 88  
 Idol facing wall (Chinese legend accounting for), 362  
 Incest among early Slavs, 464, 469; folk-tales involving, 474  
 India, 'Asura' marriage custom in, 479  
 ———, belief that ill-luck is brought by turning back in, 155  
 Innocents' day (Holy), English objection to commencing work on, 279  
 Inverness-shire, superstitions in, 276  
 Ireland, archaic customs preserved in literature, 235  
 ———, subdivision of land in, 200  
 ———, weasel superstition in, 157  
 Irish Saga, effect on Christianity of, 239  
 Italian folk-songs, report on, 261-267  
 Ivan the Terrible, abolition of pagan festivals by, 467  
 JACK, Penny. See "Penny Jack."  
 Jacobs (Joseph), "Recent Research in Comparative Religion," 384-

- 397 ; "A Tale of Campbell and its Foundation in Usage" (letter), 405-406 ; "Les Contes Moralises de Nicole Bozon" (review), 270-271  
 Jakuts, marriage by purchase among, 453  
 Jarilo, licentious Slav festivals on day of, 467  
 Jaroslav, bride purchase custom at, 480  
 Jataka in Pausanias, 409  
 Joule (B. St. J. B.), "Burial of Mr. Rose's Boots," 135  
 Judas, burning effigy of, in Athens, 275
- KAFFIR** Frog-prince tale, 503  
 Kalmuks, betrothal feast of, 456  
 Kamchatkans objection to sticking knife into burning log, 151  
 Karaper, Dorgai of (Badu legend), 62-65  
 Kate Crackernuts, story of (Orkney folk-tale), 299-301  
 Kazan, bridal procession in, 437 ; weeping custom of, 457  
 Kelts, occupation of Iberia by, 88  
 Kharkov, licentious festivals in Government of, 467  
 Khevsurs, marriage by capture among, 453  
 Kibuka, why the spirits of the dead go to (Mabuiag legend), 55-56  
 ———, island inhabited by spirits of dead (Torres Straits belief), 78  
 Kil Arthur, (West Highland tale), 257  
 Kilbenen, custom of, 468  
 Kilchgang, custom of, 468  
 King Henrie, Frog-Prince variant in, 502  
 King-sai (China), ceremonies at death in childbed, 360-361  
 Kingsbridge, harvest custom at, 280  
 Kinross, tenant subdivision of land in, 200  
 Kinship marriage among Mordvins, 417  
 ——— among early Slavs, 472, 473, 475  
 Kirgiz, bridal processions of, 459  
 ———, prohibition against wife being seen by husband's relations among, 450  
 "Kladka," Russian present to bride's father, 479  
 Knife, ceremony at Moksha weddings of scratching ground with, 445  
 ———, "giants," preserved at Sessay, 130
- Knife, placed under bridal pillow (Greece), 524  
 Knives used in New Guinea, 76  
 ———, akul, of New Guinea, 192  
 ———, shell, of natives of Torres Straits, 79  
 Knockarea, cairn on, 243  
 Kowalewsky (P.), "Marriage among early Slavs," 463-480  
 Krasni Brod, wife purchase at fair of, 478  
 Kun Kong, marriage customs at, 365  
 Kusa Kap, birth of, 49-53, 76-77  
 Kwai Fung Shan, Bob-tailed Dragon of (Chinese folk-tale), 366-368  
 Kwangtung (Chinese province) beliefs and customs in, 360, 364, 365, 366-367  
 Kwongsai, refusal of shelter after a fire, 364 ; female labour in, 365
- LADDER**, discovery of witches', 313  
 Ladle, half-empty offered to Mordvin bride, 431  
 Lamb, eaten by Greeks at Easter, 275 ; blood of, smeared on threshold by Greeks, 275  
 ———, bride termed, by Mordvins, 443  
 Land, ownership of, in Murray Island, 81  
 ———, survivals of tribal distribution of, 200  
 Lang (Andrew), Presidential address, 4-15 ; "English and Scotch Fairy Tales," 289-312  
 Lapland, Finn origin of bear in, 29  
 Laplander, Finnish wizards termed, 24  
 Leg of O'Cein (Highland legend), abstract of, 373-377  
 Legends from Torres Straits, 47-81, 172-196  
 Legs, envelopment of Mordvin bride's, 439  
 Leland (Charles G.) "How they Met Themselves," (letter), 403-404  
 Leofric, Earl of Mercia, 215  
 Letts, hand-striking custom of, 456 ; bridal procession of, 459-460  
 Liamika, endogamy at, 469  
 Lichfield, importance of boundaries of diocese in customs, 315  
 Liebrecht (Felix), obituary notice of, 513  
 Lincolnshire noodle story. *See* "Coat o'Clay."  
 Lizard, Finnish legends of origin of, 331-334

- Lizard, charm for bite of, 334  
 Lockhart (J. H. Stewart), Notes on Chinese Folk-lore, 359-368 ; "Marriage ceremonies of the Manchus," 481-492  
 Lonesome Isle, Queen of, 257  
 Looking-glass, fierce ghost produced by committing suicide before, 362  
 Loujichan, bride-purchase custom of, 478  
 Lung Shan (Kwangtung Province) market at, 360  
 —, marriage fair custom at, 364 ; temple of Goddess of Mercy at, 366
- MABUIAG legend, "Why the Spirits of the Dead go to Kibuka," 55-56  
 —, snake woman of, 192  
 McDonald (J.), "Tales and Legends of the Highlands" (letter), 516-517  
 Magdalene. *See* "St. Mary Magdalene."  
 Magic songs of Finns, 17-46, 331-348  
 Magician of Sai-nám (Chinese folk tale), 362-364  
 Magyars, betrothals among, 456 ; bride called lamb among, 443  
 Mahratta (South), female nudity in religious festivals in, 223  
 Maicussar river, gigantic bird of, 76  
 Maidens, fair at Chan Fan of, 364  
 Malay Peninsula, frightening away thunder in, 153, 162 ; threshold belief in, 156 ; weather superstition in, 163  
 Male, marriageable age of, in China, 481  
 Mallet, family, 202, 203, 405  
 Malu, Legend of (Torres Straits tale), 181-184, 193  
 Mamousia, flower festival at, 518  
 Man, Finn account of origin of, 23  
 Manchus, Marriage Ceremonies of, 481-492  
 —, alternate drinking from same cup of bride and groom among, 491 ; arrangement of marriages by, 481 ; betrothal presents of, 484 ; bride and groom inspections of, among, 483 ; bride-chair of, 486 ; bride-feast of, 486 ; bridal presents of, 485 ; cards exchanged before marriage by, 483 ; drinking ceremony of, 491 ; marriage ceremonies of, 485-490, 491 ; methods of exorcising evil spirits by, 487 ; middlemen used in marriages by, 482  
 Manilbau, Badu legendary hero of, 80
- Margaret, tradition of Queen, at Muckleston, 319  
 Marriage among early Slavs, 463-480  
 — by capture among early Slavs, 464  
 — Ceremonies of Manchus, 481-492  
 — Chinese juvenile, 492  
 — customs of modern Greeks, 524  
 — — of Kun Kong, 365  
 — — of Mordvins, 417-462  
 — — of Torres Straits islanders, 79  
 — — of Ug Chan, 365-366  
 — Manchu objection to second, 487-488 ; importance of lucky days for, 483 ; ceremonies of, 485-490  
 — Mordvin kinship, 417-418  
 — vows against, 417  
 — resistance to, by Mordvin bride, 420  
 — restrictions on (Mordvin), 451  
 — Slav communal, 471  
 — treaty ratified by breaking pies by Mordvins, 429  
 Marry, refusal to, folk-tale of punishment (Chinese), 361  
 Marseilles, tin route through, 84  
 Martinmas, Derbyshire hiring time, 315  
 Masks, New Guinean religious, 192, 194  
 Massachusetts (Holliston) Doppelganger belief in, 404  
 Massalia, tin route through, 85, 89 ; trade of, 93 ; coins of, 98  
 Matriarchalism among early Slavs, 468-469, 473  
 —, evidence in history of Irish, 241  
 May-day in Greece, 518-520  
 Mecklenburg, laming by injuring footprints in, 157  
 Medicine (folk). *See* "Mummy."  
 Megaspelaëum, flower festival at, 518  
 Melanesians, shadow-losing superstition of, 152  
 Memphis, folk medicine in, 523  
 Men, killing of aged, 202-203, 205  
 Menstruation, Greek beliefs connected with, 523  
 Merchandise, bride termed in Russian folk-songs, 480  
 Merchant, bridegroom termed, in Russian folk-songs, 480  
 Mercy, Goddess of (Chinese myth), 366  
 Meta Kurabi, Dorgai (Badu legend), 53-54

- Michaelmas, Northamptonshire hiring time, 315
- Middleman, employment in Chinese marriage arrangements of, 481, 482, 483
- Midwife legend at Tavistock, 207
- Migration of Bia (Torres Straits tale), 174-175, 190
- Miscellanea, 130-136, 275-280, 409, 518-524
- Moksha, bridal ceremonies of, 444
- , clutching of tie-beam part of marriage ceremony among, 427
- , marriage arrangements of, 425
- , marriage by capture among, 419-420; with capture, 453-455
- , marriage by seniority among sisters, 418
- , marriageable age among, 418
- , mutual inclination necessary before marriage, 419
- , period of widowhood among, 451
- , prevalence of marriage by abduction among, 421
- , sprinkling the bride, ceremony of, 448
- , unimportance of virginity among, 419
- , wooing customs, 423
- Mongols, marriage by purchase among, 453
- , marriage customs similar to Mordvin, 451
- , marriage restrictions of, 452, 455
- Montenegro, custom of 'Otmitza' in, 476
- Moon, New Guinean legend of, 185-186, 195
- Moors, removal of impressions on sand by, 159
- Morality, English folk, 324-325
- Morayshire folk-tales. *See* "Rashin Coatie," "Nicht Nought Nothing."
- Mordvins, marriage customs among, 417-462
- , bridal processions of, 437, 438; bridegroom receives presents from bride, 427; celibacy rare among, 417; depreciatory marriage-songs of, 429, 430; kinship marriages among, 417, 418; marriage arrangements of, 425; marriage by capture among, 419-420; marriageable age of, 418; names, method of giving, 418; restrictions on marriage of, 451-452; sacred pies used to ratify marriage contracts, 429; virginity considered unimportant by, 419; visits of future father-in-law before completion of marriage, 434; vows against marriage, 417; widowhood among, 451; wooing ceremonies of, 422, 455
- Mound at Sessay, 130
- Mound-bird of New Guinea, habits of, 77
- Mount Batten, coins of Greek type found at, 100
- Mourning dress in Torres Straits, 191
- Moscow, payment of "kladka" at, 479
- Mothering Sunday, observance of, 315
- Mother-in-law, her feet washed by Chinese bride, 366
- Moytura, battle of, 244, 245
- Muckleston, tradition of Queen Margaret at, 319
- Mud a sign of mourning in Torres Straits, 191
- Mummers' Play, 320
- Mummy, medical virtues of, 523
- Muralug, skull of late husband carried by widow in, 192
- folk-tales. *See* "Tabu: what he did in Muralug," "Dorgai of Muralug."
- Murray Island, ownership of land in, 81
- Mutuk, story of (Badu legend), 56-60
- Mythology, recent research on Teutonic, 118-126
- NAGA, the master of ceremonies in Nagir (Nagir tale), 179-180, 192
- Nagir folk-tale. *See* "Naga."
- Nails not to be pared before child is a year old, 276
- Nam Zogo (Murray Island folk-tale), 186-189, 195
- Name, bridal, of Mordvins, 449
- , Finn belief in addressing spirit by, 21
- , importance of not knowing, 272; custom of concealing name in Abyssinia, 273-274
- , peasant objection to mentioning, 323
- , What is in a (letter), 272-274
- Names among Mordvins, method of giving, 418
- Narbo, tin route through, 85
- Narbonne. *See* "Narbo."
- Nest, swallow's, sacrilege to steal, 279
- Nestor, account of Slav marriages given by, 463

- New Guinea. See "Guinea" (New).  
 New Mills, giant of, 130-131  
 News, Notes and, 127-129 ; 268-269 ; 407-408, 513-514  
 Nicht Nought Nothing, 292-295  
 Nijni Novgorod, endogamous marriage in district, 469  
 Nizhegorod, bridal procession in, 437  
 ———, carrying bride at, 430  
 ——— ceremony of scratching ground at weddings, 445  
 ———, hand-striking of, 426  
 Noodle story. See "Coat o' Clay."  
 Northamptonshire fairy punishment, tale of, 213  
 ———, hiring time in, 315  
 Northumberland fairy punishment, tale of, 210  
 Norway, ill-luck, belief in, 156  
 Notes and news, 127-129, 268-269, 407-408, 513-514  
 Novgorod, promiscuity at, 466  
 Nudity, female, in religious rites, 223  
 Nutt (Alfred), "Celtic Myth and Saga, Report on," 234-260 ; "Fascination and Hypnotism" (letter), 274 ; "Report on Campbell MSS. at Edinburgh," 369-383
- OAK, Finnish magic-songs of origin of, 338-342  
 Oath, curse follows breaking, 324  
 O'Cein's leg (Highland legend), abstract of, 373-377  
 Octopus, myths referring to (Torres Straits), 194, 196  
 O'Hara, three daughters of king, 256  
 Oisín in Tir na n-og (West Highland tale), 257  
 Ojebway star-pointing superstition, 152 ; footprint superstition, 158  
 Olonizk, exogamy in, 475  
 Omelettes, use of, in Mordvin marriage ceremonies, 448  
 Onega, endogamy in district of, 469  
 Oracle, distrust and reconciliation of, in New Guinea legends, 81  
 Orenburg, bridal weeping custom of, 457  
 Orkney folk - tales. See "Kate Crackernuts," "Peerifool," "Draiglin Horney."  
 Ornaments, personal, of Torres Straits Islanders, 196  
 Ostiaks, ceremony in honour of virginity of bride of, 419  
 ———, face-covering custom of, 450  
 ———, marriage by capture among, 453  
 Ostiaks, marriage by purchase among, 453  
 ———, marriage restrictions of, 452  
 "Otmitza," Servian marriage custom, 476  
 Out-house, Mordvin bridal chamber made in, 443  
 Oven, Papuan earth, 80, 81  
 Ox (black) killed on well causes water to flow, 278
- PAGAN festivals, abolition of, in Russia by Ivan the Terrible, 467  
 Palaeo-Koundura, flower festival at, 518  
 Palm Sunday, Greek customs on, 520  
 Papuan earth oven, 80, 81  
 Paton (W. R.), "Γυρρακεία from Calymnos," 523-524  
 Peacock, stage objection to, 277  
 Pebbles, Welsh divination by, 132  
 Pedigree, Manchu examination before marriage of, 484  
 Peeping Tom and Lady Godiva, 207-226  
 Peerifool (Orkney folk-tale), 302-305  
 Penza, government of, custom of driving out bridegroom in, 436 ; prohibition of marriage among near relations at, 417 ; sprinkling the bride at, 448, 449 ; wooing customs in, 421  
 Perm, pistol-firing by father of bride, 477  
 Pictures, uses of holy, in Mordvin marriage ceremonies, 445  
 Pies, Mordvin sacred marriage, 428, 429, 457  
 Pig, Finnish account of origin of, 34  
 Pike, Finnish legends that trees grew from teeth of, 344-345  
 ———, magic-song of origin of, 336  
 Pilmoor, legend of lad caught by giant at, 130  
 Pixy story, Devon, 207-208  
 Player's superstitions, 276-277  
 Ploubalay fair, elfin booths at, 212  
 Plough dragged by nude women, Gorakhpur rain-spell, 223 .  
 Point Barrow, Esquimaux belief that air is full of spirits, 149  
 Poland, continuance of girlhood till wife has borne a son, 450  
 ———, marriage by capture in, 476  
 ———, wife purchase in, 478  
 Polians, marriage among, 463  
 ———, bride purchase custom of, 478  
 Politza, statute of, 476



- Polygamy among early Slavs, 464 ;  
     Mordvins, 419  
 Pomerania, ill-luck belief of, 155  
     —, old people thrown into sea  
     in, 202  
 Portsmouth, coins of Greek type  
     found at, 100  
 Posidelki, Russian festival, 468  
 Posnau, wife purchase ceremony in,  
     478  
 Powell (F. York), "Recent Research  
     on Teutonic Mythology," 118-126  
 Pregnancy caused by eating seeds  
     (Badu legends), 50 ; wind (Finnish  
     belief), 30, 41  
     —, Greek customs relating to,  
     523  
 Presents, suspension of Moksha wed-  
     ding, 446  
 Presidential address to Folk-Lore  
     Society, session 1889-90, 4-15  
 Priesthood, Arician, succession to, 391  
 Prince, the Frog, Breton variant of,  
     493, 506  
 Prohibitions against disclosing fairy  
     secrets, 211, 212, 213  
 Promiscuity among early Slavs, 465  
 Promises, disregard of English  
     peasants for, 323  
 Property, English peasant belief in  
     succession to, 325  
 Proxy, Mordvin custom of wooing by,  
     421, 455  
 Prussia, killing of aged in, 203  
 Pscov, promiscuity at, 466  
 Punjab, succession custom in, 201  
 Purchase, marriage by, among early  
     Slavs, 465; Mordvins, 421, 425  
 Pythagoras, symbols of, 147-161  
 Pytheas, travels of, 85
- RABBINIC** literature, Riddles of Solo-  
     mon in, 349-358  
 Radimich, Nestor's accounts of  
     habits of, 464  
 Rain, superstition that, follows a  
     battle, 166  
 Rain-charm, Greek, 520  
 Rashin Coatie, Morayshire folk-tale,  
     289-291  
 Rats frightened away by building  
     gate like a trap, 360  
 Rat-trap, gateway at Sui Pui shaped  
     like, 360  
 Raven, Finnish magic songs of origin  
     of, 334, 335  
 Red, animals dyed on occasion of  
     Manchu marriages, 485
- Red, Manchu bridal colour, 484-485  
     —, Slavonic emblem of maiden-  
     hood, 473  
 Religion, recent research in compara-  
     tive, 384-397  
 Re-marriage, Manchu objection to,  
     487  
 Resistance of Mordvin bride, 440  
 Rhinoceros horn, magic, 523  
 Rhoda, coinage of, 99  
 Riasan, payment of 'kladka' at, 479  
 Riches, custom of praying for, Lung  
     Shan, China, 366  
 Riddles, Finnish elk, 32; horse, 33  
 Ridgeway (Professor W.), "Greek  
     Trade Routes to Britain," 82-107  
 River trade of Gaul, 94  
 Robbery, Chinese folk-tale of punish-  
     ment for, 363-364  
 Roman belief that rain followed a  
     battle, 166 ; invitation to gods of  
     hostile city, 167  
     — method of averting hail, 162 ;  
     wolf superstition, 164  
 Rouse (W. H. D.), "Jataka in Pausa-  
     nias," 409  
 Rügen, traditions of Hertha in, 214  
 Rumpelstilzkin, secret name theory  
     of, 9  
     — stories, 9 ; *See also*, "Peeri-  
     fool"  
 Russia, bridegroom's procession in,  
     460  
     — capture marriage in, 476  
     —, personal wooing dishonour-  
     able in mediæval, 421  
     —, custom of wooing by bread,  
     455 ; of hand-striking, 456  
     —, marriage custom of pan-  
     kicking, 448 ; of bride bathing,  
     461 ; of covering bride with barley  
     and down, 459  
     — songs of abuse, 429-430  
 Rust, Finnish charm for curing corn  
     with, 18
- SACRIFICE**, signification of agricultural,  
     392-393  
     —, theory of blood-bond between  
     the god and worshippers, 387-388,  
     390  
 Saddle Island, shadow-seizing spirit  
     of, 152  
     —, Manchu marriage custom of  
     stepping over, 487, 491  
 Saga, Celtic myth and, 234-260  
 Sai-nám, magician of (Chinese folk-  
     tale), 362-364



- St. Alessio, rhymed legend of, 266  
 St. Brendan legends, genesis of, 237-238  
 St. Briavel, Godiva legend at, 218, 224, 225; privileges in consequence of, 218-219  
 St. Clement's Eve, apple begging custom on, 315  
 St. Elian's Well. *See* "Ffynnon Elian."  
 St. Jacut-de-la-Mer. fairy punishment tale at, 211  
 St. John's Eve, Greek customs on, 520  
 St. Mary Magdalene's Day, Scotch objection to fighting on, 279  
 St. Thomas's Day, custom of women begging on, 321  
 Sakai, frightening away thunder by, 153  
 Sale of wives among Austrian Slavs, 478  
 Salt, Mordvin marriage ceremonies with, 427, 428, 444, 449  
 ——— offered to Finnish wood-spirit, 17; to water-spirit, 18  
 ———, used in Welsh divination, 132  
 Salt-cellar, Mordvin marriage ceremonies with, 426, 431  
 Saluting, when fetching south-running water, 280  
 Salve, fairy eye, 208, 209, 210  
 Samara. payment of "kladka" at, 479  
 Samoyedes, endogamy among, 452  
 ———, marriage by purchase among, 453  
 Saratoff, bridal custom of Moksha of, 450  
 Saratov, payment of "kladka" at, 479-480  
 Sāsālkadzi, Badu legendary hero, 80  
 Sayce (A. H.), "Folk-lore from Cairo," 521-523  
 Scandinavia, succession custom in, 200  
 ——— sceptre. *See* "Gade-sceptre."  
 Schadrinsk, exogamy in, 475  
 Schechter (S.), "Rabbinic Parallel to a Story of Grimm," 277-278; "Riddles of Solomon in Rabbinic Literature," 349-358  
 Scorpion charm, Greek, 165  
 Scotch and English fairy tales, 289-312  
 Scotland, belief that burial of dead man's boots lays ghost, in, 135  
 ———, ill-luck in stumbling on threshold (Highland belief), 156  
 Scotland. objection to fighting on St. Mary Magdalene's Day, in, 279  
 ———, superstitions in (Inverness-shire), 276  
 Sea, customs of throwing aged men into, 202  
 Sea-fairies, penalty for divulging secrets of, 212  
 Sea-foam, conception from (Finn folk-lore), 331  
 Seal, Finnish account of origin of, 34  
 ——— skin, belief in protection of, against lightning, 154  
 Sébillot (Paul), letter to President of Folk-lore Society of, 4-5  
 Secrecy observed in proposing marriage among Mordvins, 422  
 Security for suitability of bride and bridegroom, Manchu custom, 483  
 Seeds, conception from eating, in Badu legend, 50  
 Separation, Mordvin objection to, 451  
 Sérur (S. Mahratta), female nudity in religious festivals at, 223  
 Servia, bride purchase customs in, 478  
 ———, tribal connection of brother and sister in, 472  
 Sesere, the Dugong Hunter (legend of Torres Straits), 69-75  
 Sessay, giant legend at, 130; giant's grave at, 130  
 Seven Brothers and Fin Maccumhail (West Highland tale), 257  
 Sever, Nestor's account of habits of, 464  
 Shadow lost by gazing into water, 152  
 Shaking Head (West Highland tale), 257  
 Sheba, Queen of, tests Solomon's wisdom, 133-135, 350-355  
 Shee an Gannon and Gruagach Gairc (West Highland tale), 257  
 Sheep killed to make boat lucky (Egyptian belief), 523  
 Shelley, apparition of himself to, 227  
 Shells used as knives by natives of Torres Straits, 79  
 Shrewsbury, tradition of Queen watching battle at, 319  
 Shropshire, hiring times in, 315; apple begging in, 315; Mothering Sunday observed in, 315; well-dressing in, 316; giant legends in, 321  
 Siberia, endogamous marriages in, 469

- Simbirsk, bridal procession in, 437, 439  
 ———, bride journey at, 431  
 ———, bride present at, 441  
 ——— government, custom of driving out bridegroom in, 436  
 ———, exogamy in government of, 475  
 ———, weeping-day of, 430  
 ——— wooing customs, 423-424  
 Sister, tribal importance of, in Russia, 472  
 Sisterhood, Servian artificial, 472  
 Sister-in-law, Mordvin custom of re-marriage with, 451  
 Skull divination, New Guinean, 67, 80  
 ———, of late husband carried by Muralug widow, 192  
 Skye, tenant subdivision of land in, 200  
 Slate, Welsh divination by, 132  
 Slavs, Doppeltganger belief of, 404  
 ———, incest among early, 464, 469, 474  
 ———, marriage among early, 463-480  
 ——— similarity of marriage customs to Mordvin, 451, 455  
 ——— women, independence of, 470  
 Sleigh, Finn belief that spirit is conveyed by, 19  
 Slipper, Magic. *See* "Rashin Coatie"  
 Snail, Finnish legend of origin of, 334  
 Snake, Finnish accounts of origin of, 37-45  
 ——— (water), produced by horse-hair, 136  
 ———, with jewelled head, legend of, 278-279  
 ———, woman, Mabuiag, 192  
 Solomon, Riddles of, in Rabbinic Literature, 349-358  
 Solomon's wisdom, legends of, 133-135  
 Son succeeding during father's life (Scandinavian practice), 200  
 Songs, deprecatory of, in Mordvin marriages, 429  
 ———, of Finns, Magic, 17-46, 331-347  
 Sorcerer. *See* "Wizard."  
 Sorcery stones from Torres Straits in British Museum, 191  
 Souling, custom of, 315, 321  
 South-running water, persons fetching not to salute others, 280  
 Spain, tin trade of, 88, 89, 91, 92  
 Spinning on highway brings ill-luck, (Italian superstition), 164  
 Spirits of the dead go to Kibuka (Mabuiag legend), 55-56  
 ———, Manchu method of exorcising evil, 487  
 Spiti, succession custom in, 201  
 Spitting, usual fairy punishment, 209, 210  
 Staffordshire, apple-begging custom in, 315; observance of mothering Sunday in, 315  
 ———, *See* "Blore," "High Offley," "Gornall."  
 ———, (North) hiring times in, 315; apple-begging in, 315; well-dressing in, 316  
 Star Myths of Torres Straits, 53, 54, 77, 184, 193, 194  
 ———, (Torres Straits). *See* "Dorgia Meta Kurabi," Dörgai i.  
 Star-pointing superstitions, 151-152  
 Stone, Torres Straits sorcery, 191  
 Stove, introduction of Mordvin bride to, 443, 449  
 Stove mother, Mordvin myth of, 432  
 Strasburg, apparition of man to himself at, 228  
 ———, death warning in, 231  
 Striking, usual fairy punishment, 209, 212  
 Styes caused by refusing pregnant woman food (Greek belief), 523  
 Succession of son during father's life (Scandinavia), 200; (Spiti), 201  
 Sucker-fish used for catching turtle in New Guinea, 80, 190-191  
 Suffolk folk-tale. *See* "Cap o' Rushes."  
 Suicide before looking-glass makes ghost fierce, 362  
 Sui Pui (Kwangtung Province), gateway shaped like rat-trap at, 360  
 Sumatra, threshold-stumbling belief in, 156  
 Sun god, Mordvin prayers to, 426  
 Sutherland, belief in ill-luck brought by turning back, 155  
 Swaheli folk-tale, 515-516  
 Swallow's nest, stealing of, sacrilege, 279  
 Sweden, old people thrown into sea in, 202  
 Switzerland, belief in Dame Berchta in, 213  
 ———, Kilchgang custom in, 468  
 Sword, uses of, in Mordvin marriage ceremonies, 445, 447; at Russian bridals, 473

- TABOO, royal, 394  
 ——— clan, New Guinea, 192  
 Tabu, what he did in Muralug (Muralug folk-tale), 180, 192  
 Tagai constellation, myth of (Torres Straits), 184-185, 194  
 Tahiti, offering to gods of hostile tribes in, 167  
 Tambov, payment of "kladka" at, 479  
 Tartar objection to thrusting sword in fire, 151  
 Tasks, fairy. *See* "Nicht Nought Nothing."  
 Tatars, bridal weeping custom of, 457 ; marriage restrictions of, 452 ; similarity of marriage customs to Mordvin, 455  
 Tavistock, midwife legend at, 207  
 Tcherkess, Amazonian legend of, 470  
 Teryshevsk, bridal procession at, 437, 439  
 ———, weeping-day of, 430  
 Teutonic Mythology, recent research on, 118-126  
 Thebes (Boeotia), keeping Easter at, 275  
 Threshold, ill-luck brought by stumbling on, 156  
 ———, Manchu bridal ceremony at, 487  
 ———, smeared with lamb's blood in Greece, 275  
 ———, Tatar taboo of bride treading on, 459  
 Thunder, Sakai method of frightening, 153 ; Esthonian, 153 ; Canadian, 154  
 Thunderstorm, custom of extinguishing fire at, German, 153 ; Greek, 153  
 Thüringen, ill-luck belief in, 156  
 Tiai inaugurates funeral ceremonies (Badu tale), 176-179, 191  
 Tie-beam touched as confirmation of marriage agreement, 427  
 ——— seized by Mordvin bride, 440  
 Timor, earthquake belief of natives of, 150  
 Tin, importance of early British trade in, 84, 92  
 Titmouse, Finnish magic-song of origin of, 335  
 Tlinkeet Indians, earthquake belief among, 150  
 Todas, destruction of aged people by, 202  
 Tom (Peeping) and Lady Godiva, 207-226  
 Topcliffe, fair at, 130  
 Torres Straits, legends, from, 47-81, 172-196  
 ——— ——— beliefs of natives of, 76, 77  
 ——— ——— masks used in, 192, 194 ; canoes of, 195 ; water-bottles of, 195  
 Totem, renewal of tribal bond with, 388  
 Totems, origin of fire and (New Guinean legend), 185, 195  
 Toula, defence of bride's home in, 477  
 Trade Routes to Britain, Greek, 82-107  
 Transylvania, threshold - stumbling belief in, 156  
 Travellers, the two, "Midrash" version of, 277-278  
 Tree-marks made for fortune at Moksha marriages, 445  
 Trees, Finnish magic-songs of origin of, 343-348  
 ———, sudden growth of, to shield princess of Chamba, 222  
 Tribal enmity, survival of English, 325  
 Truro, ancient pigs of tin in museum at, 83  
 Tsipiana, customs in, 520  
 Tuatha dé Danann and the Firbolga, conflicts between, 244-245  
 Turkish marriage customs similar to Mordvin, 451  
 ——— variant of Frog-Prince story, 503  
 Turks, marriage by purchase among, 453  
 Turning back, ill-luck brought by, 155  
 Turtle caught by sucker-fish in New Guinea, 190 ; method of fishing for, 196  
 Turtle spirits, Murray Island myth, 186-189, 195  
 Tuscan beliefs derived from the Etruscans, 404  
 Twelfth-night spirit, German and Swiss, 214  
 Twelve-father child, Zyriän, 31  
 Two Dorgai of Muralug (Muralug folk-tale), 180-181, 193  
 Two Travellers, "Midrash" version of, 277-278  
 Tyrolese fairy punishment story, 214  
 ——— ill-luck belief, 155  
 UG CHAN, female labour in, 365  
 Ukraine, husband choosing custom in, 471

- Upi, Story of (Badu legend), 65-69  
 Urine, Finn legend that copper originated from, 348  
 Utensils of Torres Straits Islanders, 49, 76, 77, 79, 80, 190, 192, 196  
 VASE, precious, at Manchu marriage, 488, 490  
 Vechernitzi, Russian festival, 468  
 Vetloug, endogamous marriages in district of, 469  
 Viatic, Nestor's account of habits of, 464  
 Viper, Finnish accounts of origin of, 45-46  
 Virginity, unimportance of among Mordvins, 419; in Russia, 468  
 Vladimir, payment of "kladka" at, 479  
 Voguls, marriage among, 425  
 ———, marriage restrictions of, 452  
 ———, marriage by purchase among, 453; similarity of marriage ceremonies to Mordvin, 462  
 Votiaks, continuance of girl's dress among married women, 450; tribal organisation of, 452; marriage by purchase among, 453  
 Vow against marriage, Mordvin, 417  
 WAKE, time of keeping, 319  
 Wales, aged killed to prevent their dying in bed, 203  
 ———, (North), hiring time in, 315  
 Warlike dress worn by Slav bridegroom, 477  
 Wairu tales. See "Birth of Kusa Kap"; "Meta Kurabi," "Dorgai I."  
 Washing feet of mother-in-law, Chinese custom, 366  
 Wasp, Finnish magic song of origin of, 336  
 Water, attempt to drench corn-sheaf with (Cornish harvest custom), 280  
 ——— ceremonies, Mordvin bridal, 448, 449  
 ———, Mordvin bridal ceremony of fetching, 444  
 ———, New Guinean myth of walking on, 192  
 ———, produced by killing black ox, 278  
 ———, shadow lost by gazing in, 152  
 ——— snake produced from horse-hair, 136  
 ———, superstition connected with south-running, 280  
 Water-bottle, New Guinean, 77  
 Water-charm, Finnish, 18  
 Weapons of Torres Straits Islanders, 77, 80, 194  
 Weasel, ill-luck brought by meeting, 156  
 Weaver's son and giant of White Hill, 256  
 Wedding-crown hung over shrine, in Greece, 520  
 Wedding-ring, divination by (Scotland), 276  
 Wedding-songs, Mordvin, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433-434, 435, 438, 444, 446  
 Weeds, Greek charm for destroying, 164  
 Weeping day, Mordvin bridal, 457  
 Well, sacred. See "Ffynnon Elian."  
 ——— dressing, custom of, 316  
 Welsh "bundling" custom, 468  
 ——— conjuror, 131-133  
 Wends, belief in ill-luck brought by meeting old woman, 155  
 Were-wolves, Greek myths regarding, 169-171  
 Westward, belief of natives of Torres Straits that the dead go, 77  
 What's in a name (letter), 272-274  
 White hill, giant of, 256  
 Whuppity Stourie, secret name theory of, 9  
 Widow, Muralug, carrying of skull by, 192  
 Widowhood, Mordvin periods of, 451  
 Wife, intermittent residence of, with husband, Kun Kong, 365  
 Wife of Bath's Tale, 'Frog-Prince' variant in, 501  
 Wight (Isle of), Roman trade with, 95  
 Wind, Finnish belief that pregnancy is caused by, 30, 41  
 Witches' ladder, discovery of, 313  
 Wives, sale of, among Austrian Slavs, 478  
 Wizards, charms used by Finnish, 19-21  
 ———, Finn account of origin of, 23-24  
 Wolf, belief in descent from, of Holike Turks, 460  
 ———, bridegroom compared to, among Mordvins, 443  
 ———, Finnish accounts of origin of, 35-37  
 Woman, legend of headless, at Dalton, 131  
 Women, Bohemian warlike, 470  
 ———, custom of begging on St. Thomas's day by, 321  
 ———, ill-luck brought by meeting, 155

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>Women, independence of Slavonic, 470<br/>         —, rain-spell made by naked (Gorakhpur), 223<br/>         —, Torres Straits Islanders, mourning costume of, 191<br/>         —, wooing by early Slav, 471<br/>         Wooing by proxy, among Mordvin, 420-421, 455<br/>         — ceremonies, Mordvin, 422<br/>         — presents, Mordvin, 423<br/>         Worm (cabbage), Finnish magic-song of origin of, 336<br/>         Wort used in Mordvin marriage ceremonies, 448<br/>         Wurtemberg, Dorfgehen custom in, 468<br/>         —, succession custom in, 201<br/>         YAKUTS, marriage customs of, 450<br/>         —, endogamy among, 452;</p> | <p>similarity of marriage customs of, to Mordvins, 455<br/>         Yams, seasons marked by, in Torres Straits, 195<br/>         Yawar, sad end of (Badu tale), 175-176, 191<br/>         Yorkshire, hiring time in, 315; giant legends in, 321<br/>         Ypocras, Doughtre of, variant of 'Frog-Prince' story, 497<br/>         Yüch-hsia-lào'rh, Chinese marriage demi god, 490<br/>         ZANZIBAR parallel to Jacques de Vitry (letter), 515-516<br/>         Zogo, charm of Torres Straits, 194<br/>         Zulus, folk-tales of, 7<br/>         — shadow-losing superstition, 152; weasel superstition of, 156; footprint superstition of, 159<br/>         Zyrian twelve-father child, 31</p> |
|--|--|

## INDEX TO BIBLIOGRAPHY.

## PART I.—AUTHORS.

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| <p>1. Abercromby, J., 140<br/>         2. Allen, H. N., 137<br/>         3. Æsop, 139<br/>         4. Bacher, W., 139<br/>         5. Basset, René, 411<br/>         6. Bastian, A., 137<br/>         7. Bolmhorst, J., 138<br/>         8. Bolte, J., 410<br/>         9. Bozon, Nicole, 139<br/>         10. Bradke, P. v., 140<br/>         11. Brauns, C. W. E., 410<br/>         12. Brauns, D., 138<br/>         13. Brinton, D. G., 281<br/>         14. Budge, E., 139<br/>         15. Bugge, S., 138<br/>         16. Bührig, H., 139<br/>         17. Campbell, J. F., 137<br/>         18. Capua, John of, 139<br/>         19. Cartailhac, E., 140<br/>         20. Chamberlain, B. H., 283<br/>         21. Crombie, J. W., 138<br/>         22. Curtin, J., 137<br/>         23. Darmesteter, J., 283<br/>         24. Delbrück, B., 282<br/>         25. Deloche, 411<br/>         26. Eaton, A. W., 283<br/>         27. Edkins, J., 281<br/>         28. Ehrie, J., 281</p> | <p>29. Eichler, M., 137<br/>         30. Finamore, G., 410<br/>         31. Foresti, A., 139<br/>         32. Fornander, A., 284<br/>         33. Frahm, L., 137, 411<br/>         34. Frazer, J. G., 282<br/>         35. Garnett, Lucy M. J., 410<br/>         36. Gelbhaus, S., 139<br/>         37. Geldner, K. F., 282<br/>         38. Gildemeister, H., 139<br/>         39. Goeje, J. de, 412<br/>         40. Gomme, G. L., 283, 525<br/>         41. Gould, S. Baring, 138<br/>         42. Gower, J., 139<br/>         43. Grimell, G. Bird, 283<br/>         44. Grimm, W., 139<br/>         45. Haeckel, W., 525<br/>         46. Hart, G., 282<br/>         47. Hartland, E. S., 283<br/>         48. Hellmund, G., 139<br/>         49. Henne am Rhyn, O., 281<br/>         50. Henzen, W., 282<br/>         51. Hertz, W., 411<br/>         52. Hessler, C., 411<br/>         53. Hodgetts, Miss E. M. R., 283<br/>         54. Jacobs, J., 525</p> | <p>55. Jacques de Vitry, 525<br/>         56. Jahn, U., 283<br/>         57. Jeanroy, J., 138<br/>         58. Jellinek, M. H., 412<br/>         59. Jennings, H., 282<br/>         60. Jensen, P., 282<br/>         61. Kahle, C., 137<br/>         62. Kalakaua (King), 137<br/>         63. Kingscote, H., 283<br/>         64. Knoop, O., 282<br/>         65. Knust, H., 139<br/>         66. Krohne, K., 411<br/>         67. Laistner, L., 138<br/>         68. Lang, A., 525<br/>         69. Le Clerc, G., 139<br/>         70. Leist, B. W., 139<br/>         71. Lippert, C. J., 283<br/>         72. Los Reyes y Florentino, Isabel de, 410<br/>         73. Lubbock, Sir J., 140<br/>         74. Lumholtz, C., 140<br/>         75. Luzel, F. M., 525<br/>         76. Macdonald, D., 140<br/>         77. MacInnes, Rev. D., 283<br/>         78. MacRitchie, D., 410<br/>         79. Mallery, Garrick, 281<br/>         80. Marx, A., 137<br/>         81. Mehmed, 411<br/>         82. Meinhof, E., 411</p> |
|---|---|---|

- |                             |                                  |                           |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 83. Meyer, E. H., 138       | 105. Post, A. H., 140            | 124. Smith, A. H., 138    |
| 84. Meyer, G., 412          | 106. Powell, J. W., 412          | 125. Smith, W. R., 139    |
| 85. Meyrac, Albert, 410     | 107. Reich, E., 281              | 126. Stanley, H. M., 412  |
| 86. Miklosisch, F., 525     | 108. Reling, H., 138             | 127. Stimming, G., 284    |
| 87. Mitsotakis, J., 411     | 109. Rogge, Ch., 410             | 128. Suffling, E. R., 410 |
| 88. Morgan, L. H., 525      | 110. Rohde, E., 282              | 129. Talbot, E., 282      |
| 89. Muir, J., 283           | 111. Roscher, W. H., 138, 525    | 130. Taw Sein Ko, 282     |
| 90. Müller, W., 138         | 112. Sabatini, F., 281           | 131. Taylor, J., 140      |
| 91. Noldeke, Th., 525       | 113. Saltzmann, H., 283          | 132. Tiersot, J., 138     |
| 92. Nordhoff, J. B., 525    | 114. Sastri, N., 283             | 133. Tillo, A., 526       |
| 93. Nöldener, R., 411       | 115. Schmidt, Dr. R., 282        | 134. Timmins, S., 137     |
| 94. Nutt, A., 283           | 116. Schönbach, A. E., 412       | 135. Trede, Th., 526      |
| 95. Ortolí, F., 281         | 117. Schrader, O., 140, 283      | 136. Valentine, Mrs., 137 |
| 96. Ostrup, T., 137         | 118. Schuchardt, H., 412         | 137. Van Berchem, M., 282 |
| 97. Othmer, K., 139         | 119. Schwarzfeld, M., 138        | 138. Veckenstedt, E., 138 |
| 98. Paris, G., 283          | 120. Seeböhm, F., 411            | 139. Voss, Dr. A., 284    |
| 99. Parkinson, T., 283      | 121. Seifart, K., 137            | 140. Weisslovits, W., 412 |
| 100. Paul, H., 138          | 122. Seuffert, B., 412           | 141. Wilde (Lady), 138    |
| 101. Pausanias, 282         | 123. Sheppard, H. Fleetwood, 138 | 142. Wislocki, H. V., 410 |
| 102. Pector, D., 140        |                                  | 143. Wöber, F. X., 284    |
| 103. Pischel, R., 282       |                                  | 144. Wolf, Ferd., 412     |
| 104. Posnansky, Dr. H., 282 |                                  | 145. Zöhrer, F., 411      |

## PART II.—WORKS.

*The figures within brackets refer to the List of Authors.*

*Bibliographical particulars will be found on the page given.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| ABRUZZESI, Credenze usi e costumi (30), 410                       | Aryans, Origin of (131), 140                              |
| Afghans, Chants populaires des (23), 283                          | Æsop, Fables of, 139                                      |
| Africa, In Darkest (126), 42                                      | Athens, Mythology of (101), 282                           |
| Agada der Tanaiten, Die (4), 139                                  | BABYLONIER, Die Kosmologie der (60), 282                  |
| Alexander the Great (14), 139                                     | Berlin in der Volksdichtung (8), 410                      |
| Alexanderromans, Geschichte des (91), 525                         | Bestiaire, Le (69), 139                                   |
| Almanach folkloriste, 137   | Bozon (Nicole), Les Contes moralisés de, 139              |
| Alt-Arisches Jus Gentium (70), 139                                | Brandenburg, Vorgeschichtliche Alterthümer aus (139), 284 |
| Americanist, Essay of an (13), 281                                | Brautfahrt (81), 411                                      |
| Among Cannibals (Queensland) (74), 140                            | Broad District, History and Legends of (128), 410         |
| Annuaire des Traditions populaires, 137                           | CANZONI POPOLARE, TRE, 411                                |
| Anthari Sage (48), 139  | Caucasus, Eastern (1), 140                                |
| Arabe, Conte (137), 282   | Chanson populaire en France (132), 138                    |
| Arabische Sänge (96), 137   | Chinese, Ancient Symbolism (27), 281                      |
| Arcadian Legends (26), 283  | ——— Proverbs (124), 138                                   |
| Ardennes, Traditions, Coutumes, Légendes et Contes des (85), 410  | Conciles et Synodes, Les (95), 281                        |
| Argyleshire, Folk and Hero Tales of (77), 283                     | Confessio Amantis (42), 139                               |
| Aristoteles in den Alexanderdichtungen des Mittelalters (51), 411 | Cukasaptati, Erzählungen aus dem (115), 282               |
| Aryan Peoples, Antiquities of (117), 283                          |   |

Cyklus des Guillaume d'Orange (113), 283

Czar, Tales from Land of (53), 283.

DE MEDICAMENTIS LIBER, 281

Deutsche Heldensage (44), 139

—— Volksleben (38), 139

Deutschen Volkslieder von Dr. Faust (133), 526

—— Volksnamen (7), 138

Directorium humane vite (18), 139

ENGLAND (West of), Traditional Ballads of (41), 138

English Fairy and Folk Tales (47), 283

—— Village Community (120), 411

Entstehung der Nord (15), 138

Entwicklungsgeschichte des Familienrechts (105), 140

Epopoea Greca, Saggi sulle fonti della (31), 139

"Erec et Enide" zu dem Mabino-gion (97), 139

Ergebnisse der arischen Alterthumswissenschaft (10), 140

Ethnischen Ethik, zur (6), 137

Ethnology, Reports of Bureau of (106), 412

Exempla, The (55), 525

FAIRY BOOK, Red (68), 525

—— Tales (136), 137

—— — English (54), 525

Filipino, El Folk-lore (72), 410

Folk-lore, Handbook of (40), 525

France, Origines de la poésie lyrique en (57), 138

—— préhistorique, La (19), 140

GERMANISCHEN PHILOGIE (100) 138

Gesta Romanorum, 412

Golden Bough (34), 282

Grecque et Latine, Mythologie (129), 282

Griechische Volksmärchen (87), 411

—— Märchen (80), 137

Griechischen und römischen Mythologie (*Lexicon*), (111), 138, 411

HARZSAGEN (29), 137

Haussprüche aus der Alpen, 410

Hawai, Legends and Myths of (62), 137

Heidenthum, Aberglaube, Volksglaube, etc. (109), 410

Heidenthum in der römischen Kirche (135), 526

Hero und Leander, Die Sage von (58), 412

Hessen-Nassau und der Wartburg-Legend (52), 411

Highlands (West), Tales of (17), 137

Hildesheim, Sagen, Märchen, etc. (121), 137

Hinterpommern, Plattdeutsche aus (64), 282

INDIA, Origin of People of (89), 283

Indian Religions (59), 282

Indogermanischen Verwandtschaftsnamen (24), 282

Ireland, Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages (141), 138

——, Myths and Folk-lore of (22), 137

Israelite and Indian (79), 281

JACOBI a Voragine legende aurea, 412

Japanische Märchen (11), 410

KAMERUN, Märchen aus (82), 411

Katharina v. Alexandrien und Maria Aegyptiaca (65), 139

Kleinere Schriften zusammengestellt (144), 412

Köhler (R.), Vier Grazer Freunde (84), 412

Korean Tales (2), 137

LEUTE der Gegenwart und ihre Sprache, Die fahrenden (61), 137

Loqmân berbère (5), 411

Lunade, La procession de la (25), 411

MAHAJANAKA JATAKA (130), 282

Medicamentis Liber, 281

Mittelhoch-deutsche Dichtung... biblisch-rabbinischen Literatur (36), 139

Musique et la Danse dans les Traditions (138), 138

Mythologie d. griech. u. deutsch. Heldensage (90), 138

NEMESIS und Andrasteia (104), 282

Nicaragua, Populations précolombiennes du (102), 140

Norddeutsche Sagen (33), 137

OCEANIA (Anthropological), (76), 140

Oesterreichisches Sagen- und Märchenbuch (145), 411

Origins of Civilisation (73), 140

PAWNKE Hero Stories (43), 283

Physiologie des Magischen (107), 281



- Piémont, Chants populaires du (98), 283  
 Poesiile popolare Colectia Alecsandri (119), 138  
 Poets and Peoples of Foreign Lands (21), 138  
 Polynesian Race, Account of (32), 284  
 Pommern und Rügen, Volksagen aus (56), 283  
 Prehistoric Times (73), 140  
 Prinz und Derwisch (140), 412  
 Psyche (110), 282  
 Pyramus und Thisbe-sage (46), 282  
  
 RATSCH der Sphinx, Das (67), 138  
 Religion of the Semites (125), 139  
 Rig Veda Americanus (13), 281  
 Roma, Il Volgo di (112), 281  
 Rother, Die Sage von König (16), 139  
  
 SAINT-BRANDON, La légende de (39), 412  
 Schleswig-Holstein, Sagen von (33), 411  
 Selene und Verwandtes, Ueber (111), 525  
 Septem Sapientium, Historia, 412  
 Serpent with Eight Heads (20), 283  
 Skiren und die deutsche Heldensage, Die (143), 284  
 Slavischen Volksepos, Darstellung im (86), 525  
 Soniou Breiz-Izel (75), 525  
  
 Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte (117), 140  
 Sprichwort bei Chaucer (45), 525  
 Sun, Tales of the (63), 283  
  
 THIERMÄRCHENKETTE IN FINNLAND, Verbreitung einer nordischen (66), 411  
 Tradition, Testimony of (78), 410  
 Träume in altnordischen Saga Literatur (50), 282  
 Traditions Japonaises sur la chanson (12), 138  
 Tschechische Ursage (71), 283  
 Turkey, Women of (35), 410  
  
 URGESELLSCHAFT, Die (88), 525  
  
 VEDISCHE Mythos des Yama, Der (28), 281  
 Vedische Studien (103), 282  
 Vergangenheit, Die Kultur der (49), 281  
 Village Community (40), 283  
 Völuspa, eine Untersuchung (83), 138  
  
 WARWICKSHIRE, History of (134), 137  
 Westfalen Land, Das (92) 525  
  
 YORKSHIRE Legends (99), 283  
  
 ZIGRUNERVOLKE, Vom Wandernden (142), 410

---

 PART III.—PERIODICALS.

*Containing articles on Folk-lore.*

- ACADEMY, 140  
 Allgemeine Zeitung, 287, 529  
 Anthropological Institute, Journal of the, 141, 413  
 Anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien, Mittheilungen der, 143  
 Anthropologist, American, 284, 526  
 Antiquarian Journal, American, 140, 526  
 Arménie, L', 141  
 Asiatic Society, Journal of Royal, 526  
 Athenæum, 140  
  
 BABYLONIAN AND ORIENTAL RECORD, 140, 412  
 Belgique, Revue Générale de, 286  
  
 Bengal, Journal of Anthropological Society of, 284  
 Bombay, Journal of Anthropological Society of, 413  
  
 CATALANA, Bulleti de la Associacio d'Excursion, 144  
 Celtique, Revue, 141, 286  
 Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, 285  
  
 DEUTSCHES ALTERTHUM, Zeitschrift für, 415, 530  
 Deutsche Philologie, Zeitschrift für, 288



ESTNISCHE GESELLSCHAFT, Gelehrte, 529  
 Ethnographie, Internationales Archiv für, 143

FENLAND Notes and Queries, 140  
 Folk-lore, Journal of American, 141, 284, 413, 526  
 Forest Children, Our, 527  
 Fortnightly Review, 141  
 France, Revue du Nord de la, 413  
 Franz. Sprache und Literatur, Zeitschrift für, 530

GASCOGNE, Revue de, 286  
 Germania, 287  
 Gipsy-lore Society, Journal of the, 141, 527  
 Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen, 529

HARZER MONATSHEFTE, 415  
 Histoire des Religions, Revue del', 529  
 Historique, Revue, 529  
 — de Droit, Nouvelle Revue, 527

INDIAN ANTIQUARY, 284  
 Ireland, Journal of Society of Antiquaries in, 413

JEWISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, 141  
 Jüdische Literatur, Jahrbucher für, 143

LETTERATURA POPOLARE E DIALETTALE, Rassegna di, 288  
 Literaturgeschichte, Zeitschrift für vgl., 530  
 Lincolnshire Notes and Queries, 284

MÉLUSINE, 141, 285, 413, 527  
 Mittheilungen aus der hist. Literatur, 529  
 Morgenländischen Gesellschaft, Zeitschrift d. deut., 385, 530  
 Moyen-Age, 285  
 Muséon, 285

NATION, The, 285  
 National Review, 141  
 New Englander and Yale Review, 527  
 Nineteenth Century, 413, 527

Notes and Queries, 413  
 Notes and Queries, American, 412  
 North Country Lore, Monthly Journal of, 285

OPRN COURT, 285  
 Oriental Society, Journal of the American, 141  
 Orientalist, 285  
 Österreichische Geschichtsforschung, Mittheilungen des Instituts für, 415

PHILOLOGIE, Zeitschrift für roman., 530  
 Popular Science Monthly, 527  
 Preussische Jahrbücher, 415  
 Psychology, American Journal of, 140

RECHTSWISSENSCHAFT, Zeitschrift für vergleichende, 143, 530  
 Romania, 142

SAVANTS, Journal des, 285  
 Scottish Review, 141, 284  
 Sitzungsberichte der philos.-philol., 529  
 Social Pioneer, 285

TRADITION, La, 142, 287, 528  
 Traditions Populaires, Revue des, 142, 286, 414, 528  
 Tradizioni Popolari, Archivio per lo Studio delle, 143, 288  
 Trübner's Record, 141, 285

UNGARN, Ethnologische Mittheilungen aus, 142  
 Urquell, Am, 142, 529

VARIÉTÉS BIBLIOGRAPHIQUES, 142, 529  
 Vienna Oriental Journal, 530  
 Völkerpsychologie, Zeitschrift für, 415  
 Volkskunde, 143, 287, 527  
 Volkskunde, Zeitschrift für, 143, 415  
 Volksleven, Ons, 142, 527  
 Vossische Zeitung, 288

WIEN, Mittheilungen der anthropologischen Gesellschaft in, 143

[Pages 1-122 will be found in *Folk-Lore Journal*, Vol. VII.]

## TABULATION OF FOLKTALES.

[No. 47.]

**Title of Story.**—Cinderella.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Rich man ; his Wife.—Their daughter Cinderella.—Step-mother.—Step-sisters.—White bird.—King.—Two white pigeons.—Turtledoves.—Other birds.—King's Son.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Rich man's wife, before dying, bids her only daughter be good : God will protect her : she will be always near her. Maiden goes daily and weeps at mother's grave ; her father soon takes another wife.—(2) She brings with her two daughters, fair-faced, but evil-natured, who persecute the step-daughter, and dress her in an old gown and wooden shoes. She is made to do all the kitchen-work, while step-sisters tease her, emptying peas and lentils into the ashes for her to pick out again. As she sleeps on hearth and looks always grimy, she is called Cinderella.—(3) One day father asks step-daughters what he shall bring them from fair. "Beautiful dresses," says one. "Pearls and jewels," says the second. Cinderella being asked, begs for the first branch which knocks against his hat on way home. Father brings gifts, and for Cinderella a branch of hazel.—(4) She plants it on mother's grave, watering it with tears. It grows to a tree ; thrice a day she sits beneath it, and a little white bird perches on branches and brings down whatever she wishes.—(5) King appoints three days' festival, to which all beautiful girls are invited, that his son may choose a bride. Step-sisters go and order Cinderella to dress them. She begs step-mother to let her go too.—(6) They mock at her dirty clothes ; step-mother empties dish of lentils into the ashes, saying she shall go if she has picked them out in two hours. Cinderella goes to garden, calls pigeons, turtledoves, and all birds to help her put "the good into the pot, the bad into the crop". Two white pigeons, followed by turtledoves and other birds, come and collect all the good grain on a dish.—(7) They fly off again ; Cinderella takes dish to step-mother, who forbids her going to ball because she has not fine clothes, and cannot dance. Cinderella weeps ; step-mother says if in one hour she can pick two dishes of lentils out of ashes she shall go. Cinderella again calls bird

who perform the task for her. Step-mother still forbids her going, and hastens to ball with her daughters.—(8) Cinderella goes to mother's grave, and cries : "Shiver and quiver, little tree ; Silver and gold throw down over me." Bird throws a gold and silver dress down to her, and slippers embroidered with silk and silver. These she dons, and goes to ball.—(9) Step-mother and step-sisters think her beautiful foreign princess ; prince will dance with no one else, and would escort her home.—(10) To escape from him she springs into pigeon-house. Prince tells her father that stranger maiden is in pigeon-house, and he wonders whether it is Cinderella. Pigeon-house is hewn to pieces ; no one is inside.—(11) For Cinderella has jumped down, run to hazel-tree, laid her clothes on grave for bird to take away, and, when parents and step-sisters return home, is sitting among the ashes in her old gown.—(12) Next day, when they go to ball, she goes to hazel-tree, and asks, as before, for apparel. Bird throws down more beautiful dress, and, when she appears at ball, prince wonders at her beauty, dances with her, and again wants to escort her home.—(13) But she slips from him into garden, and clammers up pear-tree. Her father is told this, and, wondering whether it be Cinderella, he cuts tree down ; but no one is on it.—(14) For, having jumped down and returned her dress to bird, Cinderella dons her old grey gown, and sits amongst the ashes.—(15) The third day she gets a still more magnificent dress and golden slippers from bird, and astonishes everybody at ball.—(16) Prince is so anxious to follow her home that he has staircase smeared with pitch, and, when she runs down it, her left slipper is dragged off.—(17) Prince picks it up, and next day takes it to Cinderella's father, declaring he will wed none whom it does not fit.—(18) Elder step-sister tries it on ; cannot get her big toe into it ; mother makes her cut off big toe, force her foot into shoe, and go out to prince.—(19) He rides away with her ; but, as they pass grave, two pigeons, sitting on hazel-tree, cry :

" Turn and peep, turn and peep,  
 There's blood within the shoe,  
 The shoe it is too small for her,  
 The true bride waits for you."

(20) Prince sees blood streaming from her foot, takes her back and tells other sister to try on shoe.—(21) She finds her heel too large, cuts a bit off, and forces shoe on.—(22) Prince rides off with her ; hears pigeons cry out same verse ; sees her foot bleeds, and takes her back to father, asking if he has no other daughter.—(23) " Only the little stunted kitchen-wench." Step-mother says she is much too dirty to show herself. Prince will see her ; having washed hands and face Cinderella appears, receives golden slipper from him, and slips it on her foot in place of wooden one. Prince recognises maiden who danced with him, and cries, " This is the true bride."—(24) Step-mother and step-sisters are furious, but he rides away with Cinderella. As they pass hazel-tree two white doves cry :

“ Turn and peep, turn and peep,  
No blood is in the shoe,  
The shoe is not too small for her,  
The true bride rides with you.”

They fly down and perch on Cinderella's shoulders, and remain there.—  
(25) When wedding is celebrated, step-sisters seek favour with Cinderella. As the betrothed couple go to church, elder step-sister is on right side, younger on left, and pigeons peck out one eye of each. Returning, step-sisters change sides, and pigeons peck out other eye of each. Thus blindness is their punishment henceforth.

### Alphabetical Lists of Incidents.—

Ball, Cinderella goes to ; dances with Prince (9) (12) (16).  
Big toe, eldest step-sister's cut off, to make shoe fit (18).  
Bird, white, 'sits on hazel-tree (4) ; gives dresses, shoes, and golden slippers to C. (8) (12) (15).  
Cinderella puts on golden shoe ; is recognised by Prince (23).  
Dead mother watches over Cinderella (1).  
Doves, two white, peck out step-sisters' eyes (25).  
Dress and shoes returned by Cinderella to bird (11) (14).  
False brides exposed by two pigeons (19) (22).  
Gifts chosen by three daughters from father (3).  
Gold and silver dress, bird throws down to Cinderella (8).  
Hazel-branch given to Cinderella ; planted by her at mother's grave (4).  
Heel, younger step-sister's, cut off to make shoe fit (21).  
(Helpful animals), birds, pick out lentils from ashes for Cinderella (6) (7).  
Ill-treatment, step-mother's and step-sisters', of Cinderella (2).  
Marriage of Prince and Cinderella (25).  
Pear-tree, Cinderella hides in ; cut down by father (13).  
Pigeon-house, Cinderella hides in ; cut down by father (10).  
Pigeons warn Prince of step-sisters' deception (19).  
Pitch, staircase smeared with, to detain Cinderella (16).  
Prince dances with Cinderella (9) (12) (16).  
Prince marries Cinderella (25).  
Prince rides off with step-sisters (19) (22).  
Shoe, golden, dropped by Cinderella at ball (16).  
Shoe, golden, picked up by Prince (17).  
Slippers, golden, given by bird to Cinderella (15).  
Step-mother and step-sisters ill-treat Cinderella (2).  
Talking-birds (19) (22) (24).  
Task, set by step-mother, for Cinderella to pick lentils from ashes (6) (7).  
Three days' festival for Prince to choose most beautiful bride (5).  
Tree, magical (4).  
True bride recognised by two white doves (24).  
Trying-on of golden shoe (18) (20) (23).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 21, vol. i, pp. 98-100.

**Nature of Collection.**—Translation by Margaret Hunt.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Editor's notes, vol. i, pp. 364-68, where reference is made to other local German variants, and to etymology of Aschenputtel.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—There is interchange of certain incidents in the "Cinderella", "Allerleirauh", and "Rashie Coatie" groups, and the variants cited here may, in several cases, be applied to each group for purposes of comparison. Cf. *Archæological Review*, March 1889, article by Karl Blind. Arndt, *Märchen und Jugenderinnerungen*, ii, 281-320, "Aschenbrödel." Asbjörnson og Moe, *Norske Folkeeventyr*, No. 19. Bechstein, *Deutsches Märchenbuch*, pp. 232-35, "Aschenbrödel." Bernoni, No. 8. Büsching, *Wöchentl. Nachrichten*, i, 137-40, "Ueber die Märchen von Aschenbrödel"; cf. *ibid.*, ii, 185-88, "Aschenbrödel"; and iv, p. 61. Busk, *F. L. Rome*, p. 26, "La Cenerentola"; p. 81, "Vaccarella." Callaway, *Z. T.*, p. 230. Campbell, i, 219, No. xiv, "The King who wished to marry his Daughter"; ii, 286, No. xliii, "The Sharp Grey Sheep." Chambers, *Pop. Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 66, "Rashie Coatie." *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, ii, 345, 347. Crane, *It. Pop. Tales*, p. 42, "Cinderella"; p. 48, "Fair Maria Wood"; and for other Italian versions see p. 336. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, cxliv, and p. 357, "Katie Woodencloak." D'Aulnoy, *Contes des Fées*, "La Finette." Denton, *Serbian Folk-lore*, "Papalluga." Deulin, *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*, pp. 265, 266. *F. L. Rec.*, i, 188, "La Cenerentola" (Comparetti); 192, "Ugly Gourd"; iii, 1, "Catskin"; 237, 241, Icelandic "Cinderella." *F. L. Journal*, ii, 72, "The Red Calf" (from Aberdeenshire; Heroine called Rashin-coatie); 237-8, Folk-lore of Modern Greece; 252, Tabulation of "Maria la Cenicienta". *Ibid.*, iii, 301, "Maria the Cinder-Maiden" (Chilian pop. tale). *Ibid.*, iv, 308 ff., Hartland on "The Outcast Child." Geldart, *F. L. Mod. Greece*, "Little Saddleslut" and "The Goat Girl". Grimm, No 65, "Allerleirauh", *Teut. Myth.*, 388. Gubernatis, vol. i, pp. 81, 182, 195, 208, 241, 291, 293. Hahn, *Gr. Märchen*, Nos. 2, 27; and ii, 224 ff. *Household Stories from Land of Hofer*, "Kleine Else." Kennedy, *Fireside Stories of Ireland*, "Catskin." Lang, *Perrault*, lxxvii. *Longman's Magazine*, Feb. 1889, p. 441, "Cap o' Rushes". *Magyar Tales*, F. L. Soc., p. 207, "The Widower and his Daughter," and notes, p. 401. *XIX Cent.*, Nov. 1879, Ralston's article on "Cinderella". Ortolí, *Les Contes pop. de l'île de Corse*, p. 48. *Pentamerone*, "La Gatta Cenerentola." Perrault, *Contes du Temps passé*, "Cendrillon". Pio, *Contes pop. Grecs*, *Σαρακοκουσουλὸν*. *Portuguese Folk-Tales*, F. L. Soc., No. xvi, "The Princess who would not marry her Father"; No. xviii, "The

- Hearth-Cat"; No. xxiv, "The Maiden and the Fish." *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 180; Schleicher, p. 10; Schneller, No. 24. Schott, *Walachische Märchen*, 100-105, "Die Kaisertochter Gänsehirtin." Sébillot, *Contes pop. de la Haute Bretagne*, p. 15; Shriek, No. ix, "The Wonderful Birch". Sodewa Bai. Taylor, *Gammer Grethel; or German Fairy Tales, etc.*, p. 332 (Welsh version). Thorpe, *Yule Tide Stories*, p. 112, "The Little Goldshoe"; p. 375, "The Girl clad in Mouseskin." Vernaleken *In the Land of Marvels*, p. 182. Vuk Karajich, No. 32. Winther, *Danske Folkeeventyr*, pp. 12-17, "De to Kongedøttre." Woycicki, *Polnische Volkssagen und Märchen*, "Die Eiche und der Schaafpelz." Wratislaw, *Sixty Folk-tales* (Slavonic) p. 181, "Cinderella." Zingerle, No. 16. For inc. 1, see Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, 1229, 1693. Ralston, *R. F. T.*, p. 159.
- For inc. 2, see Tabulator's remarks in No. 14, *ante*, p. 37, and cf. Vernaleken, p. 161, "Moriandle and Sugarkandle."
- For inc. 3, cf. *F. L. Journal*, ii., 241.
- For incs. 4, 8, 12, 15, see Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, 872. *Gypsy-Lore Journal*, i, 84, "Tale of a Foolish Brother and of a Wonderful Bush." *Children's Legends*, No. 10, "The Hazel Branch." See also Theal, *Kaffir Folk-lore*, "The Wonderful Horns." For wishing-trees, cf. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, liv, and pp. 420, 483. Comp. the wishing-tree which bears clothes, etc., and wine, in *Megaduta* (ed. Schütz, pp. 25-7). For speaking-trees, cf. Callaway, *Z. T.*, p. 188; Dasent, pp. 113, 428, 440; Day, *Folk-tales of Bengal*, p. 281; Stokes, *Ind. Fairy Tales*, p. 202; Theal, *Kaffir Folk-lore*, p. 50 (trees which laugh); Thorpe, *Y. T. Stories*, pp. 17, 43, 99, 369, 429; *Wide-Awake Stories*, 179-80, 181-3. Comp. Hiawatha's appeal to forest-trees, and green reed's address to Psyche (Apuleius). See also Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, 1202, *note*. For other magical trees, cf. Callaway, *Z. T.*, pp. 51, 218; Campbell, i, 236, 237; Grey, *Polyn. Myth.*, 111-14; Tylor, *Early Hist.*, p. 356.
- For incs. 6, 7 (Tasks), see Tabulator's remarks in No. 19, *ante*, pp. 56, 57, and cf. Busk, *F. L. Rome*, No. 5. *F. L. Journal*, i, 320 ff.; ii, 13 ff. Geldart, *F. L. Mod. Greece*, p. 44, "The Snake, the Dog, and the Cat." Gubernatis, i, p. 38. Hahn, No. 37, and ii, 243. *Magyar Folk-tales*, F. L. Soc., pp. 18, 153, 192 (millet cleaning), 208. *Pentamerone*, "The Dove." *Satuja ja Tarinoita*, i, "The Wonderful Birch." Stokes, *Ind. Fairy Tales*, p. 180. Vernaleken, *In the Land of Marvels*, pp. 214, 220 ff, 227, 277 ff, 290 ff, 353-4, 359. Wolf, p. 138.
- For helpful animals, see Tabulator's remarks in No. 17, *ante*, p. 46-7; and see *F. L. Journal*, i, 236, "Folk-tales of the Malagasy." *Magyar Tales*, p. 207.
- For inc. 17 (recognition by means of shoe), cf. *Æliani Variæ Historiæ*, xiii, cap. 32 (Rhodope and Psammeticus). *F. L. Journal*, i, 55, Irish Folk-tale (hero's glass shoe picked up by princess); and Rivière, *Contes pop. Kabyles*, p. 196.

For incs. 19, 22, 24, see Tabulator's remarks on "talking-birds" in No. 19, *ante*, pp. 55-6 ; and see Chambers, *Pop. Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 66. *F. L. Journal*, ii, 72, 241. Vernaleken, 191, 207, 359. Birds betray false bride in Callaway, *Z. T.*, p. 121. For birds as messengers, see *Am. F. L. Journal*, ii, 187, 299-300 (jay-bird as Devil's messenger). Comp. Odin's two ravens ; Apollo's raven-messenger (Herod. iv, 15) ; and see Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, 147, 533, 671 ff, 1128, 1129, 1484.

(Signed)

MARIAN ROALFE COX.

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[No. 48.]

**Title of Story.**—A Yard of Nose.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Orphan.—Host.—Host's wife and daughter.—Doctor (orphan disguised).—Druggist.—Pretty peasant girl.—Turk (orphan disguised).—Servants.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1 Orphan alone; no means, no shelter; wanders over Campagna; comes to fig-tree covered with ripe figs. Eats figs; feels his nose queer; before he has done it is a yard long.—(2 Wanders away from old habitations; comes to another fig-tree; thinks things can't be worse; eats more figs; nose gets better and better; dances with delight. "Now I know how to make my fortune," says he.—(3 Goes to town with basketful of figs from first tree; they are so tempting that many buy them; among foremost, host of inn with wife and daughter; all their noses grow a yard long. Hue and cry through town; everyone, with nose wagging, comes running, calling out, "Ho! Here! Wretch of a fruit seller," but he is far out of the way.—(4 Next day disguises himself like doctor, in black, with long false beard; comes into druggist's shop; gives himself out as great doctor; druggist tells him about noses; he says it's just what he is good at. Pretty girl comes in; he gives her some paste made of figs of other tree; her nose grows right; druggist publishes cure.—(5 Innkeeper secures him first; false doctor asks four thousand scudi apiece; cures host, then daughter; says he will take her hand instead of price; mother won't allow it; father says it shall be; but he has to go and attend on customer; wife calls servants, tells them to turn out doctor and give him a good beating; he goes on curing noses all day till he has a lot of money.—(6 Next day he comes back disguised as Turk, saying he too can cure noses; mistress of inn welcomes him; Turk says his treatment is effectual but rude; she is ready to submit to anything; tells her she must be alone with him, and must give strict orders to servants not to come in whatever they hear; this done, he gives her a beating that she feels effects of all her life.—(7 He marries pretty peasant girl who is his first cure.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Doctor (orphan disguised) brings paste made of figs from second fig-tree to cure noses (4).

Fig-trees in Campagna; orphan eats fruit of first; nose grows a yard long (1). Eats of second; nose cured (2).

Figs sold in the town (3).

Innkeeper's daughter's nose cured; doctor asks her hand (5).

Innkeeper's nose cured, price four thousand scudi (5).



Pretty peasant girl, first cure (4).

Turk (orphan disguised) offers to cure wife (6); marries pretty peasant girl (7).

Wife of innkeeper turns pretended doctor out for asking daughter's hand (5); is beaten by pretended Turk, and left with her nose uncured (6).

**Where published.**—Busk's *Folk-lore of Rome*. London, 1874. Tale 18, pp. 136-41.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or Translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Notes, p. 141.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—See Tabulator's notes to No. 17 of this collection, "Twelve feet of Nose."

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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[No. 49.]

**Title of Story.**—The Magic Horse.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Goldsmith.—Carpenter.—King ; queen.—Their son.—Little fish.—Magic horse.—Another king and queen.—Their daughter. Widow of king's chief gardener.—Maidens.—Ministers.—Chief Minister. Captain of the Guard.—Washermen.—Police.—Boys.—Soldiers.**Abstract of Story.**—*Part I.*—(1) Goldsmith and carpenter living in certain city are brought before king to settle their quarrels ; each says he is the better workman ; king bids each bring specimen of his handiwork, by which he is to be judged. That day month they appear at palace ; goldsmith brings little fish made of gold, silver, and jewels, which swims, dives, and eats in water like real fish ; carpenter opens a bundle, and builds up a magic horse, which he saddles and bridles, and horse walks.—(2) Carpenter wishes some one to mount, but no one ventures till king's son runs forward and vaults into saddle. Horse then gives snort and bound, and springs up into the air, through which he flies at a great rate. After long journey, prince touches by chance silver stud between horse's ears ; this makes him descend, and he at length alights in a garden. It is dark, so prince takes horse to pieces, and goes to sleep with head on bundle.—(3) Next morning, widow of king's chief gardener discovers him asleep. This widow had every morning to weigh king's daughter against a garland of flowers ; king wishes princess not to fall in love against his will ; and, if she has not seen a man's face within palace, the garland weighs her down. Widow takes pity on prince, and gives him room and food in her own house. He asks about the garlands that she weaves daily, and at last she tells him the story, and he is filled with longing to see princess.—(4) One night he mounts magic horse, which takes him to princess's palace ; he sees her asleep, and leaves handkerchief near her, on which he has written with his blood, "Oh, lady, I love you—I love you." Does this seven nights.—(5) Princess wonders ; on eighth night she determines to keep awake, so scratches finger and rubs in salt, so that smart prevents her sleeping. They have an interview, and in the morning princess weighs garland down.*Part II.*—(6) Widow is afraid, and in two or three days tells queen. King consults ministers, who advise that it should be given out that princess has lost a jewel, and so palace must be searched for thief ; but no way for a man to enter can be found. They then recommend that, as great festival is approaching when common people fling coloured powder over each other, king should send princess a particular powder, which, if she has a lover, she will throw over him, and the stains will discover him. Princess is accordingly provided with powder of saffron and gold-dust ; she and her maidens amuse themselves with it in the day, and at night, when prince comes, she flings handfuls over him. Fearing treachery from what she tells him, he takes his clothes privately

to washermen beside river, and 'gives them to a man to wash. Man, wishing to join sports in city, puts on prince's clothes for a joke, mounts his donkey, and is found by police so dressed, followed by shouting boys. They take him before chief minister, to whom in a fright he relates his story.—(7) Chief minister perceives that he speaks truth, and, suspecting who the prince is, gives orders that on his next appearance he shall be arrested; which is done, and he is led off to execution. On the way, he asks permission of captain of the guard to enter widow's house, pretending that he wishes to bid his mother farewell. He brings out money and bundle containing horse. Meanwhile princess, whose bower overlooks plain along which they go, is told by one of her maidens what is to happen to prince; and she resolves, if he is executed, to leap from the tower and die with him. It is hot; they halt under tree by well; prince asks that he may climb tree and meditate, and captain allows him. He mounts tree, drops money among soldiers, and while they scramble for it, he puts magic horse together and flies away on it to princess, whom he takes up behind him, and conveys safely to his father's palace. They are married with great magnificence.—(8) Carpenter and goldsmith receive handsome presents, and carpenter is judged the superior. Horse and fish are placed in royal treasury; but stud, in which horse's magic-power is, is removed, that no mishap may occur again. Horse performed in single night the journey that embassy to princess's parents takes whole year in doing.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**—Flowers weigh princess down if she has not seen a man's face (3).

Goldsmith and carpenter dispute as to which is best workman (1).

Magic horse flies off with prince (2).

Magic horse loses its power when stud is removed (8).

Prince uses stratagems to save his life (7).

Princess practises stratagem to keep herself awake (5).

Seven nightly visits of prince to princess undiscovered (4).

Trick played upon princess to find out her lover (6).

**Where published.**—*Indian Fairy Tales*. Mark Thornhill. London, 1882. Tale No. 3, pp. 108-45.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Taken down from oral narration of natives.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—*Nil*.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—The magic horse is the "Enchanted Horse" of the tale of that name in Forster's *Arabian Nights*, p. 433. The person who there brings the horse is an *Indian*.

For repeated nocturnal visits in inc. 4, see pp. 62, 63, 64 of Callaway's *Zulu Tales*.

(Signed) EDITH MENDHAM.

[No. 50.]

**Title of Story.**—Signor Lattanzio.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Duke (Signor Lattanzio).—Lady's daughter.—Fairies, cats (fairies transformed).—Other cats (suitors who have failed).—Suitors (released from spell).**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Duke wanders over world seeking wife; comes to inn, where he meets lady. She asks him what he is seeking; he tells her he has journeyed half the world over to find a wife to his fancy; not finding one, he is going back to his native city as he came. Lady says she has a daughter, the most beautiful maiden ever made, taken possession of by three fairies and locked up in a casino on the Campagna, where no one can get to see her. Duke begs to know where she is. Lady says it's no use, so many have tried and failed. Duke argues and prevails on her to tell him, though she says all who go to seek her never come back.—(2) She tells him he must go to mountain of Russia, where three most beautiful maidens will meet him, and by all manner of blandishments will try to entice him to their palace; he will not be able to resist, and if he goes into palace he will be turned into a cat, for they are fairies; but if he can resist them for only an hour, he will have conquered—they will be turned into cats, and he will be able to release daughter.—(3) Duke goes, bandages his eyes so that he shall not see fairies; they come to meet him and try in every way to make him only look at them; but though much tempted he is firm; at last takes out his repeater, strikes it, and the hour of trial is over.—(4) "Traitor," cry the three fairies, and are turned the same instant into cats. Duke goes into palace, takes wand, with it opens door of casino where lady's daughter is imprisoned; restores all the cats upon the mountain to natural shapes as those that had failed in their enterprise; takes daughter home to be his wife.**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**—

Cats, suitors who have yielded to fairies (4).

Fairies entice Duke (3); failing, are turned into cats (4).

Maiden imprisoned by fairies (1); rescued by Duke (4).

Mountain of Russia, beautiful maidens at foot of (2); cats on the mountain, other suitors (4).

Repeater, Duke strikes (3).

Search for wife (1).

Wand used to restore cats on mountain to natural shape (4).

Yielding to enticements of fairies entails transformation to cats (2).

**Where published.**—Busk's *Folk-lore of Rome*. London, 1877. Tale No. 21, pp. 155-58.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See author's notes, p. 158.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil*.

(Signed)

ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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## [No. 51.]

**Title of Story.**—The Singing Bone.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Wild Boar.—King.—King's daughter.—Elder brother.—Younger brother.—Little man.—Shepherd.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) King offers reward for capture of wild boar that devastates the land. No one ventures the attempt. At length marriage with king's daughter is promised to slayer of wild boar.—(2) Two brothers, poor countrymen, come forward. King bids them enter forest from opposite sides to make sure of catching boar. Younger brother is met in forest by little man, who, in recognition of his simplicity and goodness, gives him black spear which will overcome wild boar.—(3) Before long wild boar rushes furiously at him, and its heart is severed by spear. Younger brother takes monster on his back and goes homeward. (4) Coming out on other side of forest he passes drinking-house, which elder brother had entered to gain courage by drink. Seeing younger brother with booty he is envious, and craftily invites him to take refreshment. Youth, suspecting nothing, enters and relates about spear. They remain till dark, and on way home elder brother strikes the other dead as he crosses brook, and buries him beneath bridge.—(5) Then takes boar to king, pretending it has slain younger brother, and obtains king's daughter in marriage.—(6) Years afterwards shepherd sees snow-white little bone in sand beneath bridge; picks it up to make mouth-piece for horn; when he blows through it the bone sings:

“Ah, friend, thou blowest upon my bone!  
 Long have I lain beside the water;  
 My brother slew me for the boar,  
 And took to wife the king's young daughter.”

Shepherd marvels and takes it to king, who understands bone's song, and has bridge dug up.—(7) Skeleton of murdered man is found and buried in churchyard; wicked brother is sewn up in sack and drowned.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Boar slain by younger brother (3).
- Bone of murdered man made into shepherd's whistle (6).
- Elder brother claims king's daughter (5)
- Elder brother murders younger brother (4).
- Elder brother sewn in sack and drowned (7).
- Marriage with king's daughter promised to slayer of wild boar (1).
- Murder of younger brother by elder (4).
- Shepherd finds bone of murdered man (6).
- Singing bone reveals murder (6).

Skeleton of murdered man dug up and buried (7).

Spear, magic, given to younger brother to slay boar (2).

Younger brother slays boar (3).

Younger brother murdered by elder brother (4).

**Where Published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 28, vol. i, pp. 117-19.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Editor quotes two other versions, also from Lower Hesse, and refers to Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, iii, 35, 36, and Müllenhoff, No. 49.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For variants of the above cf. Crane, *Italian Pop. Tales*, p. 40, "The Griffin"; and for other Italian versions see *ibid.*, p. 336, note 15.

For inc. 1 see Tabulator's remarks on Grimm, No. 20.

For inc. 6 cf. Grimm, *H. T.*, i, 377; *Teut. Myth.*, 907. Haupt, *Zeitschrift*, iii, 36. Sébillot, *Litterature Orale Haute Bretagne*, pp. 220-22, "Les Trois Frères," pp. 222-29; "Les petits Souliers rouges", and "Le Sifflet qui parle".

(Signed)

MARIAN ROALFE COX.

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[No. 52.]

**Title of Story.**—The Story of Demane and Demazana.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Demane.—Demazana.—Relations.—Zim, his wife, daughter, and son.—Cannibal.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A brother and sister, orphan twins, Demane and Demazana, ran away from relations' ill-usage. They lived in cave protected by strong door. Before going one day to hunt, Demane told sister not to cook meat, lest cannibals should discover by smell their retreat. She disobeyed, and roasted buffalo-meat; cannibal smelt it, found door fastened, sang song trying to imitate Demane's voice, and asked admittance; refused, for his voice was hoarse, not like Demane's. Cannibal left, consulted with another cannibal, who advised him to burn throat with hot iron, which he did, and, when he again sang song, Demazana, deceived by his not being hoarse, let him in.—(2) As cannibal was carrying Demazana away she dropped ashes along path, so that Demane, who returned home from hunting with a swarm of bees, all he had taken, guessed what had happened, followed ashes till he came to Zim's dwelling.—(3) Cannibal's family gathering firewood; Zim was in, and had put Demazana in a bag till fire was made. Demane asked for water; Zim said he must promise not to touch bag if he got him some, but, whilst cannibal was away, Demane took sister out, put bees in her place, and they hid. Zim returned with water and family with firewood. He told daughter to get something out of bag; bees stung her hand; same thing happened with wife and son. Zim opened bag; was so stung he could not see; escaped through thatch; fell headlong into pond; head stuck in mud, and he became like block of wood, in which bees made their home. No one could get any honey, as, when a hand was put in, it stuck fast. Demane and Demazana, taking Zim's possessions, became wealthy.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**—

Cannibal imitates Demane (1); turned into wood (3).

Demazana drops ashes on path (2).

**Where published.**—Theal's *Kaffir Folk-lore*. London. Preface dated 1882. Story No. 9, pp. 111-14.

**Name of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated by G. M. Theal.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*



**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—On Relationship. See Editor's notes, pp. 210, 211.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Cannibals; cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's remarks, pp. 45-46; and Theal's *K. F.*, pp. 89, 74, 115, 120, 125, 129, 158, 159, 165.

(Signed)

JANET KEY.

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## TABULATION OF FOLKTALES.

[No. 53.]

**Title of Story.**—John Glaick, the Brave Tailor.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Hero: John Glaick, a tailor.—Two giants, whom he kills.—King of the country infested by the two giants.—King's daughter promised in marriage to the man who would kill the giants.—Rebel army.—Fierce horse ridden by John Glaick against the rebels.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) John Glaick, the tailor, tires of his trade, gives himself at first over to idleness.—(2) Kills a number of flies, thinks himself brave, and resolves to make himself a name.—(3) Girds himself with a sword and sets out to seek adventures.—(4) Comes to a country infested by two giants, and hears of the promise of the king's daughter in marriage to the hero who should kill the giants.—(5) Offers his services to kill the giants.—(6) Goes to the wood in which they live.—(7) Becomes frightened when he sees them, and hides himself.—(8) Afterwards throws a pebble against the head of one of them, and then another.—(9) The giants quarrel, and fight, and exhaust themselves.—(10) As they are resting, John Glaick rushes from his hiding place, and cuts off their heads with his rusty sword.—(11) Returns, and marries the king's daughter.—(12) A rebellion in the land.—(13) John Glaick is sent against the rebels on a fierce horse.—(14) Lost control of the horse, which runs off in the direction of the rebel army, passes under the gallows, and brings it down upon its neck.—(15) The rebels, on seeing the horse with the gallows on its neck and John Glaick on its back, were seized with terror, and fled to their homes.—(16) The hero returns in triumph, and (17) dies king.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Daughter of king in marriage to the hero who would rid the the country of the two giants (4).

Gallows knocked down on the horse's neck (14).

Sight of, on horse's neck strikes terror into the rebels (15).

Giants, two, the scourge of a country (4).

Live in a wood (6).

Ruse to make them quarrel (8).

Quarrel and fight, and exhaust themselves (9).

Killed while resting (10).

Glaick, John—

Sets out to seek adventures, and comes to a country infested by two giants (3, 4).

Offers his services to kill them, succeeds in doing so (5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10).

Marriage with the king's daughter (11).

Sent to quell a rebellion (13).

Mounted on a fleet horse and loses control of it (13, 14).

Frightens the rebels (15).

Becomes king (17).

Horse runs off, and carries away the gallows, 14

Killing of flies (2).

Marriage of the king's daughter (4).

Pebbles, throwing of (8).

Rebellion in land (12).

Rebels frightened and run (15).

**Where published.**—*The Folklore Journal*, vol. vii., pp. 163-165.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Tale consists of two parts: The killing of two giants, and the defeat of the rebel army. Both belong to the group of tales in which brute force is overcome by trick, intelligence, or good fortune. For the first part comp. "The Brave Little Tailor" in Grimm's collection, the Chilian Tale of "Don Juan Bolondron, killer of seven with one fisticuff," "Chilian Popular Tales," in *The Folklore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 299, the original Spanish in *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones populares Españolas*, tomo, i., pp. 121-125. As to the fly-killing, compare the story of "Fatú Khán, the Valiant Weaver," in *Wide-Awake Stories*, and the Milanese story of the Cobbler, *Italian Popular Tales*, by T. F. Crane (London, 1885).

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**

(Signed) WALTER GREGOR.

[No. 54.]

**Generic Name of Story.**—(Not to be filled up).

**Specific Name.**—Donna Guángula.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—So mere an abstract is given of this variant of Bianca-coum-nivi-russa-coum-foca that it is impossible to make a list of persons represented.

**Thread of Story.**—A queen, desirous of a child, vows to distribute to the people a fountain of oil and a storehouse of corn if she had a child.

The curse of the old woman on the queen's son (the hero) when born and become a youth is to go and seek for Donna Guángula, the heroine.

Donna Guángula, flying with the hero, provides herself, beside gold, with a paper of nails, a packet of razors, a handful of flints, and a piece of soap. The ogre, who had held in his power the heroine, follows the fugitives. They fling him one after another these objects, and thus impede him. When he overtakes them the heroine changes herself into an eel and the prince into a fountain. The ogre endeavours to drink the fountain up, to drink therewith the eel, but is disappointed, and, desperate, he curses the future union of the lovers with the fatal kiss of the hero's mother.

The heroine, forgotten by the hero, sends two dolls enchanted by her with a breath, and these, at the hero's marriage feast, on his wedding another lady, reveal all.

**Incidental circumstances.**—(Nil.)

**Where published.**—*Fiabe Novelle e Racconti Popolari Siciliani* raccalti ed illustrati da Guiseppe Pitré (Palermo 1875) Variant of Story No. 13. vol. i. p. 117.

**Nature of collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Not given.
3. *Other particulars.*—Collected at Cianciana by Signor Gaetano di Giovanni, who is characterized as the worthy historian of Casteltermini.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—(Nil.)

(Signed) E. SIDNEY HARTLAND,  
Swansea.

[No. 55.]

**Title of Story.**—Maria Wood.**Dramatis Personæ.**—King (widower).—Daughter (Maria Wood).—Teacher (fairy godmother).—Prince (devil).—Pages.—Charcoal-burners.—Young king.—Wild boar and dogs.—Huntsmen.—Steward.—Scullion.—Turnspit.—Guards.—Physicians.—Queen mother.—Ladies.—Goldsmiths, refiners, alchemists.**Abstract of Story.**—(1) King, widower, left with one daughter, Maria, dying queen has given him ring—he only whom it fits is worthy to be Maria's husband. Maria has teacher, a good fairy, whose services her mother has secured for her. Father growing old and feeble is in a hurry for Maria to marry, but no one comes whom the ring will fit.—(2) At last suitor comes, declares himself prince of distant region, objects to such a trivial test, father inclined to omit it, suddenly prince consents to submit to it, but the ring cannot be found, urges as the ring can't be found it is not reasonable to refuse him as he is so suitable in every respect, but suggests Maria shall name three tests for him.—(3) Maria has instinctive dislike to prince, consults with teacher, who by fairy powers knows that prince is the devil. Suggests 1st test the prince shall get Maria a dress woven of stars of heaven, 2nd one of moonbeams, 3rd one of sunbeams. Prince very angry at each test but procures them. They are so dazzling that the pages who carry them are hard put to it, and the second and third dresses have to be carried by relays of pages. Teacher tells Maria who suitor is and instructs her how to evade him, tells her when she goes away with prince, towards night they will come to a dark wood, there to find some excuse to alight, having first got ring from feather of prince's hat, where he will wear it, he having stolen it. Says Maria will find wooden figure of an old woman which she has had made for her, in which she has stowed everything Maria has that is valuable, including the three dresses. She is to get inside the figure when prince's head is turned and walk away.—(4) At last after sunbeam dress arrives they go off. Maria twitches ring off feather as it is getting dark, and complaining of being cramped asks to get out and walk awhile. Prince having got his own way, is all graciousness, and consents. They see form of old woman under a tree, Maria gets prince to chase a firefly for her, she pretends to chase one herself, goes towards old woman, gets into figure. Prince comes back with fly, misses Maria, asks supposed old woman where she is, she sends him off looking for her; he spends the night searching in vain, then drives home.—(5) Maria goes on a little while, soon is hailed by a party of charcoal-burners, who offer her such hospitality as they can command. Clothes on figure just like country people's, so no one suspects Maria; she stays with them a long time, working with them.—(6) One day when she is at some distance from camp, young king of that country is out hunting

wild boar, dogs after it, come crashing by her, followed by riders, Maria swoons with fright, king nearly tramples on her, calls huntsmen to see to her, tells them to carry her to the palace, they do this, and restore her to consciousness. When king comes home he goes to see her, pities her professed poverty and loneliness, asks if there is any service she can do in the household. Steward suggests she shall help scullions. Maria thankfully accepts. Scullions and turnspit complain of having old woman to help, and determine to get all they can out of her. Maria hard worked and hardly treated.—(7) Carnival comes. Every servant has license to don a domino. Maria takes advantage, locks herself in loft where she sleeps, gets out of wooden disguise, puts on dress of stars, goes to ball. No one dares ask her to dance except the king, he overawed by grace and dignity dares not ask her whence she comes. She goes early unperceived.—(8) Goes second night in moonbeam dress. King asks why she left them so early the night before, she says she has to be up early, so goes early. He is incredulous, and persists in his attempts to find her out. She evades them, and again withdraws unperceived, by inverting the folds of her garment.—(9) Third night she goes to ball in sunbeam dress, chandeliers paled by brilliancy, king at her side at once, uses every endeavour to find out who she is. She evades all his devices but gives him a hope, by asking him to try on a ring, which, she tells him, has never fitted any one yet. She puts up ring again and withdraws unobserved, but though she has turned the sunbeams inwards, the guards whom the king has stationed at every exit recognise her, and follow her so closely that she has to divert their attention by unthreading string of pearls on the ground, escapes while they are gathering up treasure.—(10) King in such despair at her disappearance that he shuts himself up in dark room and weeps the days away, can scarcely be induced to take the simplest food. Kitchen-folk reduced to inactivity. At last physicians are called in, it is reported, who say his desponding state will be fatal if means are not found to rouse him.—(11) Lent passing away, Easter at hand, Maria satisfied with his constancy makes a cake into which she puts ring and takes it to queen-mother, assures her that if the king will eat the whole of the cake he will be cured, but if he should give any away the virtue may be lost (this for fear he should give away ring). Ladies in waiting laugh, but queen says there may be something in it, takes cake to king, he takes no notice, but they give him cake for all his meals.—(12) When he cuts it his knife strikes against something hard, he discovers and recognises ring, starts like one awakening from a trance, asks how ring came there, queen-mother tells him certain old woman whom he befriended brought cake saying it would be a remedy for his melancholy. He sends for her, she cannot be found, king nearly relapses into former state.—(13) Sends for all the goldsmiths, refiners, and alchemists of his kingdom to find out what they can by ring itself. Head alchemist says ring is made of gold from afar, workmanship is of kingdoms of west, characters on it show that owner is princess of high degree, whose dominions greatly exceed his own.—(14) More diligent search for Maria, who thinks it

time to appear, dresses herself suitably, enters her wooden covering for last time, goes up to king; he asks her where he can find lady, promising to reward her by letting her live in royal state in the palace.—(15) She steps out of case, stands before king, and tells him all her story. People called to celebrate her marriage with the king; they go to visit Maria's father, stay with him till he dies, when his dominions are added to those of Maria's husband. Maria inquires for good teacher, but she has gone back to fairy-land.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Charcoal burners give shelter to supposed old woman (5).

Devil, as prince, tries to marry heroine (2) (3) (4).

Fairy godmother teacher (1) (3) (15).

Heroine, to marry him ring fits (1), gives three tests instead (2) (3), helped by teacher (3), escapes from devil (4), sheltered by charcoal-burners (5), taken to king's palace (6), goes to ball (7) (8) (9), hides ring in cake (11), marries king (15).

Ring, given by dying queen (1), lost (2), has been stolen by devil (3), recovered (4), fits young king (9), in cake (11), examined by goldsmiths, refiners, and alchemists (13).

Test of ring to fit (1), evaded by devil (2), fulfilled by king (9).

Three tests instead of ring fitting (2) (3).

Three woven dresses, of stars, of moonbeams, of sunbeams (3) (7) (8) (9).

Wooden figure for disguise (3, *et seq.*).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 10, pp. 66-84.

### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See author's notes to this and two versions of the same tale following, p. 91. Also Appendix B. p. 428.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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[No. 56.]

**Title of Story.**—Maria Wood (*second version*).

**Dramatis Personæ.**—King.—His wife.—Princess (daughter).—King's son (of another country).—Servants.—Physicians.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) There is a king whose wife, when she comes to die, says to him, "You will want to marry, but take my advice, marry no one but her whose foot my shoe fits;" but the shoe is under a spell, and will fit no one whom he can marry. King has shoe tried on all manner of women, fits none of them. He grows bewildered and strange in his mind.—(2) Daughter comes to him, says the shoe just fits her. "Then I must marry you," says king. "Oh, no, papa," says she, and skips away. He persists. At last she says he must do something for her first. He agrees willingly.—(3) She demands, first, a dress of the colour of noontide sky, all covered with stars, and parure to match; second, a dress colour of sea, covered with golden fishes, parure to match; third, dress of dark blue, covered with gold embroidery and silver bells, and parure to match. All these done, she asks for figure of old woman just like life, so that it will "move and walk just like a real woman when one gets inside it." This also done.—(4) Princess packs these three dresses and others and all her jewellery and much money inside, gets into figure, and walks away. Wanders on till she gets to palace of great king just as king's son comes in from hunting. Whines out, "Have you a place in all this fine palace to take in a poor old body." Servants try to drive her away. Prince interposes, asks her name, and what she can do. She says her name is Maria Wood, and that she knows all about hens. He appoints her henwife, and she has a hut on the borders of forest. Prince often passes; she always comes out to salute him; he stops to chat.—(5) Carnival time comes. Prince tells her; she wishes him a good carnival, and says, "Won't you take me?" Prince says, "Shameless old woman, wanting to go to a *festino* at your time of life;" gives her cut with whip. Next night Maria puts on her dress colour of noontide sky and covered with stars, goes to ball. Prince alone dares to ask her to dance; falls in love, gives her ring, asks whence she comes. She says, "From country of Whiplow." He sends attendants to watch and find out where she lives. She is too quick for them.—(6) Next day prince passes hut again. She wishes him "Good carnival," and says, "Won't you take me?" "Contemptible old woman to talk in that way; you ought to know better," says prince, and strikes her with boot. That night Maria puts on dress colour of sea, covered with gold fishes, and goes to feast. Prince claims her for partner; asks whence she comes? She says from country of Boot-kick. She again evades attendants.—(7) Next day prince comes by Maria's hut. "Tomorrow we have the last *festina*," says he. "You must take me; but what'll you say if I come in spite of you," says Maria. "You incorrigible old



woman," says he, and slaps her. Next night Maria puts on dress covered with gold embroidery and silver bells and goes to ball, dances with prince as before, tells him she comes from Slap-land; evades servants again.—(8) Prince now falls ill of disappointment. Physicians can do nothing. Maria says if he will take some broth of her making he will be healed. He won't take it; she persists. At last he is too weary to resist; she brings broth, servants give it. Presently whole palace roused by prince shouting, "Bring hither Maria Wood."—(9) They go to fetch her. She has put the ring he gave her in the broth, and he found it when he put the spoon in. "Wait a bit," she says to servant who fetches her. She puts on dress like noontide sky. Prince beside himself with joy when he saw her. Has betrothal celebrated that very day.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Broth, given with ring in it (8).

Henwife, Maria appointed (4).

Heroine, finds bespelled shoe fits her (2), makes king give her dresses and wooden figure (3), leaves home and becomes henwife (4), goes to ball (5, 6, 7), makes broth for prince (8), betrothed to him (9).

King, bewildered, thinks he must marry her whom shoe fits (1), finds it fits daughter (2), gives her presents as condition of her compliance (3).

Ring, given by prince (5), put in broth (8).

Shoe, under a spell (1, 2).

Three blows given by prince (5, 6, 7).

Three dresses given by king, first colour of noontide sky, second colour of sea, third dark blue—and jewels (3)

Wooden figure made used as disguise (3, 4, *et seq.*).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No 10 (*second version*), pp. 84-90.

### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian, by Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, p. 91.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—See Tabulator's remarks to No. 11 (*La Candeliera*) of this collection.

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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[No. 57.]

**Title of Story.**—Maria Wood (*third version*).

**Dramatis Personæ.**—King.—Princess (daughter).—Servants.—Dogs.—King's son (of another country).

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Princess refuses what king wishes. (2) He sends servants to take her to a high tower on the campagna and drop her down from top. They take her but have not the heart to throw her down; put her in large case and leave it out in the open campagna far outside her father's dominions. (3) Princess in box frightened by barking of dogs. King's son hunting, comes up, has dogs called off and box opened; they see she is not a common maiden by her jewels. (4) She is taken to prince, who marries her.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Princess, refuses obedience to king (1), is shut up in box and left on campagna (2), found by a king's son (3), married to him (4).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 10 (*third version*), p. 90.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's Notes, p. 91. The box incident is given in a story told by Author in notes, p. 39, and in other stories referred to there.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

[No. 58.]

**Title of Story.**—La Candeliera.**Dramatis Personæ.**—King.—Princess (his daughter).—Ugly old king.—Goldsmith.—Chamberlain.—Prince of neighbouring country.—Servants.—King and queen.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) King wishes daughter to marry ugly old king, she begs to be spared, at last says before she marries, her father must do something for her; he readily agrees.—(2) She chooses to have made a great candelabrum, 10ft. high, with a stem thicker than a man's body. King sends for goldsmith and orders one to be made quickly, princess says she is very pleased with it. In the evening princess calls her chamberlain, says she does not like candlestick at all; he must take it and sell it for she can't bear the sight of it; he may keep the price himself, but must take it away early before king is up.—(3) Chamberlain gets up early, but princess gets up earlier, and hides herself in candelabrum, thus carried away with it. Chamberlain takes it to market place of capital of neighbouring sovereign, and sets it up for sale there. People seeing how costly it is no one will offer for it. Prince of country hears of it, goes to see it, buys it for three hundred scudi, and has it taken up to his room.—(4) Prince tells valet to have his supper taken up into his room, as he is going to the play and will be late. Coming home, he finds supper eaten and glasses and dishes disarranged, scolds man, who asserts all had been properly laid. Next night same happens. Third night calls servant, says aloud he is to lay supper before prince goes out, and he will lock the door and take the key with him, but in reality he stays concealed in room.—(5) Soon after candelabrum, of which he had not thought since buying it, opens, and beautiful princess appears. "Welcome princess," says he; they sit down and eat supper together. Next night orders double supper brought up, and after that all his meals, and never leaves his apartment.—(6) King and queen interfere, say he ought to marry, and not stay alone all day. He says he will marry no one but candelabrum. They think him mad, but one day queen surprises princess sitting with him. Struck with her beauty she says, "If this is what you were thinking of when you said you would marry the candelabrum, it was well judged." Takes princess to king, they give her to prince to be his wife. The king her father hearing of alliance is glad, says he esteems it far above that of ugly old king whom he wanted her to have married at first.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Candlestick in which princess conceals herself (2, 3, 4, 5, 6.)

Prince, buys candelabrum (3), loses supper and conceals himself to discover cause (4), spends all his time in his room (5), marries princess (6).

Princess, to marry ugly old king (1), has candlestick made (2), escapes in it

(3), comes out of it and eats prince's supper (4), discovered by prince (5), by queen and married to prince (6).

Supper disappears (4).

Ugly old king, princess to marry (1).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 11, pp. 91—5.

**Nature of Collection**,—whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—"The mode of telling adopted by Roman narrators makes a way out of the difficulty which this group of stories presents at first sight in the king seeming to be fated by supernatural appointment to marry his daughter . . . . one says the slipper was a supernatural slipper and would not fit any one whom he could marry. Whether this was part of the traditional story or the gloss of the repeater, I do not pretend to decide."—Author's notes, p. 95.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—The following variant with a point of resemblance to Maria Wood (No. 2) was told to myself and sisters when we were children by a servant from the Lizard district of Cornwall. It will be seen that there is no trace of any spell or trick to force the king into his unusual course, as in the Italian versions, nor did the narrator seem to see that any explanation or gloss was necessary, but began as follows:—

"THE PRINCESS AND THE GOLDEN COW.

"Once there was a king who had a daughter, being very beautiful, and he loved her so much he wanted to marry her." *Here I forget details*, but the princess was in great trouble, especially as she loved a prince who lived a long way off, and he loved her. She had made (or got her father to give her) "a beautiful golden cow as large as a real one." She made arrangements in some manner (*details forgotten*) to have the golden cow conveyed under pretence of its being a parting gift or token of remembrance to the prince. She got inside it, and went in the cow a long journey by sea. There was a signal prearranged (*details forgotten*) of three knocks on the cow to show when she could come out safely. But when she had gone a long way the cow was landed (I think the captain of the ship was in the secret, and was to see to her reaching the prince), but people came to see the cow, for it was very curious, amongst them three gentlemen who wanted to be able to say they had touched it, "and one poked it with his umbrella (*sic*) and said, 'I've touched the golden cow,' and the next poked it with his umbrella, and said, 'I've touched the golden cow,' and the third poked it with his umbrella and said, 'I've touched the golden cow.' With that the princess opened the door and came out, for she thought those three knocks were the signal." Then the prince turned up, after some adventures that I have forgotten, and all ended happily.

(Signed)

ISABELLA BARCLAY.

[No. 59.]

**Title of Story.**—The Pot of Marjoram.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Merchant.—Three daughters.—Stranger (magician).—Steward.—Two bears.—Chamberlain.—King of Persia.—Ladies, damsels, pages, officers.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Merchant goes trading; asks three daughters what he shall bring for them. Eldest chooses shawl; second, coverlet; third daughter, who is distinguished by stay-at-home habits, chooses a pot of marjoram, as none is to be got in the country where they lived.—(2) Merchant finishes business, gets presents for elder daughters, forgets marjoram. Stranger meets him just before he reaches home; asks him if he will not buy a pot of marjoram. Merchant would not have disappointed his youngest daughter for all the world, eagerly agrees, throws more than usual price to man, tells servants to take pot. Stranger laughs at him for not letting a man fix his own price. Merchant hears price is 300,000 scudi; and, seeing it is of no use to haggle, at last orders steward to pay, and rides home.—(3) Daughters all pleased, youngest so much so that merchant imagines she is not altogether ignorant of the value of her present. Two elder soon hear through gossip of steward what an immense sum the pot of marjoram has cost; they are jealous, and determine to destroy the plant, but have no chance. They persuade father that it is bad for third daughter to stay at home as she does. He is convinced by their arguments; says she is to go to ball with him. Sisters, during her absence, throw pot of marjoram out of window on to the highroad, where it is soon trampled, and every vestige dispersed.—(4) Overcome with grief, third daughter determines not to live with those who had treated her in this manner, wanders forth, taking no heed of way, all night. When morning dawns, finds herself in the midst of vast plain, where many roads meet; hesitates which way to go; suddenly a fairy appears, asks where she is going, and what is the matter. Maiden tells her what has happened. Fairy says all will be well, but that it won't do for a young girl to go about the country alone; produces complete suit of male attire, travelling cloak and all, and in the girdle were weapons, and many articles of which she did not know the use; points out which way she should go, and vanishes. Immediately, instead of vast plain, mighty mountains rise on either hand, before her a dense forest. Goes on, and finds, though conversation with the fairy only seems to have lasted a few minutes, the sun is already high in the heavens, so that she is glad of the forest's shade. Finds a brook at entrance, and that fairy has provided her with food. After resting, goes on till nightfall, climbs to spreading boughs of tree to sleep.—(5) Waked by horrible growling; finds, though made by common he and she bear, she can understand all as though spoken in words, recognises this as gift of good fairy. Bears converse. She-bear complains

of absence for long time of he-bear. He says he has been "twenty miles along the side of the river, then over the back of the Rocky Mountains, and then skirting round the forest till he came to the kingdom of Persia," whence there went up a great wail, for last night the king of Persia fell out of window, and broke all his bones, flesh all cut with glass, which has entered into his wounds. Tells her if people only knew it, they would both be killed. The only thing to save king is the fat of both their bodies melted together, an ointment made of it with honey and wax, and smeared over king's body, then warm bath. This done for three days alternately he will be cured. They agree nobody will find them, and go to sleep. Maiden gets down from tree, draws out two sharp two-edged knives from girdle, and kills both bears at same time. Next morning cuts up bears, takes out fat, melts it down, and makes ointment with it and honey and wax found in girdle, sets off by route described by bear, finds herself in kingdom of Persia.—(6) Goes to palace, offers to cure king, is joyfully admitted by chamberlain, who says so hopeless is the case considered that no one will make the attempt to heal him, no one has applied but herself. King willingly submits to treatment; is cured. Will not part with physician; will keep her at court. Notices flush of joy; suspects sex, but says nothing.—(7) At last, as with continual intercourse they grow very fond of each other, king calls chamberlain, tells him he desires state physician to appear before him in queenly robes, attended by train of ladies, damsels, and pages. Chamberlain thinks king gone mad, reluctantly does as he is told. Physician is so pleased chamberlain thinks him mad too. King commands attendance of all great officers of state, but has physician brought privately to him first. She confesses sex. He takes her into presence of assembled court, and requires homage to his queen. Wicked sisters are sent for and burnt.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Bears, heroine understands language of, kills them, and makes ointment of fat (5).
- Choice of presents by daughters (1).
- Fairy appears, provides heroine with outfit (4).
- Heroine leaves home (4).
- King of Persia falls out of window (5), is healed (6), marries heroine (7).
- Merchant goes trading journey (1).
- Pot of marjoram, chosen by third daughter (1), bought from stranger (2), thrown out of window (3).
- Price, immense, of pot of marjoram (2).

Where published.—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 7, pp. 46-55.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See author's notes, pp. 55-6, and Appendix B, p. 428.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—It is not stated in this story that the King of Persia is represented by the pot of marjoram, that his being is bound up in that of the plant; his injuries, therefore, consequent on the throwing out of the pot by the sisters. But a reference to other stories embodying a like incident leaves no doubt of it.—Vide two following, Nos. 8 and 9, of same collection, "The Pot of Rue" and "King Otho."

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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[No. 60.]

**Title of Story.**—The Pot of Rue.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Merchant.—Three daughters.—Captain.—King.—King's eldest son.—Other merchants.—Ogre and ogress.—Sentinel and guards.—Ladies of the court.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Merchant has three daughters, two very gay, one very stay-at-home, scarcely ever goes beyond garden. Merchant going trading asks what he shall bring home for them. Eldest chooses all manner of dresses and ornaments, youngest only pot of rue. Father promises, says last is easy to satisfy. "Not so easy, perhaps, as you think," says girl, "and mind you bring it now you have promised, for you will find you can't get home without it."—(2) Merchant finishes business, forgets rue, and starts for home; scarcely a day's journey at sea when ship won't move. "Some one on board has an unfulfilled promise on him," says captain, and calls upon whoever it is to confess and be thrown overboard, that lives of passengers and crew may not be in jeopardy by his fault. Merchant confesses, captain agrees as he is a great merchant and frequent trader by his ship to put back instead of throwing him overboard. Tells him pot of rue will not be easy to get; there is only one, which king has, and if any one asks for only a single leaf he will be put to death. Merchant goes to king, explains, and asks for whole plant. King pleased with courage gives him plant for daughter, saying she must burn leaf every night. He takes it home.—(3) Daughters all pleased with gifts, third daughter burns leaf, eldest of king's three beautiful sons appears and spends every evening with her.—(4) Other merchants ask why third daughter does not come to balls; at last father makes her go. Sisters burn down her apartment and garden and plant of rue. King's son comes with such impetus that he is bruised and burnt all over with flaming beams, and cut all over with broken glass, reaches home in sorry plight—(5) Youngest daughter comes home, finds out what has happened, dresses herself in man's clothes, and goes away. Goes on till she can go no further; lies down under tree to sleep. In the night ogre and ogress come to tree and lie down. Merchant's daughter hears ogre tell ogress that king's eldest son has fallen through window of palace and is sore ill, is cut with glass and bruised all over. "What shall be done to heal the king's eldest son, the flower of the land?" says he. Ogress says it is well no one knows it, but they should be killed and the fat taken from round their hearts and made into ointment, and the king's son anointed with it. Merchant's daughter has pistols with her man's dress, and shoots them both at once, pistol in each hand, while they sleep, and takes fat.—(6) Goes to palace, sentinel refuses to admit her, saying, "So many great and learned surgeons have come, and have benefited him nothing, there is no entrance for a mountebank like thee." She persists, sentinel calls guard, king overhears noise, orders travelling doctor to be admitted. She asks for all she wants to make oint-



ment, and linen for bandages, and demands to be left alone with him for a week; at end of time he is cured.—(7) Then she appears before him, he recognises her, demands of king to marry surgeon, king thinks him mad, humours him, orders bridal robes for pretended surgeon. Ladies of court see she is a woman, prince silences their exclamations. Marriage takes place, king is told she is a real maiden, he knows things can't be altered so says nothing. "So the merchant's daughter became the prince's wife."

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Heroine leaves home in man's dress (5).

King's son fetched by burning of leaf of rue (3), hurt by coming too fast when whole plant is burnt (4), healed by sham doctor (6), marries heroine (7).

Leaf of rue to burn every night (2) (3).

Ogre and ogress talk of cure, heroine hears (5).

Pot of rue chosen (1), asked of king (2), burnt (4).

Presents chosen (1).

Promise, consequence of unfulfilled (2).

Ship will not move (2).

Threat of death on whoever shall ask for a leaf of rue (2).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*. R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 8, pp. 57—62.

### Nature of Collection,—whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, pp. 64-5.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For part of incident (2), see *La Cenorientola*, No. 4 of this collection, also *Jonah*, chap. I.

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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## C.

CADDE (JOHN). Conjectures concerning some undescribed Roman Roads, and other Antiquities in the County of Durham. *Arch.*, vii. 74-81.

———— Conjectures on the Name of the Roman Station Vinovium or Binchester. *Arch.*, vii. 160-163.

———— Some Observations on the Roman Station Cataractonium, with an Account of Antiquities in the neighbourhood of Piersbridge and Gainsford. *Arch.*, ix. 276-291.

———— Further Observations on Cataractonium and the parts adjacent. *Arch.*, x. 54-66.

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